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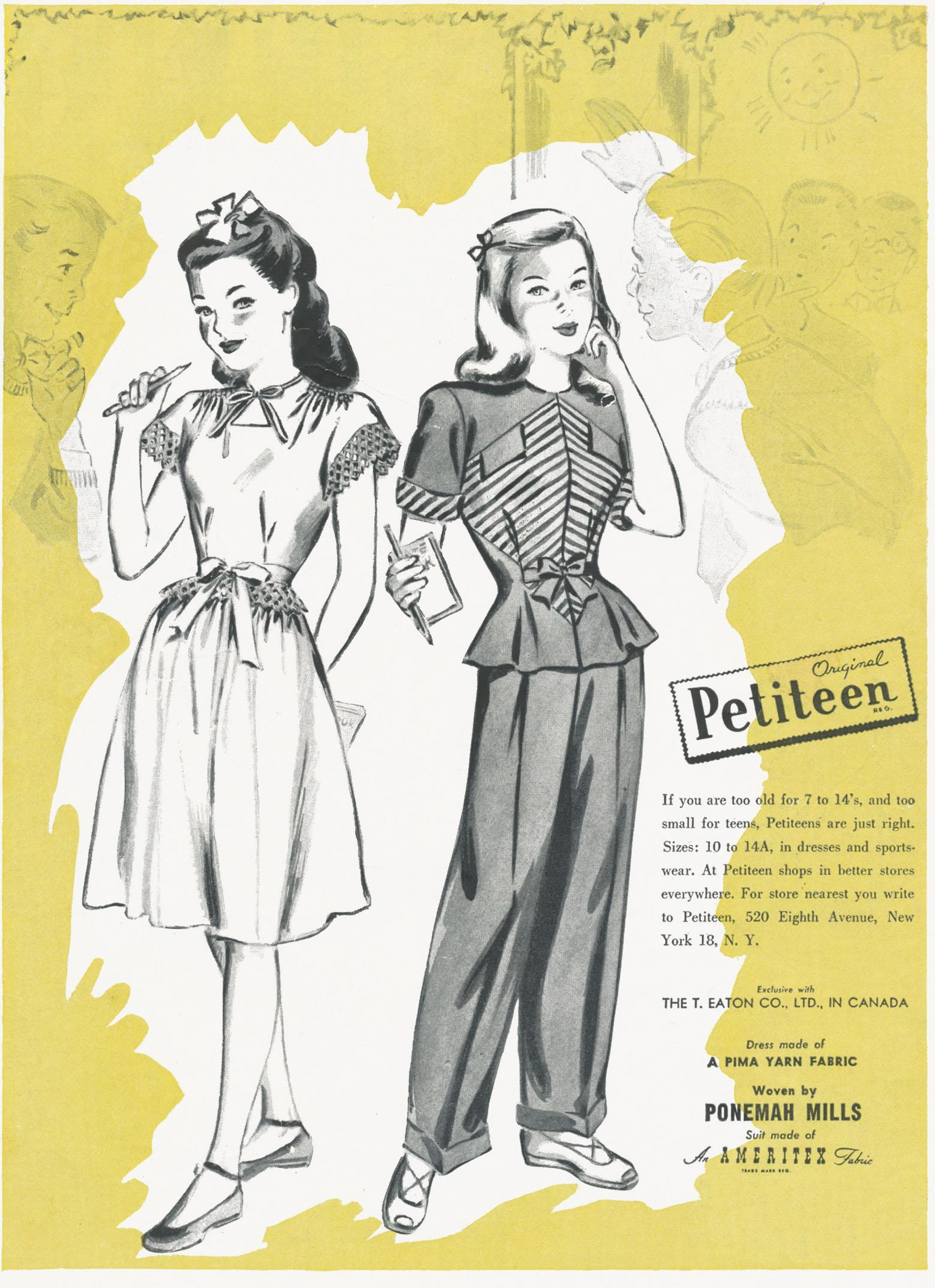

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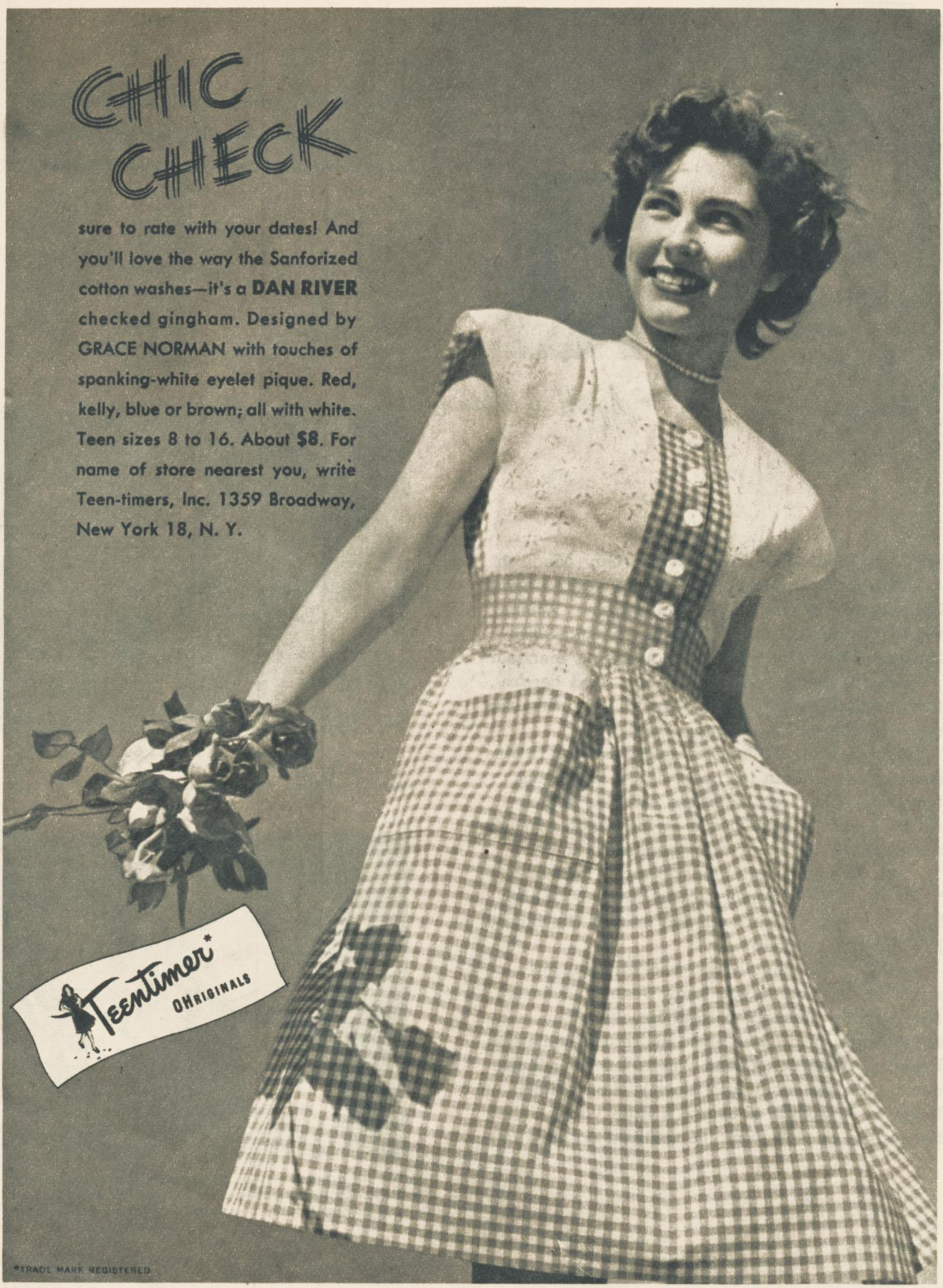

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HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

by May Mann

Here are the answers to your own questions on who's dating and who's rating in Hollywood . . . so come on in on a star-studded gabfest. . . .

IS Van Johnson in love? Who's Guy Madison dating? Has Gloria De Haven retired from the screen? Where's Lon McCallister? What's the inside story on Bill Williams' romance with Barbara Hale? Is Jane Withers getting married?

Well! Those are your questions. And here're the answers, as we know them, in reporting the scene in Hollywood's Younger Set.

Lonnie—Lon McCallister telephoned as I was starting this column to report he's received his honorable discharge from the service. Which means Lonnie's back home at his Malibu Beach cottage with his mom and grandmom.

"This week I'm painting the roof," Lon said. "There're a lot of repairs to be done about the house and yard, what with the man of the family having been away to war."

I asked Lon point blank who his new girl might be. Of course you know Jeanne Crain is now happily married to Paul Brooks. Lon said the only girl he'd dated since his return home was Peggy Ann Garner. (That was to an awards premiere and her mom was along). Lon thinks Peggy is swell, but of course a little young. (But Peggy Ann doesn't think (*Continued on page* 70)

Dark-and-darling Gail Russell dated big-and-blond Guy Madison for a gala dinner at the Mocambo. . . . Oh, what a beautiful evening; oh, what a beautiful pair!

Two for a preview—Ann Blyth and Richard Long attend the *veddy* dressy opening of "Tomorrow Is Forever," and are themselves very personable additions to the scene.

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Dancing skirt to make you feel "dressed-up." An Ameritex CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRIC Green Light fabric, which means it is guaranteed washable. Magic Coral, Blossom Pink, Blossom Green, Totem Yellow, Foam Aqua. Teen sizes 8-10-12-14-16. $8.95. Mail or phone your order. Please list second color choice.

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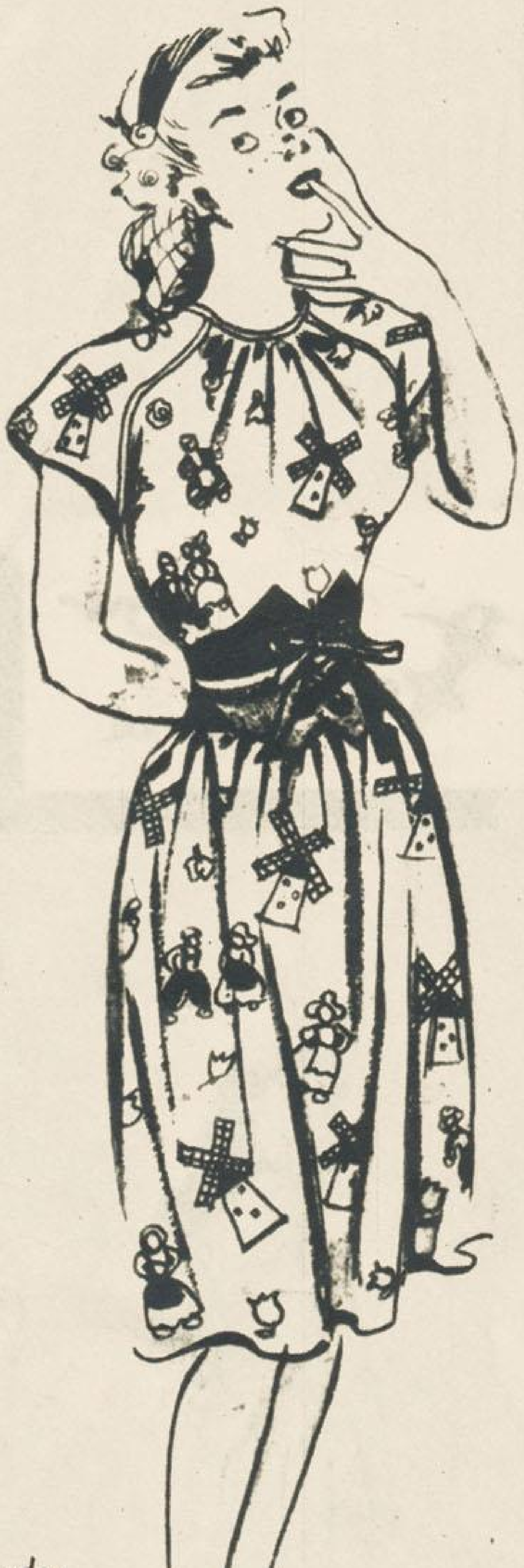

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BOSTON

A Jordan
Exclusive
by "SEVENTEEN"

HOLLAND PRINT FROCK STYLED FOR JUNIOR TEENS

Twixt-teen-and-Junior Miss gals wearing sizes 7x to 13x will love this darling dress for school socials and special date wear. It's cool-cool cotton hapsacking in a conversational Holland print and belted in two-tone suede. White with red, blue and green print....................**12.95**

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Miss America

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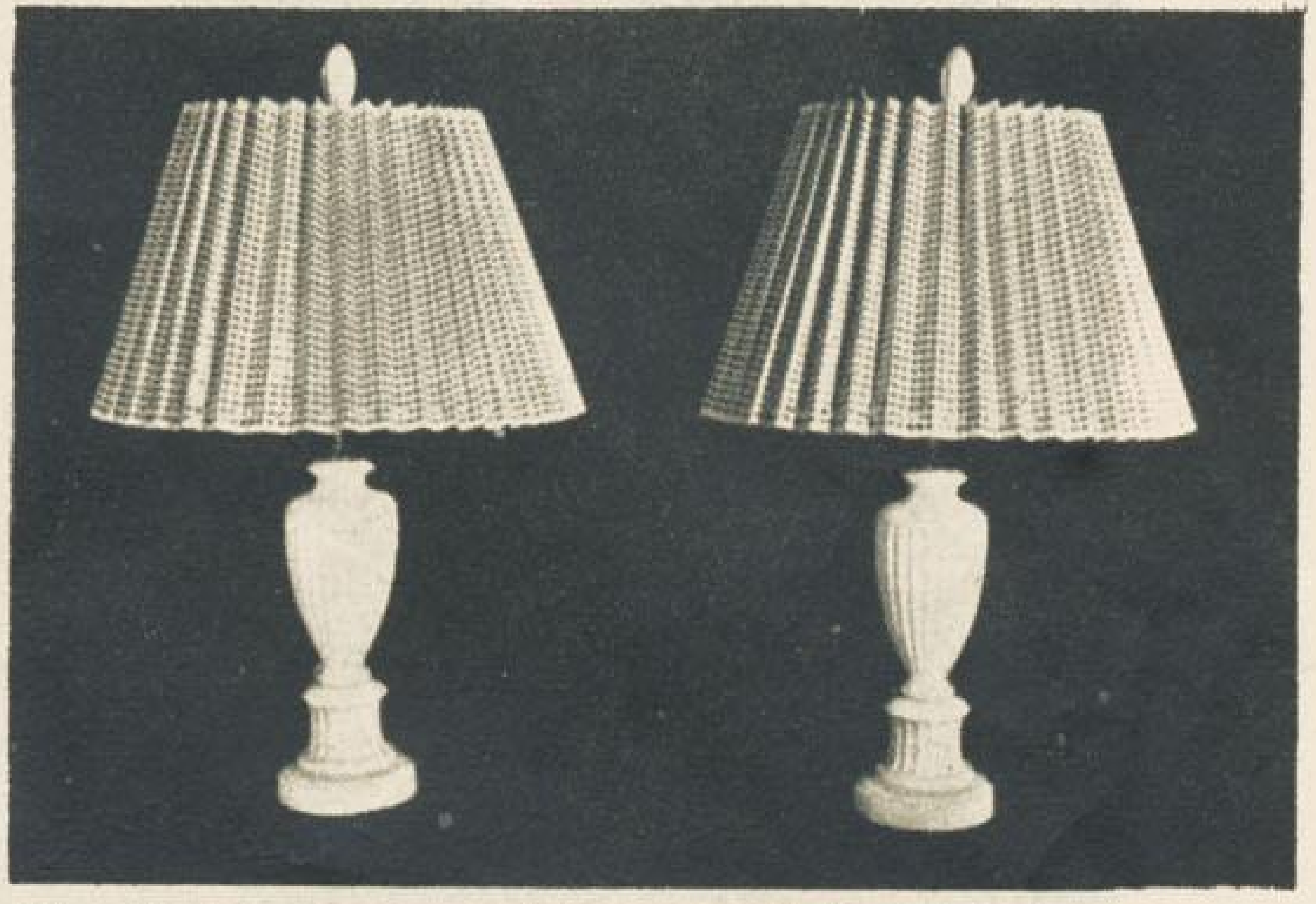
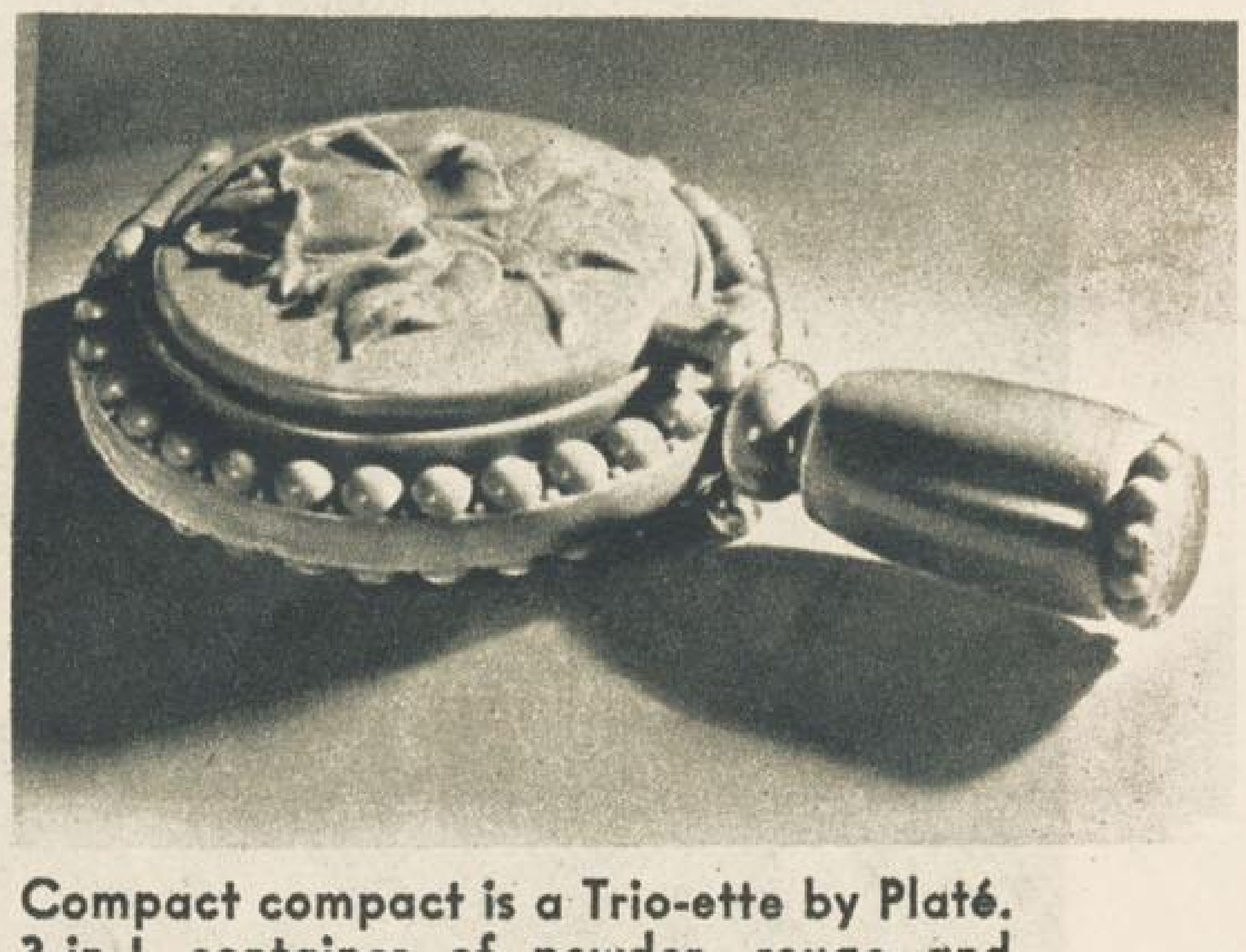
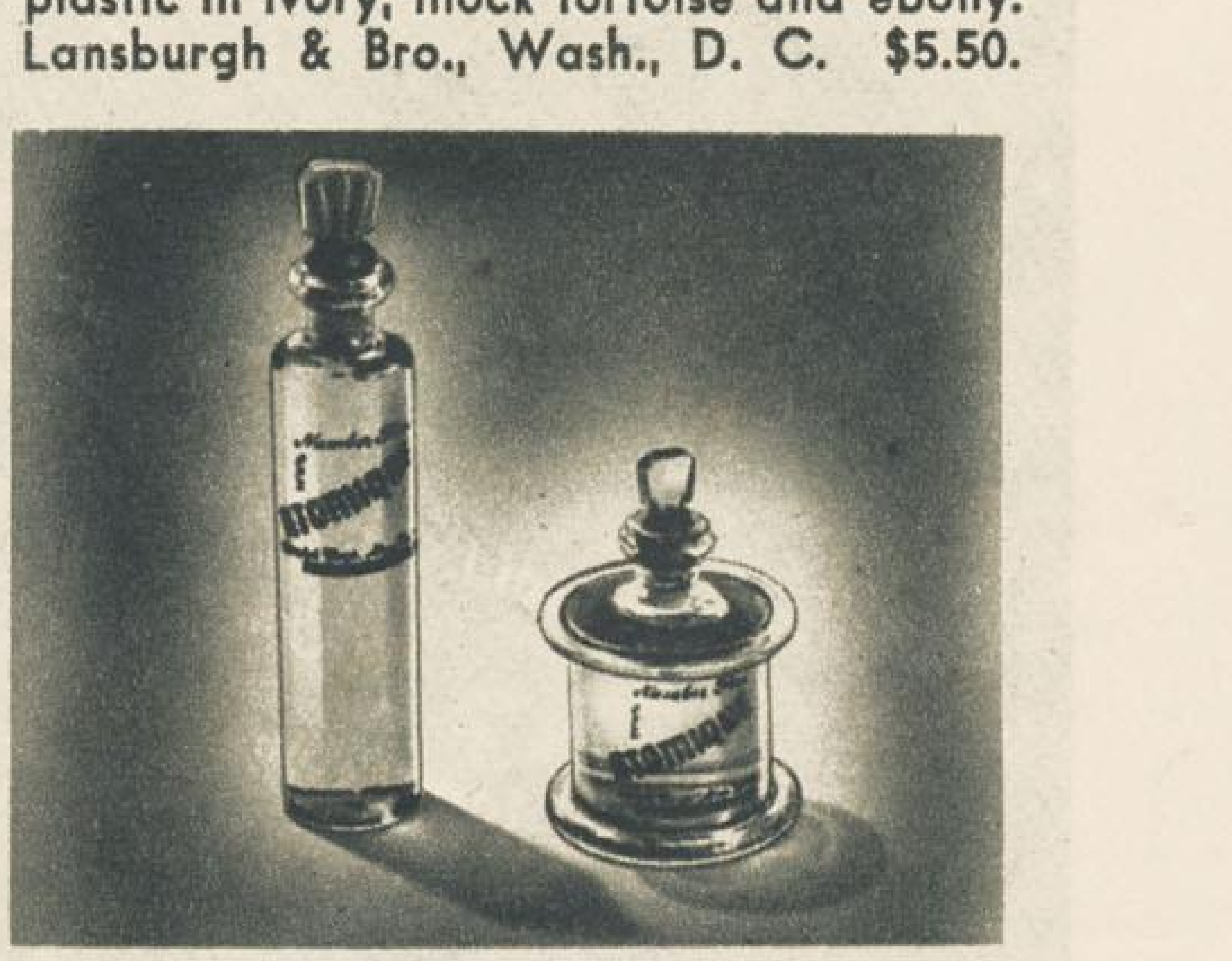


The lights in your life . . . Twin Adam design, milk white lamps. Pleated shades in girlish-and-gay red, blue or green check. 19 inches in height. $8.95 each. Titche Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas.



Compact compact is a Trio-ette by Platé. 3-in-1 container of powder, rouge and lipstick (hidden in handle). Lightweight plastic in ivory, mock tortoise and ebony. Lansburgh & Bro., Wash., D. C. $5.50.



Startling as the new energy force—Atomique Perfume. 7 scents, as modern as tomorrow, as delicately fragrant as yesterday's old-fashioned garden. Streamlined for your budget—$1.50 per 1/4 oz. (plus tax) with a sensational money-back guarantee. Write MA for store outlet.

A paper doily you can call your own . . . with candy cup crown, diploma napkin. Make this centerpiece and a dozen favors with Dennison N. Y. crepe paper. $1.50.

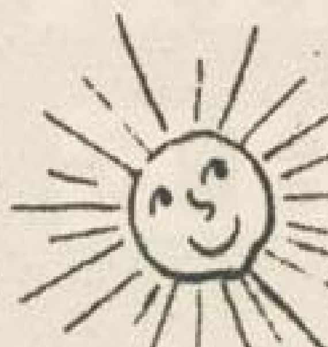
A "Friendship Garden Box" bringing the sweet fragrance of an Early American Plantation to you in its wonderful scented toilet water, silky bath powder for all-over dusting; $2.00. Leading drug stores.

Tops for summer bottoms—shorts, slacks, skirts. The Bermuda Shirt, half-wool, half-cotton. Crew neckline, short sleeves, set-in cuffs. White and pastels for $2.95 at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.

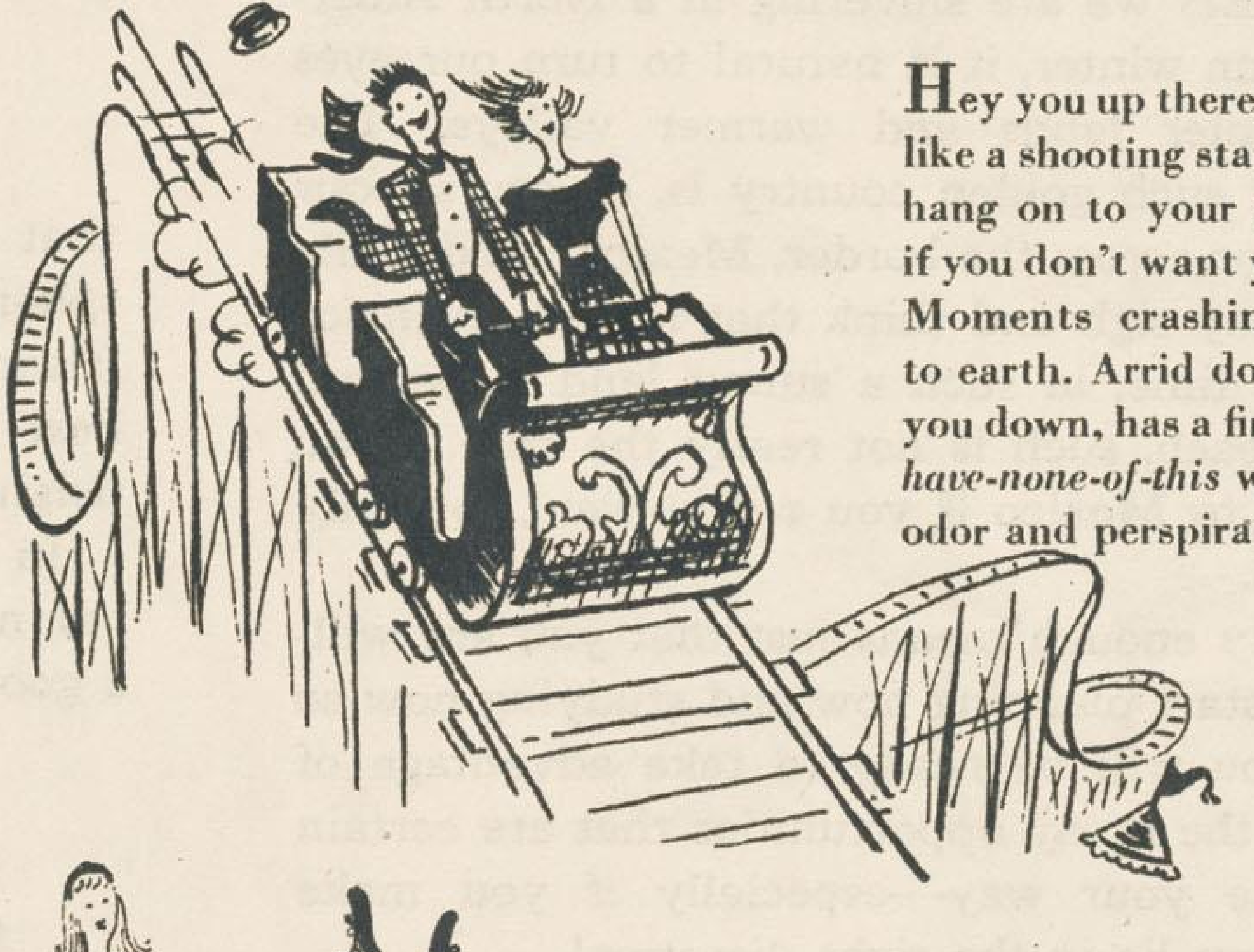
VELVA LEG FILM
SUN BRONZE
ELIZABETH ARDEN

For that outdoorsy, even bronze without sun, here is "Sun Bronze"! Elizabeth Arden's Velva Leg Film—your lovely *leg*-acy for *sm-ooth* appeal—and runless, too! $1 and $1.50 at Gimbel Bros., Phila., Pa.

It's always a Picnic!



It's open season for hard-boiled eggs and Melting Looks, for dill pickles and Love. With buds busting into bloom all over the place, it's a smart filly who knows how to keep in tune and stay flower fresh the Arrid way. Nearly twice as efficient as any other leading deodorant cream, new improved Postwar Arrid puts the bee on perspiration, keeps you strictly a honey!



Hey you up there, making like a shooting star. Better hang on to your glamour if you don't want your Big Moments crashing down to earth. Arrid doesn't let you down, has a firm *we'll-have-none-of-this* way with odor and perspiration.

Give the goon a hand. Any lad dotes on an admiring audience. If you want yours standing on its head, make sure you're always nice-to-be-near-to. Takes thirty seconds a day to smooth gentle creamy Arrid under your arms and keep him in a June-rhymes-with-moon mood.

It's always a picnic when you stay clover-sweet. Nothing puts such a dent in glamour as a suspicion of you-know-what. That's why Arrid, which stops perspiration and odor, is a lifeline to your dateline.

NEW, IMPROVED POSTWAR

Arrid

39¢ plus tax
also 10¢ and 59¢

Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough protection

1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.*
2. Nearly *twice* as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. Does not rot clothes. Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. Safe for skin. Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. Soft, smooth, creamy...easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry.

**Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.*

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER...

You can spend fascinating months with our good neighbors of Mexico. It needn't take money; it will take planning .....

by OLIVE BURT

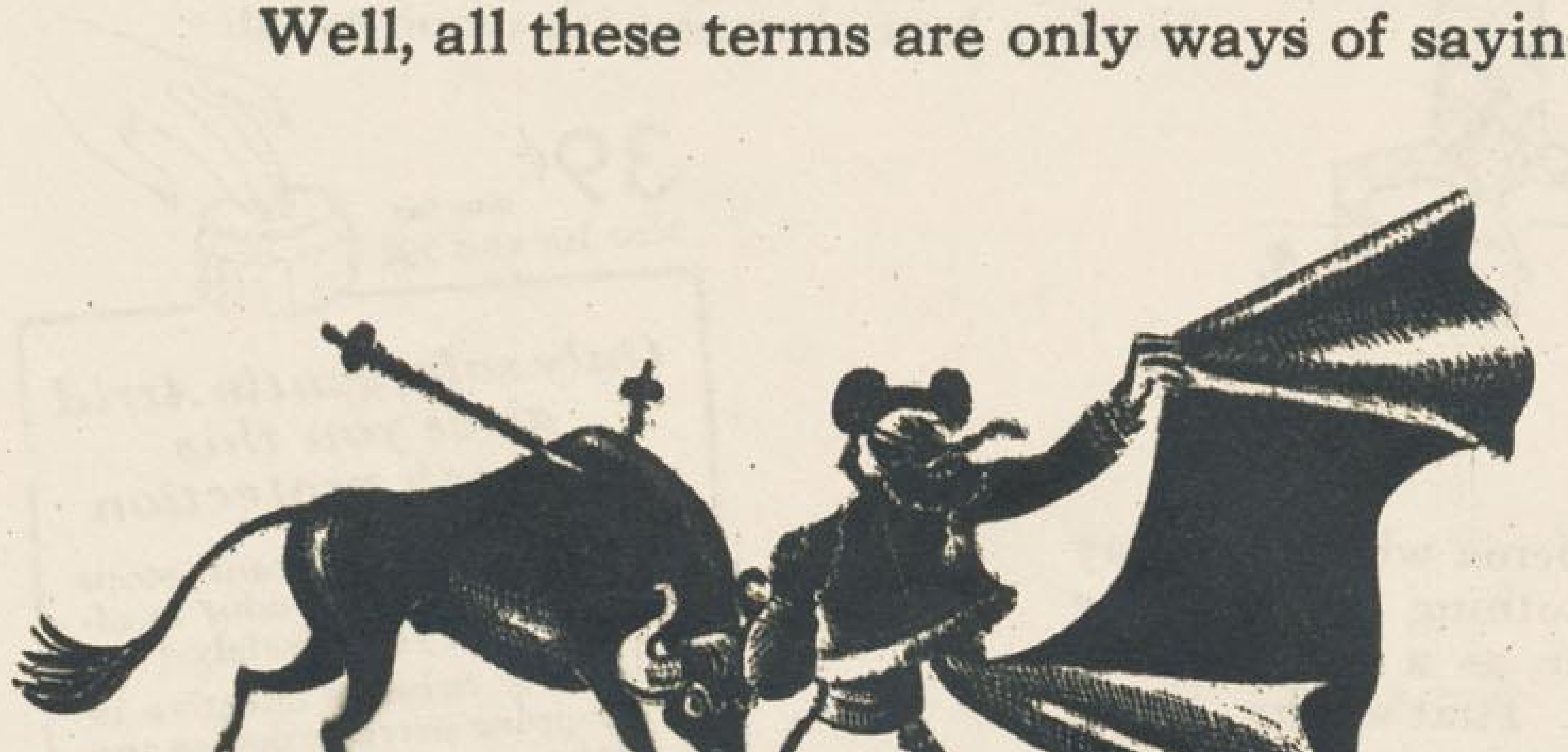
WHEN we are shivering in a North American winter, it is natural to turn our eyes to sunnier lands and warmer valleys. The nearest such golden country is, of course, our neighbor across the border, Mexico. And while girls may sigh and think that to live, even for a brief time, in such a sunny land is beyond their reach, such is not really the case. You can go to Mexico if you really want to badly enough.

Badly enough means just that you are willing to start planning now and studying now so that you will be ready to take advantage of one of the many opportunities that are certain to come your way—especially if you make your way lie in the right direction!

You've heard of the Good Neighbor policy, of course; and of Pan-American councils and conferences. Maybe even Inter-American affairs are something familiar to you.

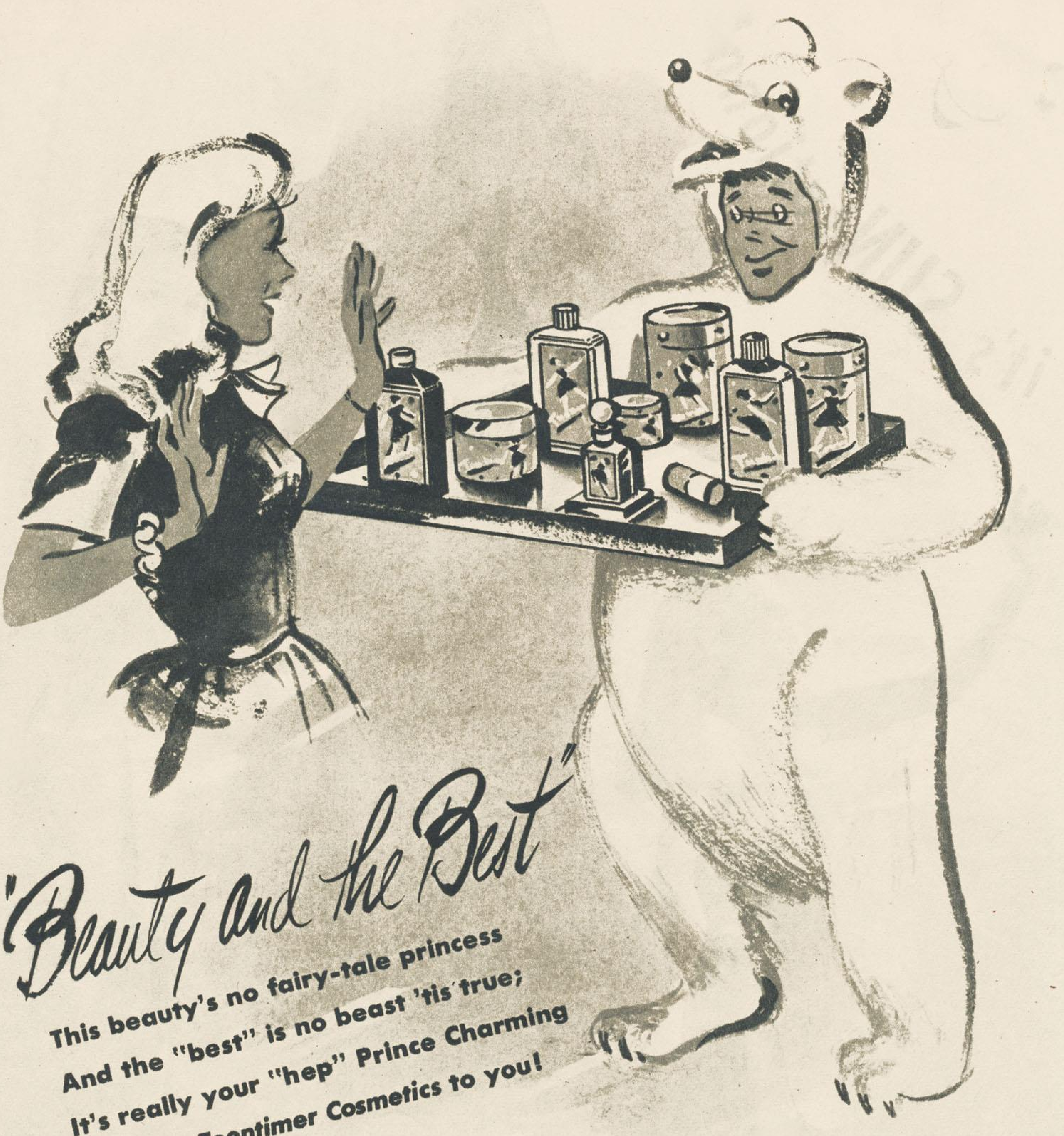
Well, all these terms are only ways of saying that all the countries of the Western Hemisphere have decided that it pays to be friendly. And they are finding out that the best way to be friendly is to know your neighbors—really know them.

In order to help us all get acquainted with our neighbor across the border to the south, a good many plans have been devised. These include the exchange of students for college study, the exchange of workers in certain fields, and the development of special courses in certain U. S. universities.



If you really want to go to Mexico for awhile, any one of these opportunities can be open to you. But not unless you plan ahead and study for it.

Let's look at the (*Continued on page* 36)



This beauty's no fairy-tale princess
And the "best" is no beast 'tis true;
It's really your "hep" Prince Charming
Bringing Teentimer Cosmetics to you!

All nine Teentimer Cosmetics have been created to help you teens look your best. There's lipstick, perfume, cologne, dusting powder, bubble bath, shampoo, all-purpose cream, hand lotion and deodorant — each is laboratory-tested and priced to fit your budget. For name of store nearest you that features Teentimer Cosmetics, write to:

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Teentimer* Cosmetics

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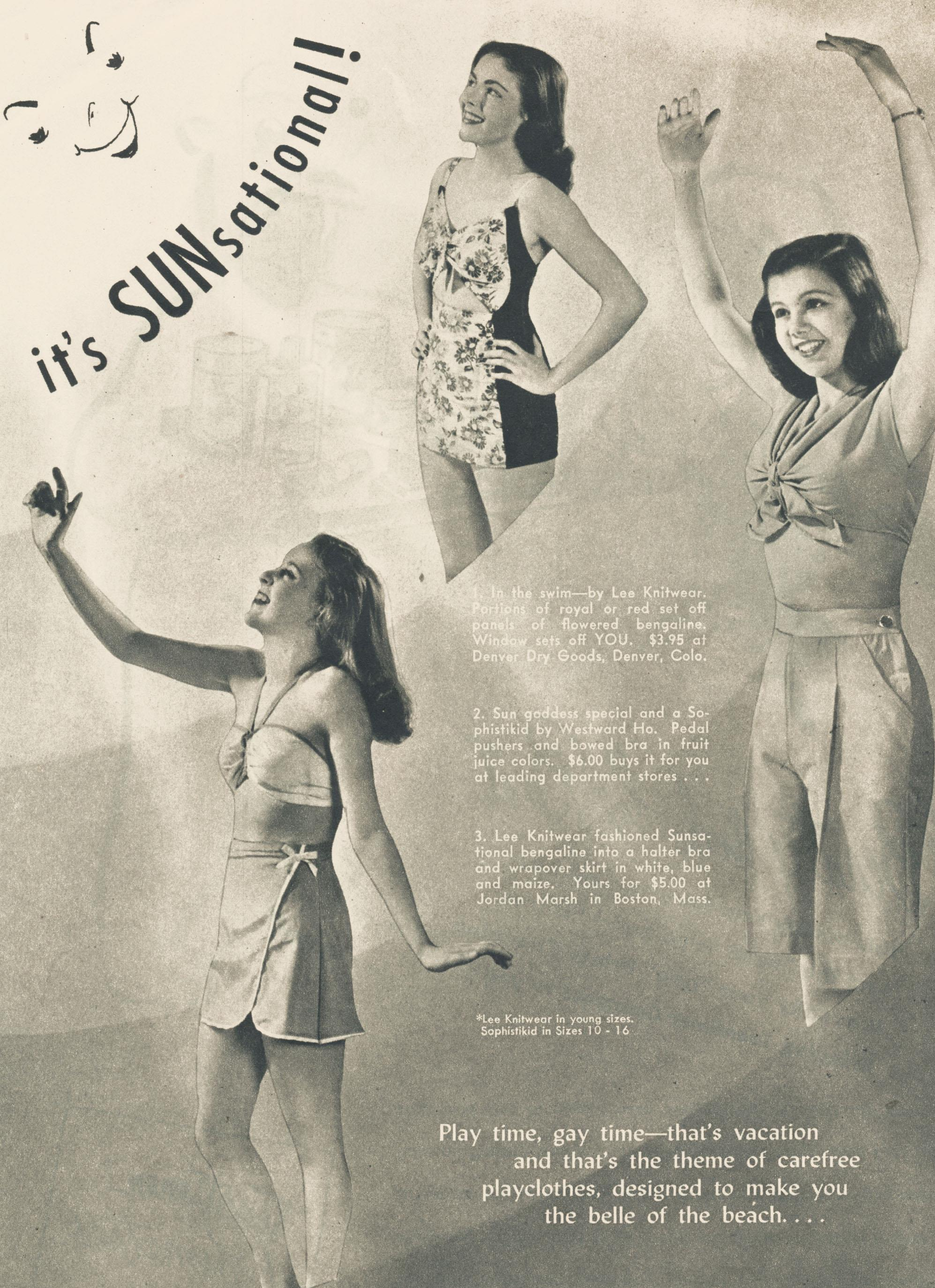
it's SUNsational!



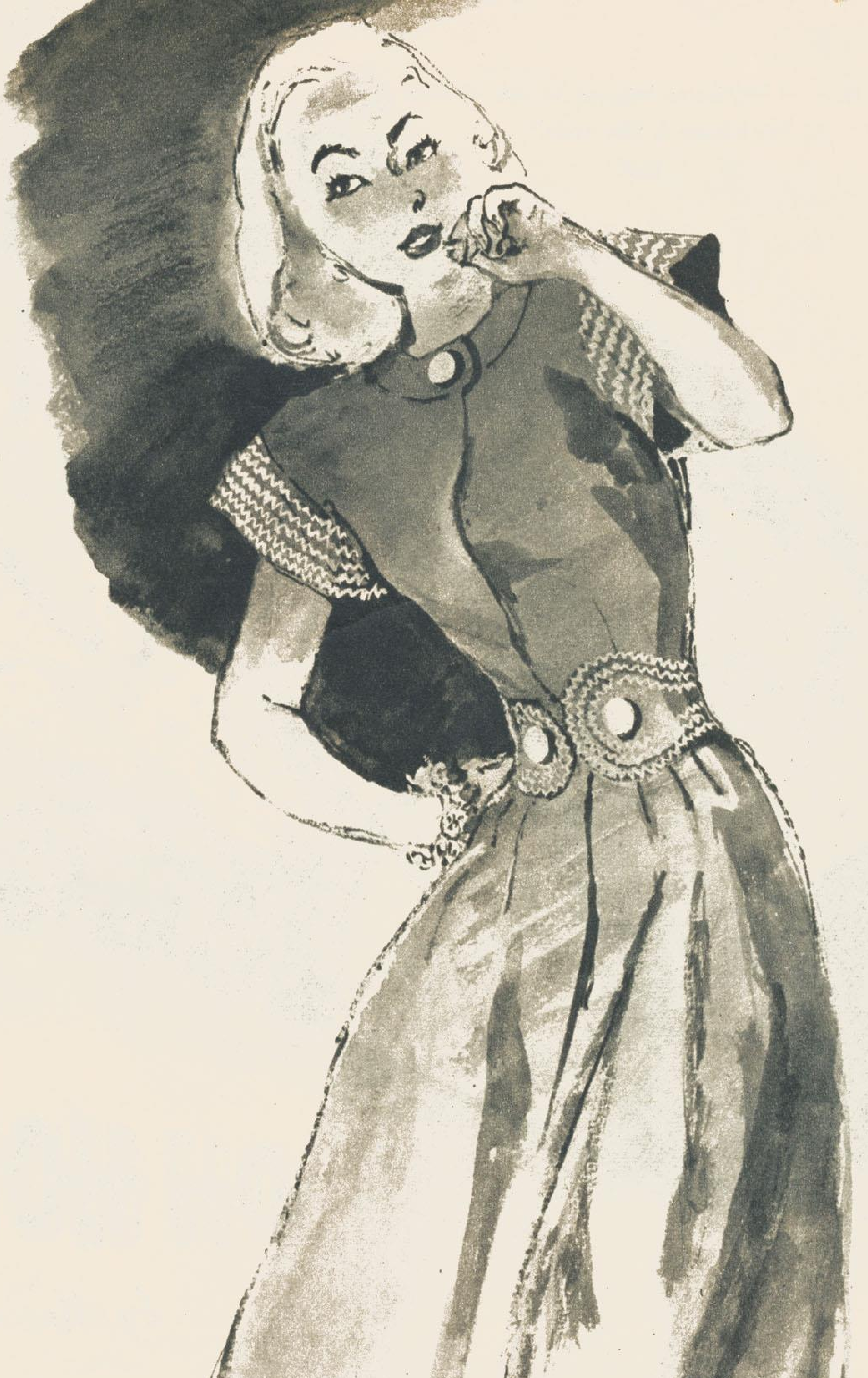
1. In the swim—by Lee Knitwear. Portions of royal or red set off panels of flowered bengaline. Window sets off YOU. $3.95 at Denver Dry Goods, Denver, Colo.

2. Sun goddess special and a Sophistikid by Westward Ho. Pedal pushers and bowed bra in fruit juice colors. $6.00 buys it for you at leading department stores . . .

3. Lee Knitwear fashioned Sunsational bengaline into a halter bra and wrapover skirt in white, blue and maize. Yours for $5.00 at Jordan Marsh in Boston, Mass.

*Lee Knitwear in young sizes.
Sophistikid in Sizes 10 - 16

Play time, gay time—that's vacation and that's the theme of carefree playclothes, designed to make you the belle of the beach. . . .



ric-
rac
crack-
a-
jack

Looking cool as frosty rime, white ric-rac runs merrily round and round the sleeves and corslet belt of this sheer butcher linen dress. White pearl buttons, large as peppermints, and a fine whoosh of skirt fullness. Assorted deep pastels in Berlinger's rayon butcher linen. Cut to fit girls 11 to 15, in sizes 7x to 13x. About $12.95.

faBric by Berlinger

SEVENTEEN
FOR THE
JUNIOR TEENS
1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.

Why not order it? — from Bullock's, Los Angeles; Gimbel's, Milwaukee; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; The Union Company, Columbus, O.; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Kline's, St. Louis; Oppenheim Collins, New York; Harvey's, Nashville; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; and Hartley's, Miami.

Flower was so scared her teeth clicked. "I know wh-why this h-house is f-for s-sale," she said. "It's h-haunted!"

OH HONEY!

by Maxine Shore

A h-haunted h-house . . . A piercing scream in the night . . . It doesn't sound very funny, but there's a giggle in every line as the Minute Maids bravely set out to tackle the unseen terror . . .

LIMPING up the road, Penny and I saw the house at the same moment. I choked, Penny waved her hand wordlessly, and we both leaned exhaustedly against an old fence, just gazing.

"There it is—our dream cottage!" I sighed.

You wouldn't think a mere house could make you drooly, but that one did. I mean, after you've been walking blisters on your feet for days and days, house-hunting, and not finding a thing and then suddenly—well, anyone who's ever done it at all will understand, I'm sure.

It was the sweetest little Cape Cod cottage you ever saw, all sort of nestled into sylvan surroundings. A lovely brook cut one corner of the big yard, and there was a waterwheel, a rustic bridge and other romantic scenic effects. In short, it was the answer to our prayer.

You see, it was this way. My brother Rob had come back from overseas duty finally to marry Blue's sister, (*Continued on page 63*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

PICTURE THAT NOW!

By SUE EATON

Just *picture* it—your whole vacation story in memorable snapshots . . . We offer here tips to make you tops when you take your camera on trips . . . and guarantee fascinating fun for you if you follow these pointers on how to make your photographs "live" . . .

So you're going to take pictures of your vacation. You're not going to rely on tall tales to tell people what you did this summer; you're going to *prove* it! You're going to catch Jim as he arcs off that "high" board, and snap Nancy and Joan as they climb to the top of Mt. Khatadin, and you're going to make the best landscape pictures ever.

Believe me, you've got a program cut out for yourself. And a swell one, too. There's nothing that's as much fun as picture-taking at any season. But before you slip that trusty camera into your suitcase, take heed, Kitten, take heed. Here are the facts about vacation photography, and you won't be a flub-dub when it comes to shutter clicking if you remember these pointers as you go along. Okay? Here's point one: *Don't act like grandma when you get a camera in your hands!* Grandma knew only one way to take a picture. "Now stand over there and face the sun," she used to say. "That's it—now watch the birdie—smile, SMILE!" You know the results. Every picture Grandma took looks so much like every other that it makes you gulp when Dad hauls out the family snapshot album. That may have been fine for those days when Grandma's picture taking was limited by slow films and very poor cameras, but that style doesn't represent good picture making today. No, sir! These days photography is alive . . . it's vital . . . it shows (*Continued on page 46*)

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JULY
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AUGUST
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SEPTEMBER
1946
BANK

Play Days can be PAY DAYS...

by Julie Easton

Thinking of summer in terms of sums this year? Julie Easton has some sure tips on how to make your vacation job a super summer success . . . .

SPRING'S HERE and summer's not far behind. Some of your friends are going joyfully off to camp. Some of them are looking forward to a nice lazy summer at home. But you feel the first fine stirrings of independence. You're growing up. You're ambitious. You want a job. Come September you want something to show for those three holiday months—specifically a nice sum in the bank.

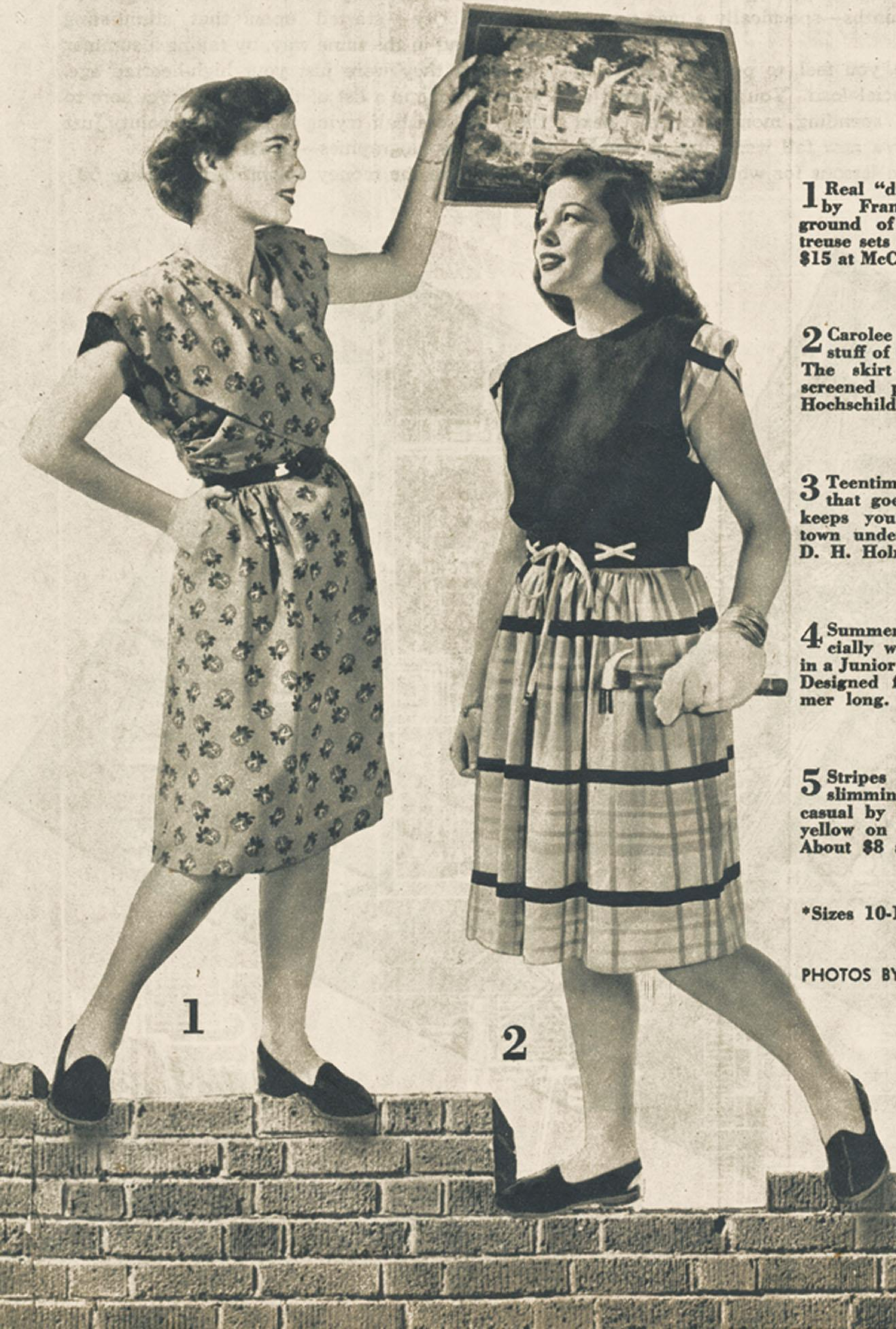
It's high time, you feel, to pull your share of the family financial load. You'd like to earn at least your own spending money for the next school year, buy a new fall wardrobe, or maybe take those music lessons for which there's never been quite enough money. Maybe you're even more farsighted and serious about the whole project,—want to start earning and saving for those future golden college days.

Good for you—and congratulations! It's a good old American custom, learning to stand upon your own feet. Many a successful adult—perhaps the majority—started upon that stimulating career-road in the same way, by taking a summer job when they were just your high-hearted age. We could name a list of the famous from here to there without half trying to prove the point. Just skim a few biographies—you'll see!

Of course the money (*Continued on page* 60)

The Dress I Live In...

It's your summer love, that dress that dramatizes *you*, brightly and rightly from morning till moonlight. So choose it with care and wear it with confidence



1 Real "drape shape" in challis by Frances Brookes. Background of gray, rose or chartreuse sets of pretty posies, about $15 at McCurdy's, Rochester, N. Y.

2 Carolee Arrospun is the smooth stuff of this job by Teen House. The skirt and trim are hand screened plaids. About $15 at Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore, Md.

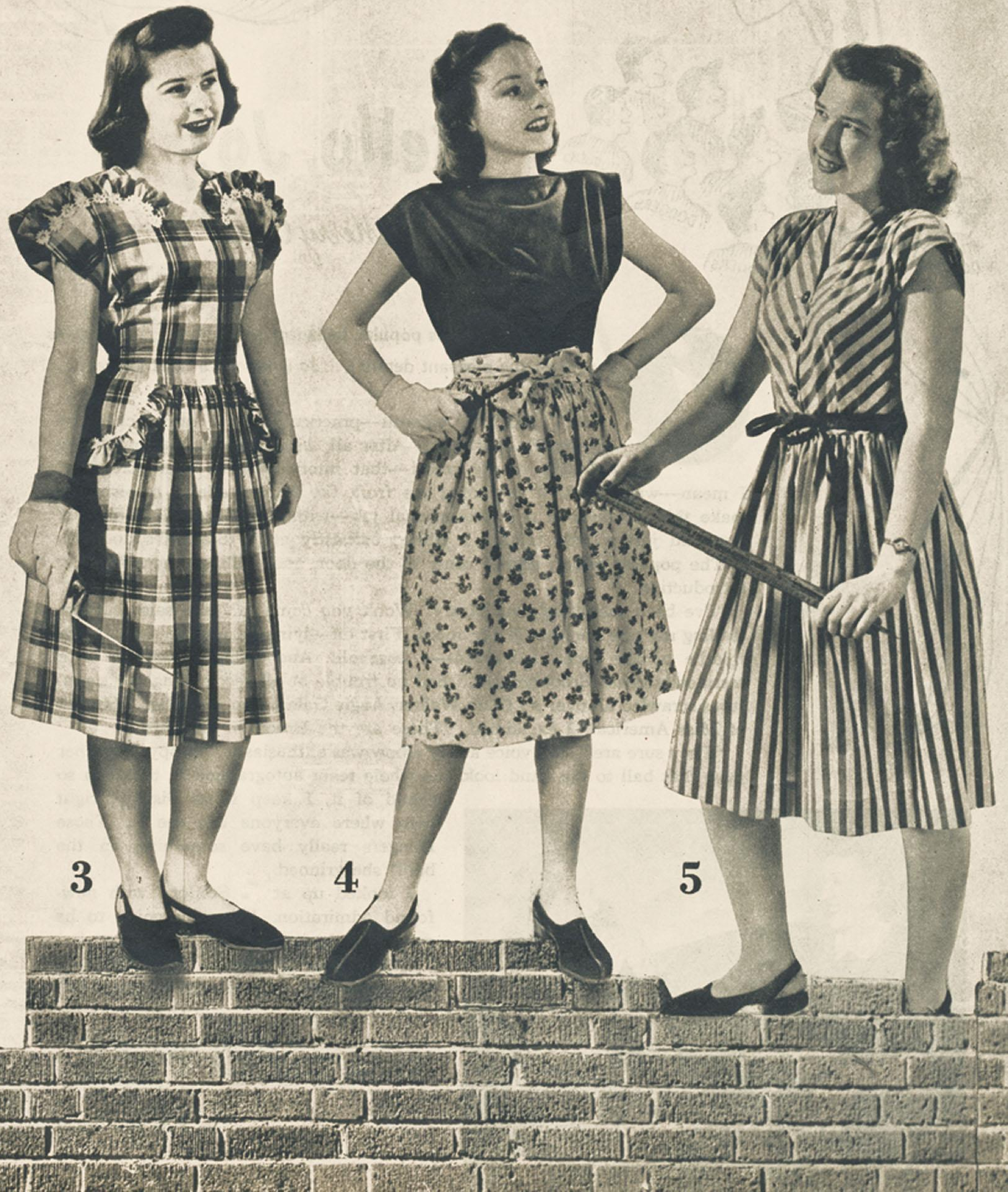
3 Teentimer, daisy-trimmed dress that goes into the garden and keeps you cool or goes downtown under a shady hat. $8 at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans, La.

4 Summer black is news. Especially with a soft print dirndl in a Junior First sub-junior model. Designed for living in all summer long. $9 at leading stores.

5 Stripes are smart; stripes are slimming, in a Bates fabric casual by Delltown. Wine, blue, yellow on white with braid belt. About $8 at Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.

***Sizes 10-16.**

PHOTOS BY BARBARA GOODSPEED



DODGERS
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DODGERS

Hello, Jo!

by Merry Carr

Merry visits popular balladear Jo Stafford . . . and gives us here the pleasant details . . . Jo is indeed a treat to meet . . .

I **FELT LIKE** a veteran—practically, as I approached Jo Stafford's apartment. After all, with one mission completed, already to my credit—that interview with Joan Crawford I mean—which sort of promoted me from the P.f.c. grade, I resolved to make this interview a real professional job—with *technique*. Gripping my note-pad just a little tighter, I jabbed earnestly at Jo Stafford's doorbell.

The popular singer, herself came to the door, and smilingly accepted my introduction.

"I've been expecting you, Merry. Won't you come in?" she said warmly, leading me into her cozy living room. First off—lying on a table right in the middle of the room, I noticed—a baseball! And being somewhat of a terrifically rabid Brooklyn fan, I had no trouble at all recognizing the signatures scrawled all over it: Dixie Walker, Augie Galan, Leo Durocher. "Shades of Miss America!" I exclaimed. "These are the Brooklyn Dodgers!"

"They sure are!" Jo's voice at my elbow was enthusiastic. "Lippy Durocher gave that ball to me. And look, the whole team autographed it, too! I'm so proud of it, I keep it on display, right here where everyone can see it. Those Dodgers really have something on the ball!" she grinned.

I looked up at Jo Stafford with newfound admiration. We were going to be great friends, it was easy to see that . . .

Then, after I cleared my throat in a business-like (*Continued on page* 44)

Jo tells her favorite giggle-getter, to the obvious delight of Merry. Wotta (punch)line Jo has! (Note the coveted rawhide on the table.)

Could it be that Jo Stafford is listening to Jo Stafford? Could be!! That's what comes of being a famous radio singer, we guess . . .

Now, being real business-like, Merry starts her "Information, Please". That first question must have been a stickler from Jo's expression.

". . . and do you believe teen-agers are here to stay?" is perhaps what Merry's asking, here. Anyway, Miss Stafford has a ready answer . . .

Quiet—Singer at Work . . . with a "do-re-mi" (or reasonable facsimile). Merry notes that she's plenty easy on the ears—and eyes too!

To illustrate her last remarks, Jo shows Merry the important part good posture plays in a singing career. Correct breathing is also essential

Here, Jo seems to be asking the questions, while Merry assumes that "now-let-me-see" attitude. Turn-about's fair play, the songstress claims.

That Girl in the Mirror . . .

So you want to look like Jeanne Crain? Or Diana Lynn? Silly you . . .
Learn how to be—and act—like an exclusive first edition . . .

by Nancy Lake

THAT GIRL in the mirror—the face is familiar—she's *you!* Why not get a little better acquainted with her? After all, you have to live with her and there's no getting away from her. She's not perfect; she never is. But you can make her look like somebody and that somebody is you, yourself.

Why? Because she's prettiest when she looks that way. If you try to make her look like somebody else, a movie star, the Dragon Lady, or the prom queen who lives down the street, she'll be just a mass-production item, and, worse, a rather blurry copy of the original model. But if she looks like you, she'll be an exclusive "first edition".

So take a good look at her now. And don't frown at her for not having dimples like Jeanne Crain, eyes like Loretta Young, or a Vivian Leigh profile. Instead, decide what you like about her—what features or qualities you can promote, just as Rita Hayworth's auburn hair is promoted.

Do you see bright eyes and a trim nose? Other people will see them too if you give them the accent of a softly swirled bang. Or is there a serene forehead and a pretty hairline? Brush back the hair and let them show—ears too, if they're sightly. And treat your eyebrows as important accessories, emphasizing their natural arch with vaseline and weeding out only the "littlest rebels" that sometimes persist in growing over noses or down near eyelids—very unfashionable neighborhoods for eyebrows.

Choice of a lipstick is another item that should be guided not by "what everybody's wearing" but by the nature of That Girl. Shades with a hint of blue make teeth look whiter. Corally shades play up the coloring of many blondes. Clear red sparkle to the all-American brownette and the raspberry hues dramatize a brunette type. But many a clever girl, blessed with naturally ruddy lips, lets the world know she has them by applying a protective lip pomade and letting the matter go at that. And *every* clever girl knows that too dark or too "shrieking" lipstick colors draw attention away from the eyes; make a girl look "all mouth."

But That Girl doesn't end at (***Continued on page* 36**)

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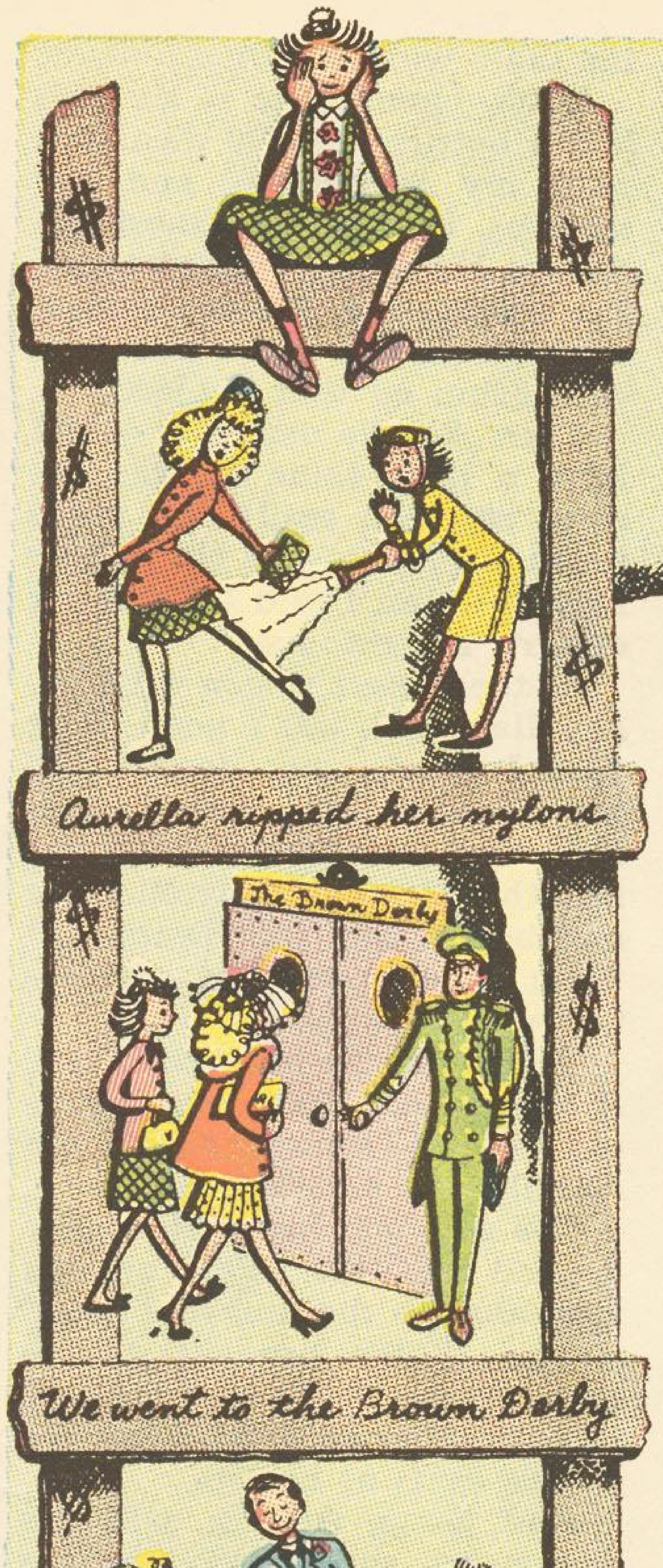

$
The Brown Derby
$10
Aurella ripped her nylons
We went to the Brown Derby
All I had was ten dollars
I left the waiter the 12¢

Oh, the price of fame and fortune! The ladder to screen success, Vicky learns, is studded with dollar signs . . . Let's read over her shoulder as she confides her costly experience to her confidant, Betty Ann . . .

VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

Dear Betty Ann,

Tempus Fugits—or whatever it does, and I am still not a screen star. But I know an honest-to-goodness actress, Betty Ann, one who has a Screen Guild card and everything.

Pops says I am very lucky that he continues to permit me to work as an usherette at The Colossal. Of course that keeps me cramming to keep up with my studies at Hollywood High, but as my agent Lester Hunt, says, (he's that nice boy at school who will manage my career, once we get a career for him to manage,) I am in the spotlight. And in Hollywood you can't hide your light under a bushel and expect to be discovered.

But this new girl. She is simply thrilling in a way--I mean it is simply thrilling to know a girl who is in pictures. And Betts, I am working on the idea of her taking me studio visiting.

Well, her name is Aurella Laray. Can't you just see a name like that up in lights?

I met Aurella when she came to the show and ripped her nylons on a theater seat. There was a great to-do. And I could understand how a girl would feel to have her only pair of nylons ruined. (Of course, between you and me, Betts, I have never owned a pair of nylons, but they sound wonderful.)

The manager gave her five dollars damages. But later I learned that Aurella had a little run in

(Continued on page 28)

From page 27

them when she came in. So she isn't exactly honest.

I keep trying to overlook that weakness in her nature, however, because after all I have never known a girl who is in pictures. And she really is. She has stills to prove it. She played a switchboard girl in Belita's picture, but the scene was cut out. She does have a still though where you can see her standing at a station in a crowd of people.

She is very beautiful in a movie star way, Betts. She is seventeen, lots older than us, but so smart about everything. I confidentially told Pops about her. He said she was too smart and I was not to see her.

But I simply couldn't resist when she asked me to lunch at the Brown Derby. Sally and I have stood outside the Brown Derby and asked for autographs but we never dreamed of going inside, ever!

Aurella asked me when I would be paid. I told her I was to receive my check on Saturday morning at The Colossal. She suggested we lunch that day at the Derby.

Betts, I couldn't sleep all night for thinking about it. I tried on everything in my wardrobe, and finally settled for my blue wool suit, white shoes, gloves and hat.

Of course Aurella was very dressed up. She has bright red hair and you can tell she's an actress. She dresses like Lana Turner, with hats that have loads of veiling and flowers, and her clothes are tight and sophisticated. But Mom won't let me dress "any different from the average fifteen-and-a-half year old." Soo!

We were shown to a table, and I couldn't concentrate on the menu because looking right at me was Red Skelton, in person. And pretty soon in came Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. It was all I could do to still my impulses and keep from running over and asking for their autograph. But Aurella said, certainly not. No one asks for autographs in the Brown Derby.

Imagine, a dollar and a half for hamburgers! And forty cents for pie a-la-mode! I almost fainted. But what does Aurella do? She says that she has forgotten her money purse and would I take the check, and she will settle with me later.

I was happy to do this, Betts. Imagine me having a movie actress for my luncheon guest! Besides I had ten dollars.

Aurella said not to worry because she hardly ever eats much. Just one thing for lunch. She ordered shrimp that had been flown in from Florida. That's just one thing, she said.

I looked at the menu and the cheapest thing was hamburger. So Betts, I ordered it.

Aurella said it was terrible to stuff myself with meat. And didn't I know that meat was heavy, too heavy for lunch?

She said it was good business to impress people, especially a producer who was sitting at the next table. So Aurella ordered champagne sent over to his table with her compliments.

Betts, champagne is six dollars a bottle. I nearly died. For with my hamburger and her shrimps, that made almost ten dollars. Naturally, I didn't touch the champagne. I have certain commitments—I mean promises, with Mom on that subject.

Then Aurella said she would have a little thing for dessert, since she had really not eaten much for lunch, just those little light shrimps. I said I didn't eat dessert. Imagine *me!*

As the dessert wagon went by, Aurella said it was a good thing that I didn't. Her doctor told her desserts were very fattening; that chocolates—well, she said that chocolates are all sugar and butter, and that people eat them a half pound at a time—that's why they're fat.

Then came the bill. Well Betts, it was nine dollars and eighty eight cents! I almost fainted, but Aurella was nonchalant.

"Be sure and leave the waiter a good tip," she said, "and be sure and tip the maitre d'hote."

The waiter brought twelve cents change back, and I didn't have another cent. So I left the twelve cents as his tip.

And Betts, Aurella said she was never so mortified in her whole life. When we were outside she said I was cheap, and had embarrassed her as she has never been embarrassed before. She said I should have tipped the waiter a dollar!

Then she turned and walked away, and she said she hopes she never sees me again.

So Betts, I don't know whether Aurella is my friend or not. Mom says it was an expensive lesson, but that it was worth it if I never see Aurella.

My whole ten dollars was spent at the Brown Derby, but it was exciting to go with a girl who is in pictures, and then besides she might take me studio visiting some day.

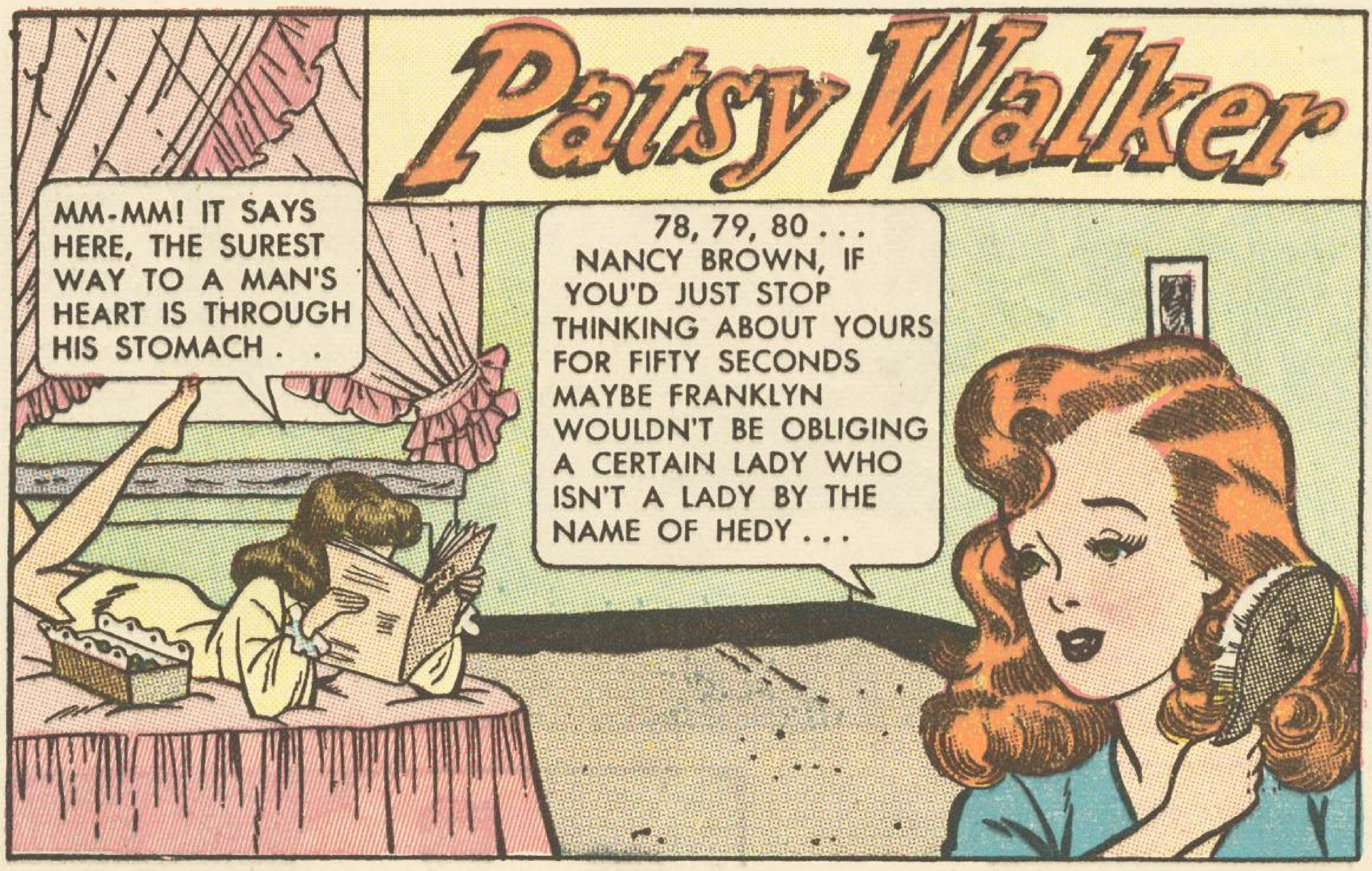
Well, I can dream, can't I? I have to, because I haven't any money to spend, since that lunch. Which is something when you think about it. You can get a hamburger and a malt for a quarter at the Malt Shoppe.

Your devoted friend,
Vicky

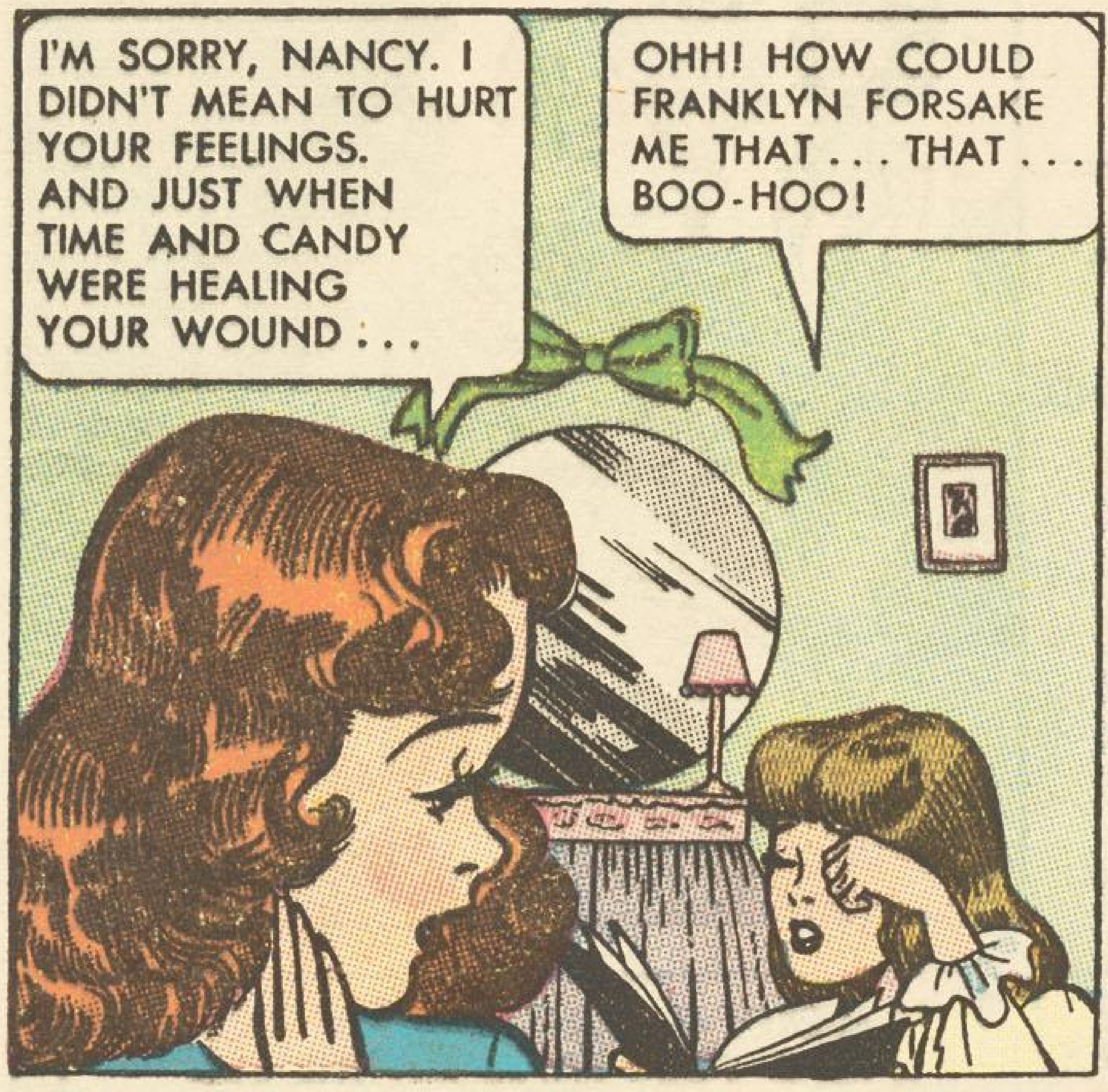
Edgar Allen Poe-ms
ON A MIDNIGHT DARK AND DREARY,
QUOTH THE RAVEN:

"MAC is here-y!"
SEE PAGE 47

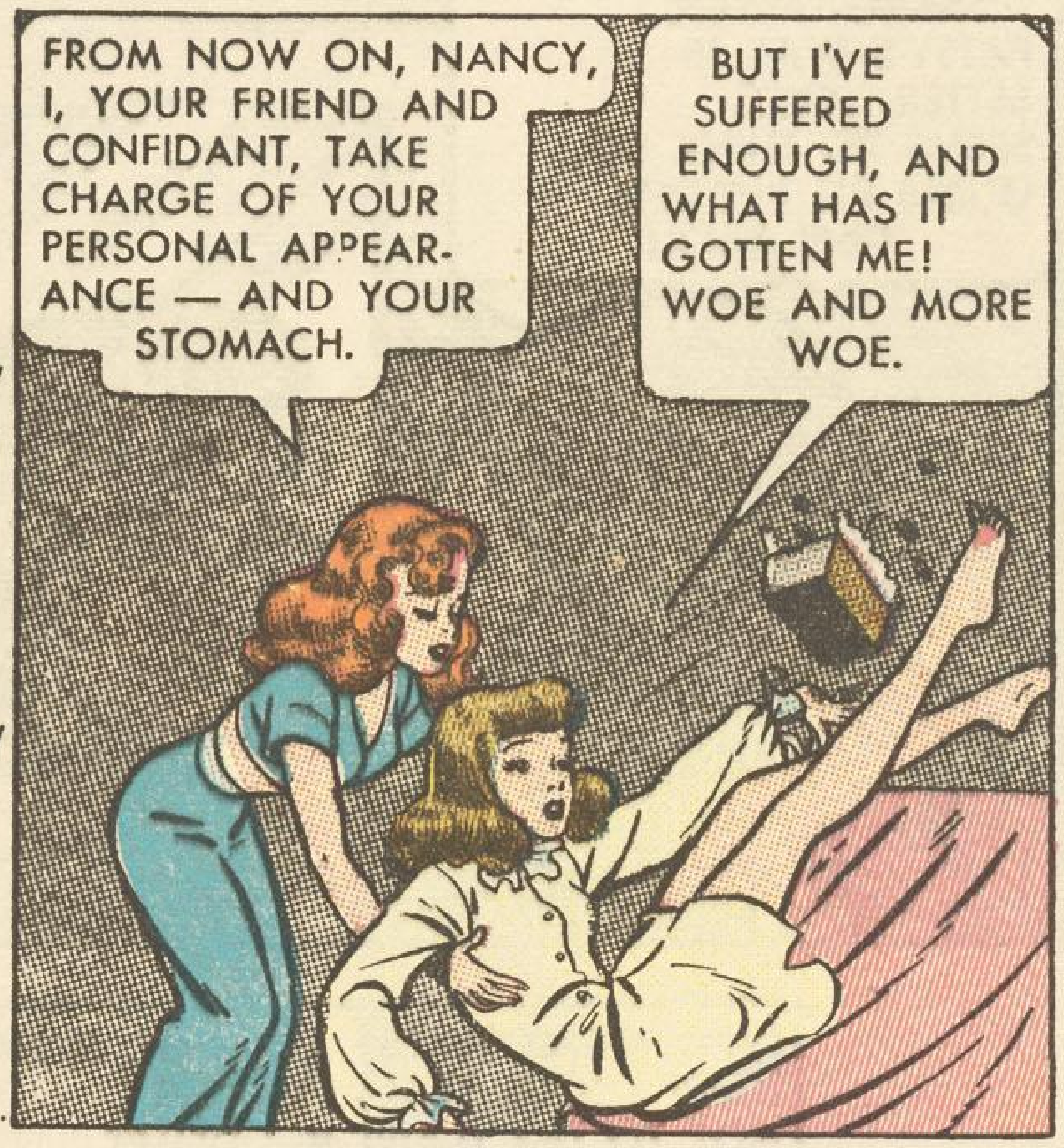
Patsy Walker


MM-MM! IT SAYS HERE, THE SUREST WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH . .
78, 79, 80 . . . NANCY BROWN, IF YOU'D JUST STOP THINKING ABOUT YOURS FOR FIFTY SECONDS MAYBE FRANKLYN WOULDN'T BE OBLIGING A CERTAIN LADY WHO ISN'T A LADY BY THE NAME OF HEDY . . .

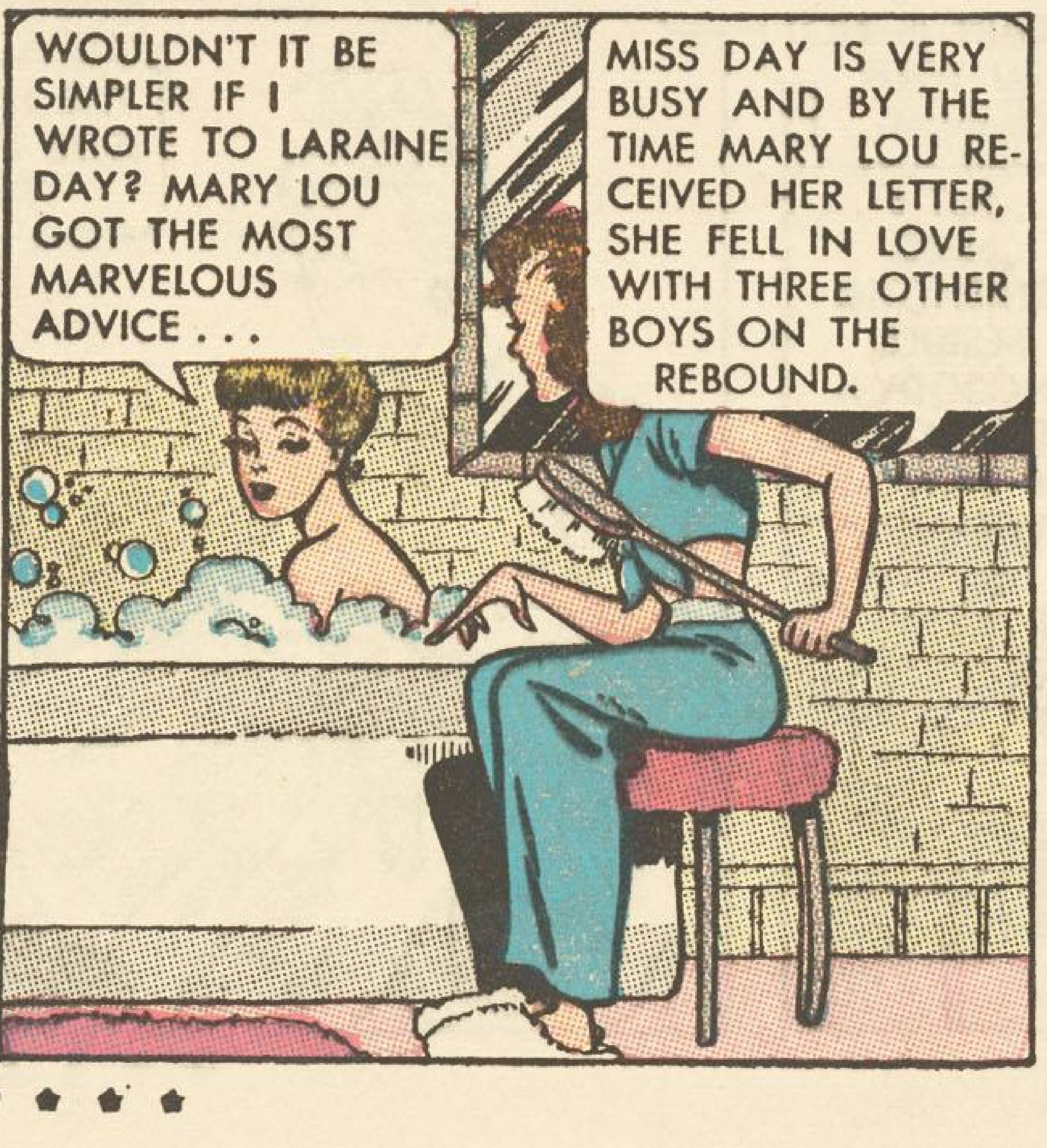
YOU'D BE AMAZED TO LEARN THAT PATSY AND NANCY ARE MIGHTILY CONCERNED WITH WORLD-CRUSHING EVENTS, SUCH AS THE ATOMIC AGE, THE UNO, ETC., BUT AT THE MOMENT — — — WELL, THEY'RE TYPICAL TEEN-AGERS AND THEREFORE . . .

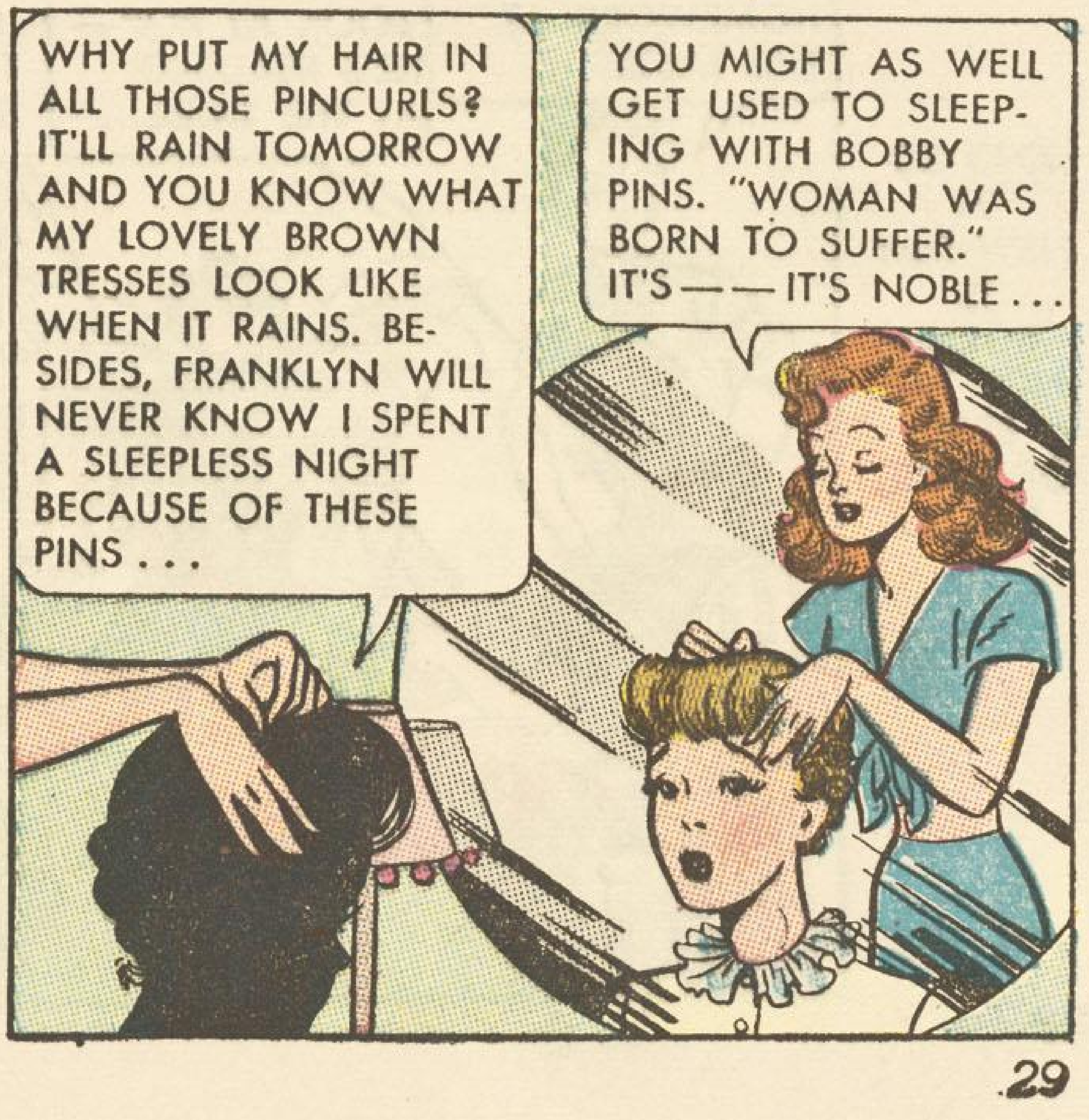

I'M SORRY, NANCY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS. AND JUST WHEN TIME AND CANDY WERE HEALING YOUR WOUND . . .
OHH! HOW COULD FRANKLYN FORSAKE ME THAT . . . THAT . . . BOO-HOO!

THUS WE LEARN, TO OUR SADNESS, THAT NANCY IS A "WOMAN SCORNED."— THAT THE DEVOTED FRANKLYN IS DEVOTED-- TO SOMEBODY ELSE . . .

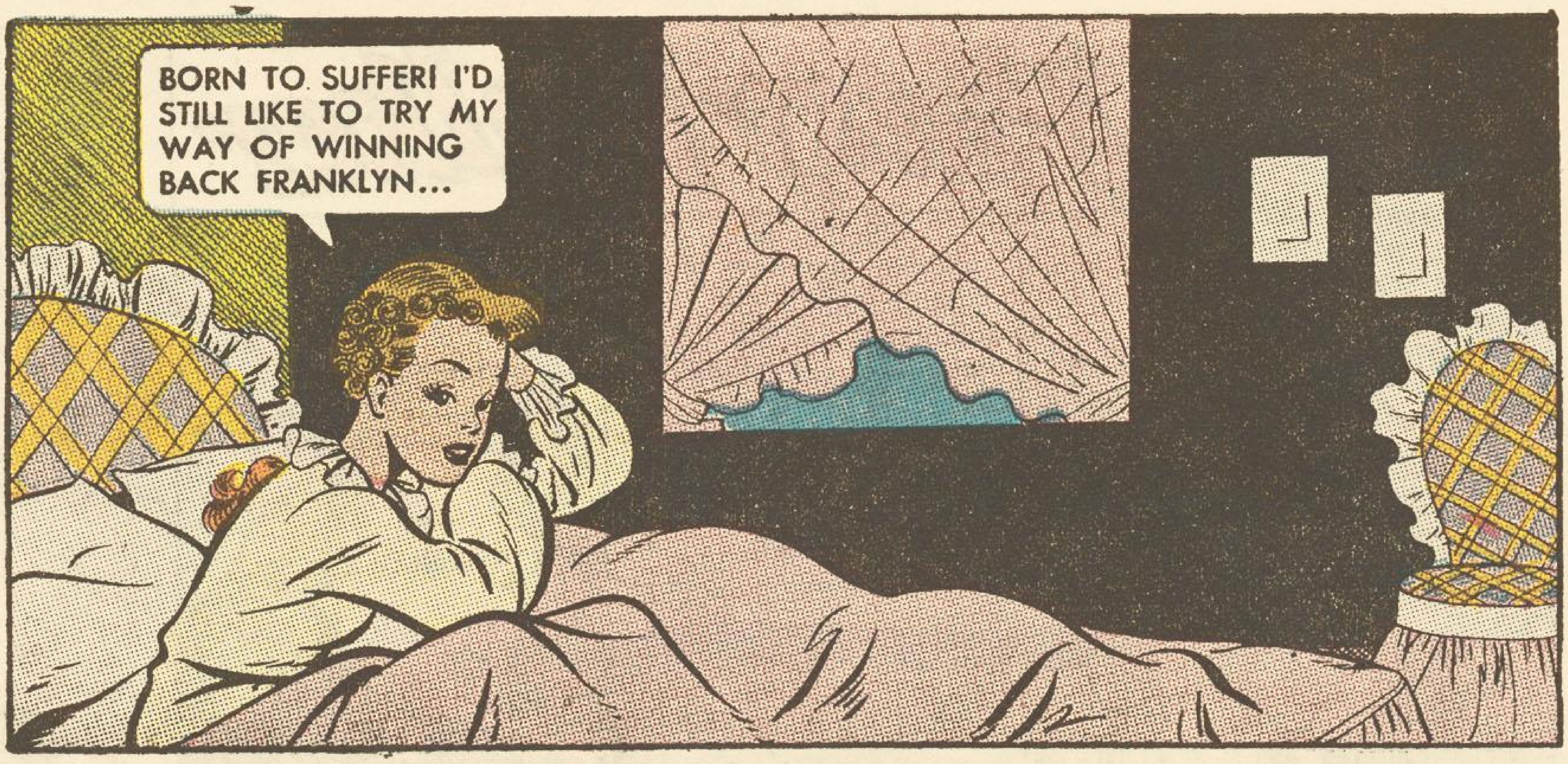

FROM NOW ON, NANCY, I, YOUR FRIEND AND CONFIDANT, TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE — AND YOUR STOMACH.
BUT I'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH, AND WHAT HAS IT GOTTEN ME! WOE AND MORE WOE.

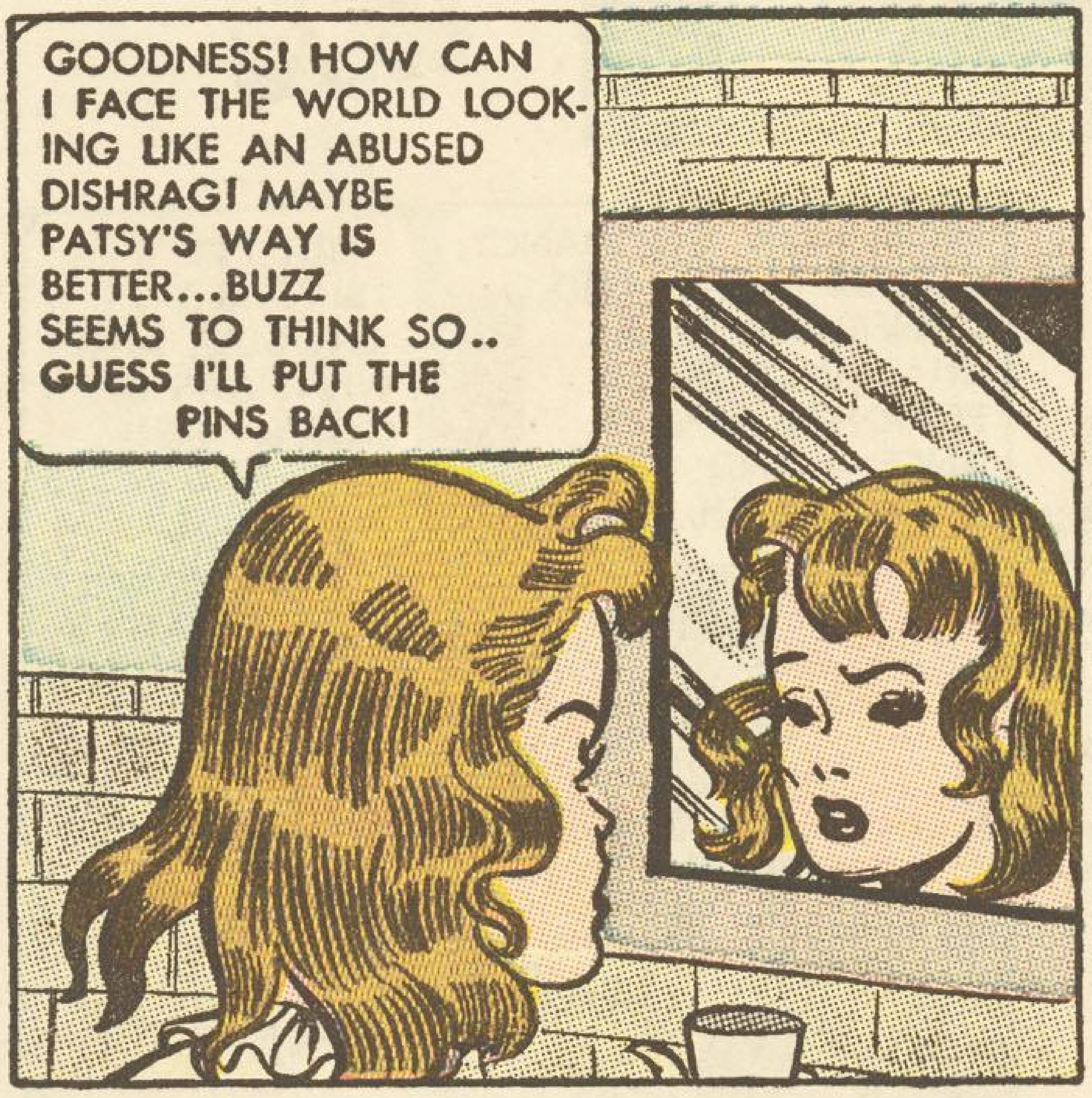
IT SEEMS AS IF PATSY HAS OTHER METHODS FOR WORMING ONE'S WAY INTO A MAN'S HEART . . .


WOULDN'T IT BE SIMPLER IF I WROTE TO LARAINE DAY? MARY LOU GOT THE MOST MARVELOUS ADVICE . . .
MISS DAY IS VERY BUSY AND BY THE TIME MARY LOU RECEIVED HER LETTER, SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH THREE OTHER BOYS ON THE REBOUND.

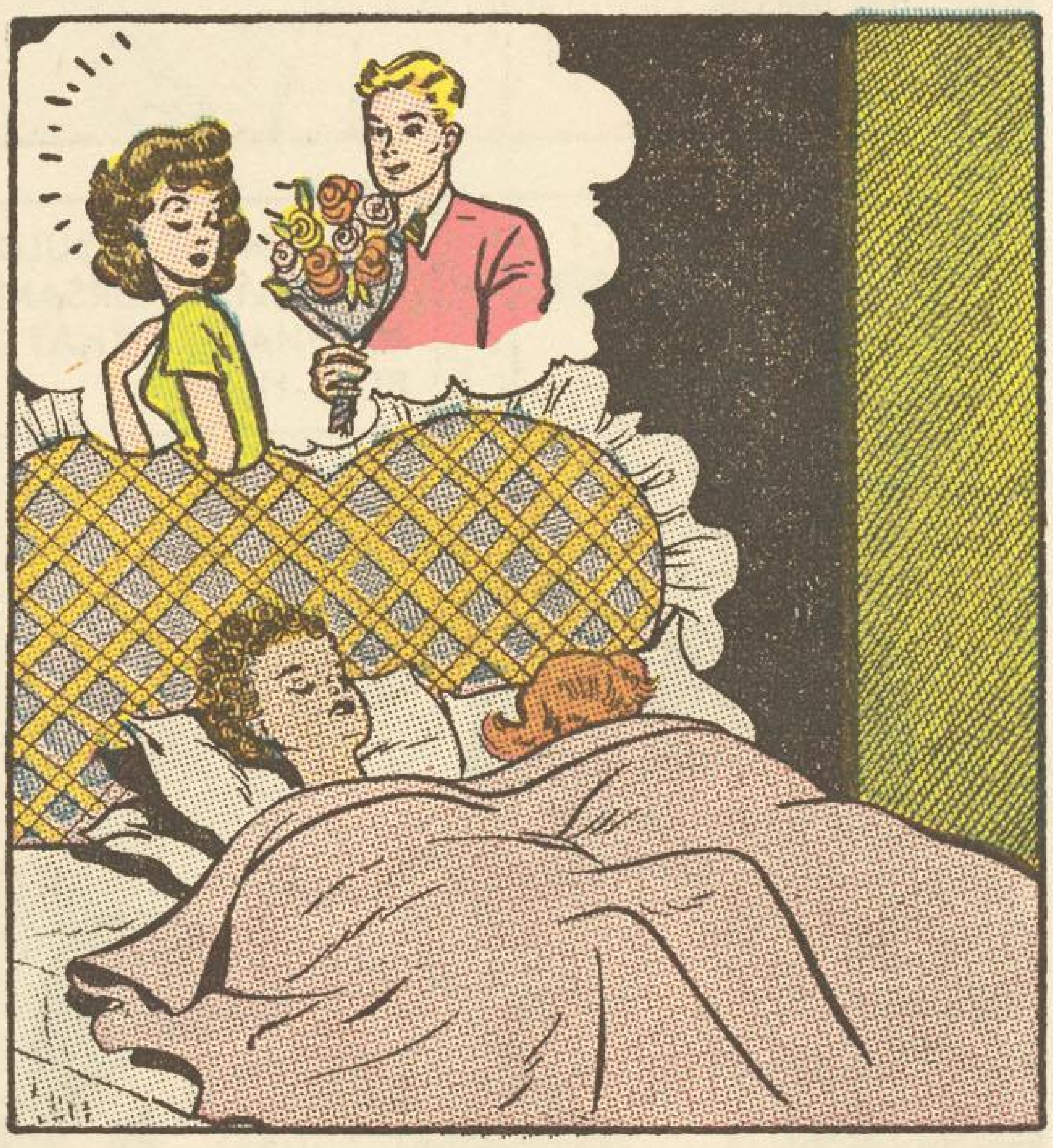

WHY PUT MY HAIR IN ALL THOSE PINCURLS? IT'LL RAIN TOMORROW AND YOU KNOW WHAT MY LOVELY BROWN TRESSES LOOK LIKE WHEN IT RAINS. BESIDES, FRANKLYN WILL NEVER KNOW I SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT BECAUSE OF THESE PINS . . .
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO SLEEPING WITH BOBBY PINS. "WOMAN WAS BORN TO SUFFER." IT'S — — IT'S NOBLE . . .

HOW NOBLE CAN A WOMAN BE? NANCY, NO DOUBT, HAS THE ANSWER...

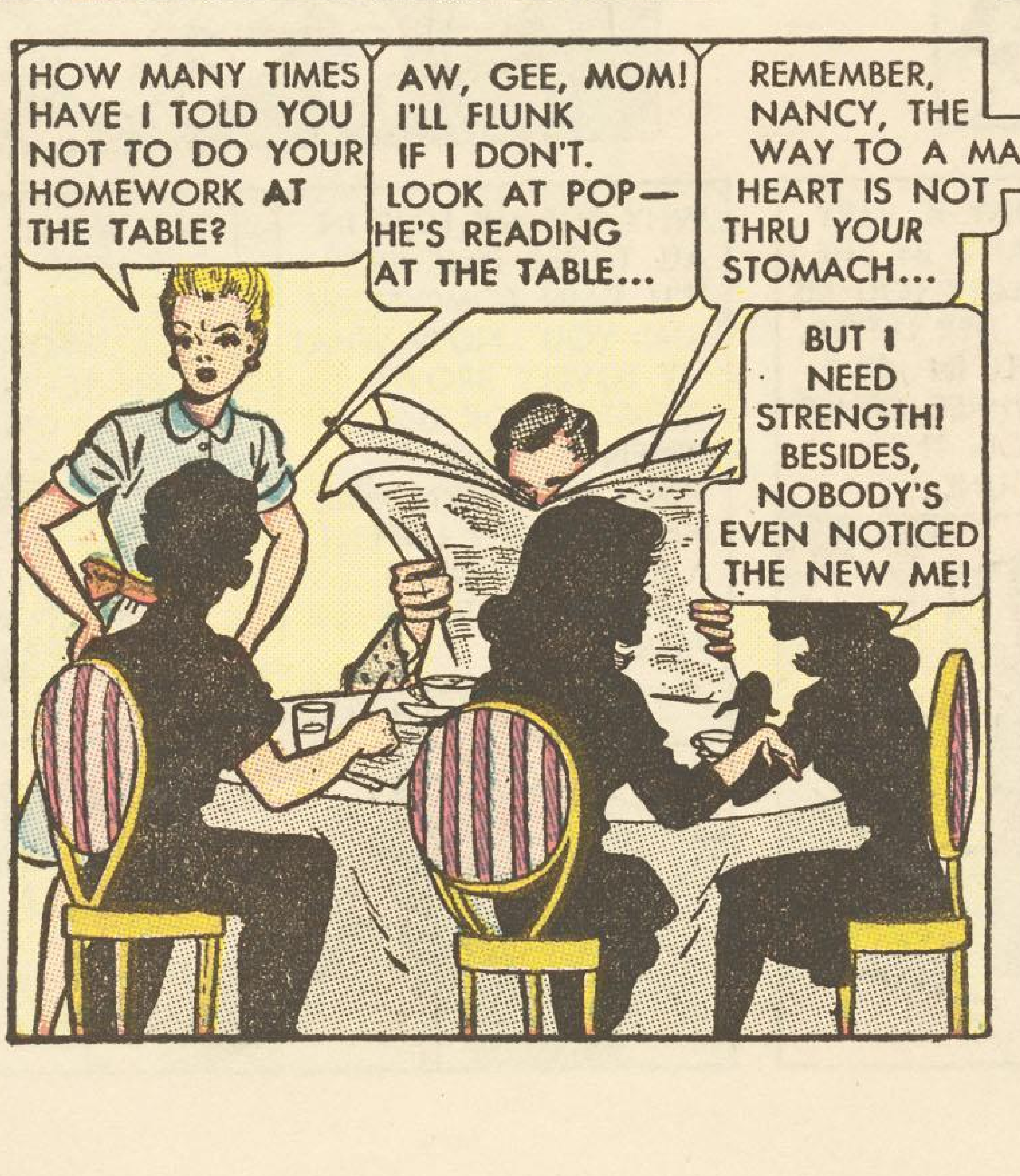

BORN TO SUFFER! I'D STILL LIKE TO TRY MY WAY OF WINNING BACK FRANKLYN...

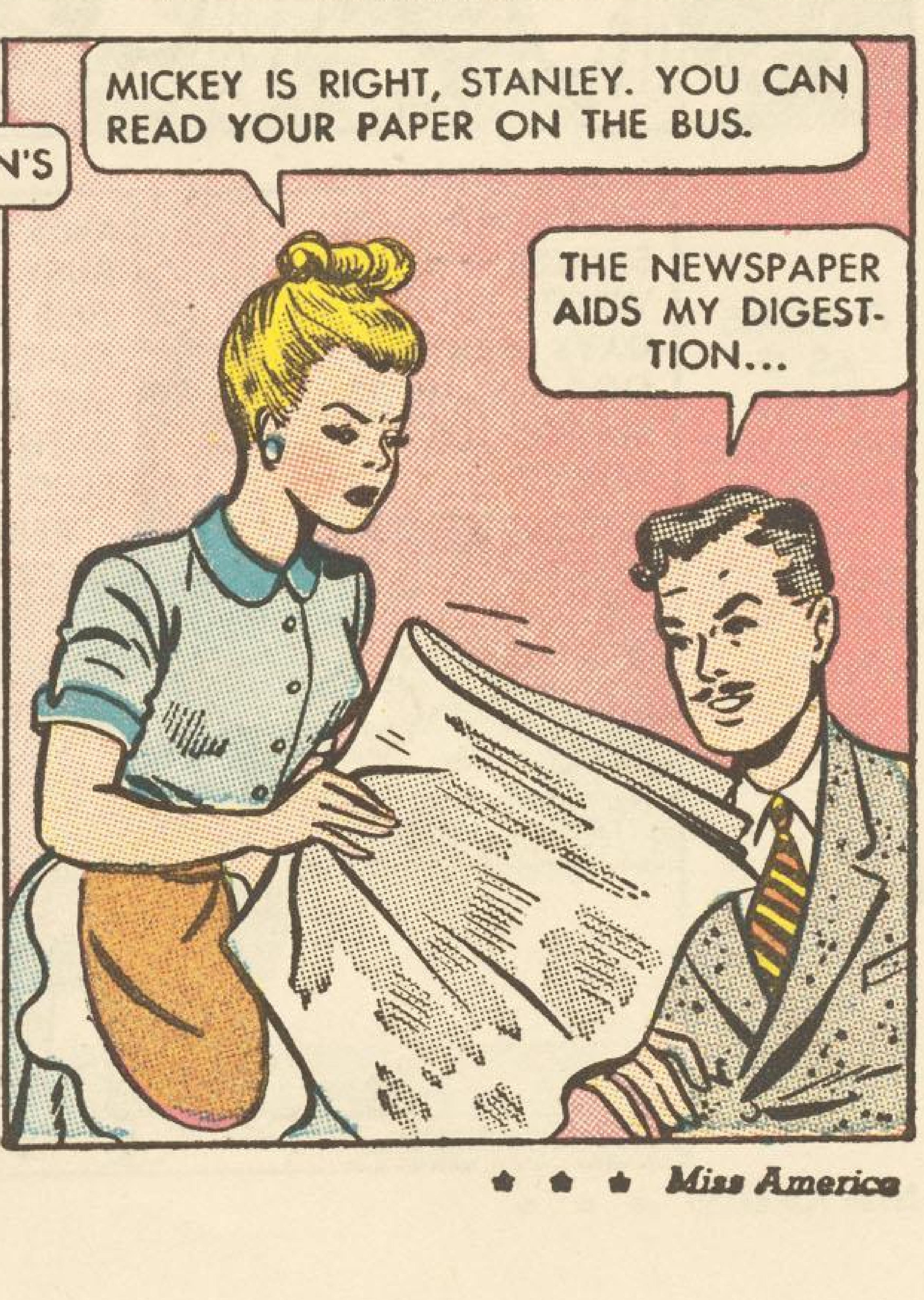

GOODNESS! HOW CAN I FACE THE WORLD LOOKING LIKE AN ABUSED DISHRAG! MAYBE PATSY'S WAY IS BETTER...BUZZ SEEMS TO THINK SO.. GUESS I'LL PUT THE PINS BACK!

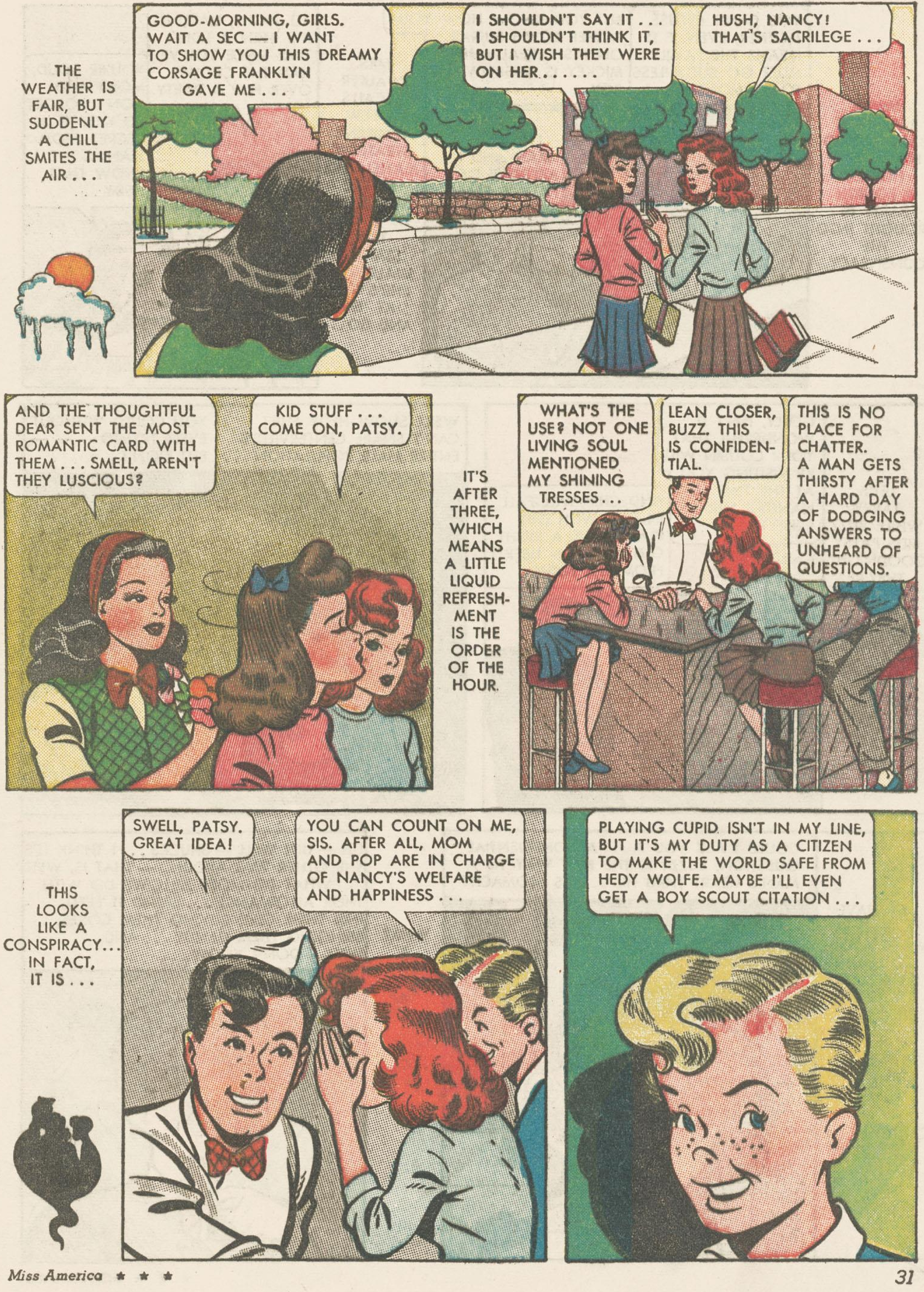
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A MALE IN THE BACKGROUND.

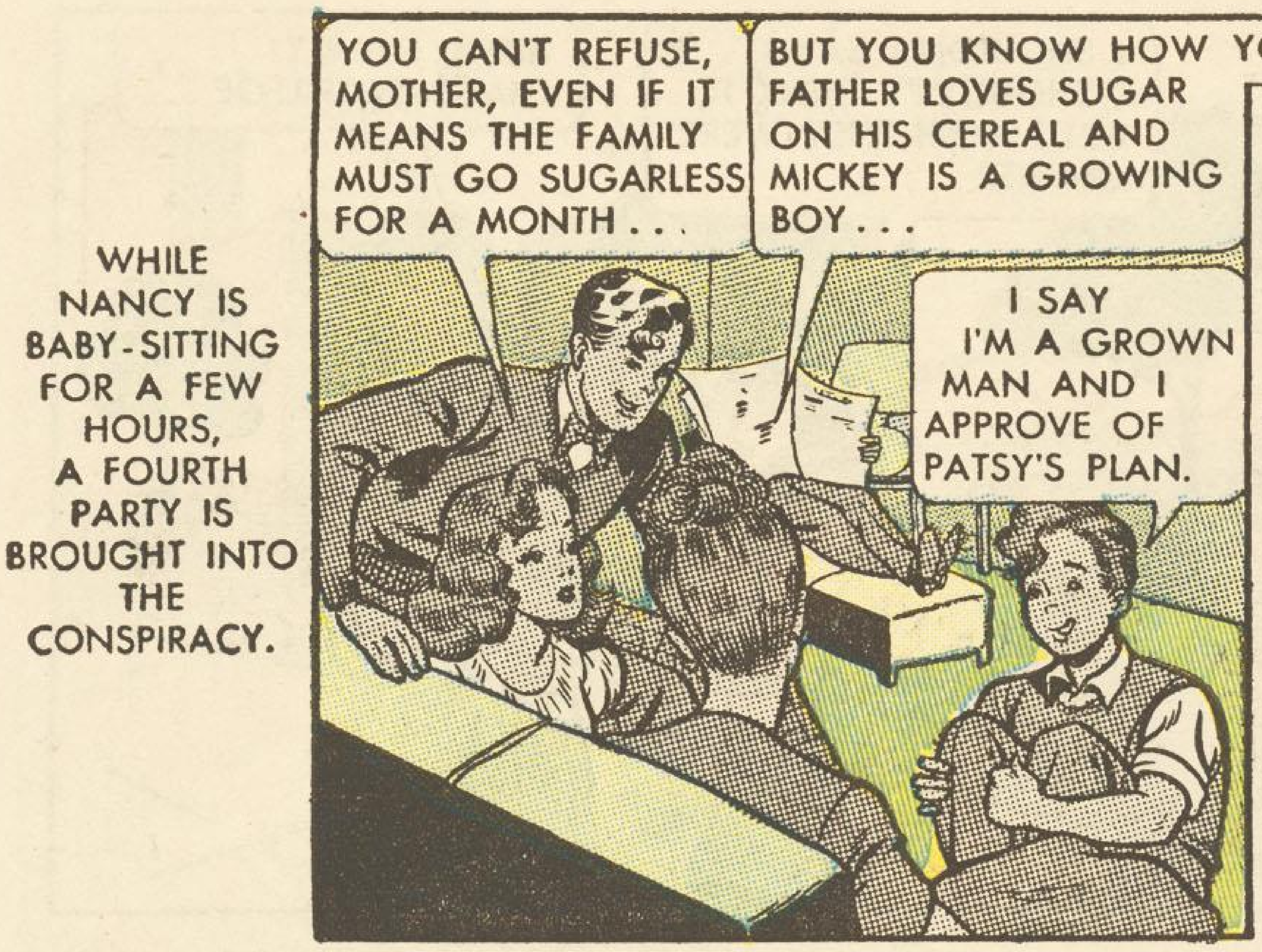


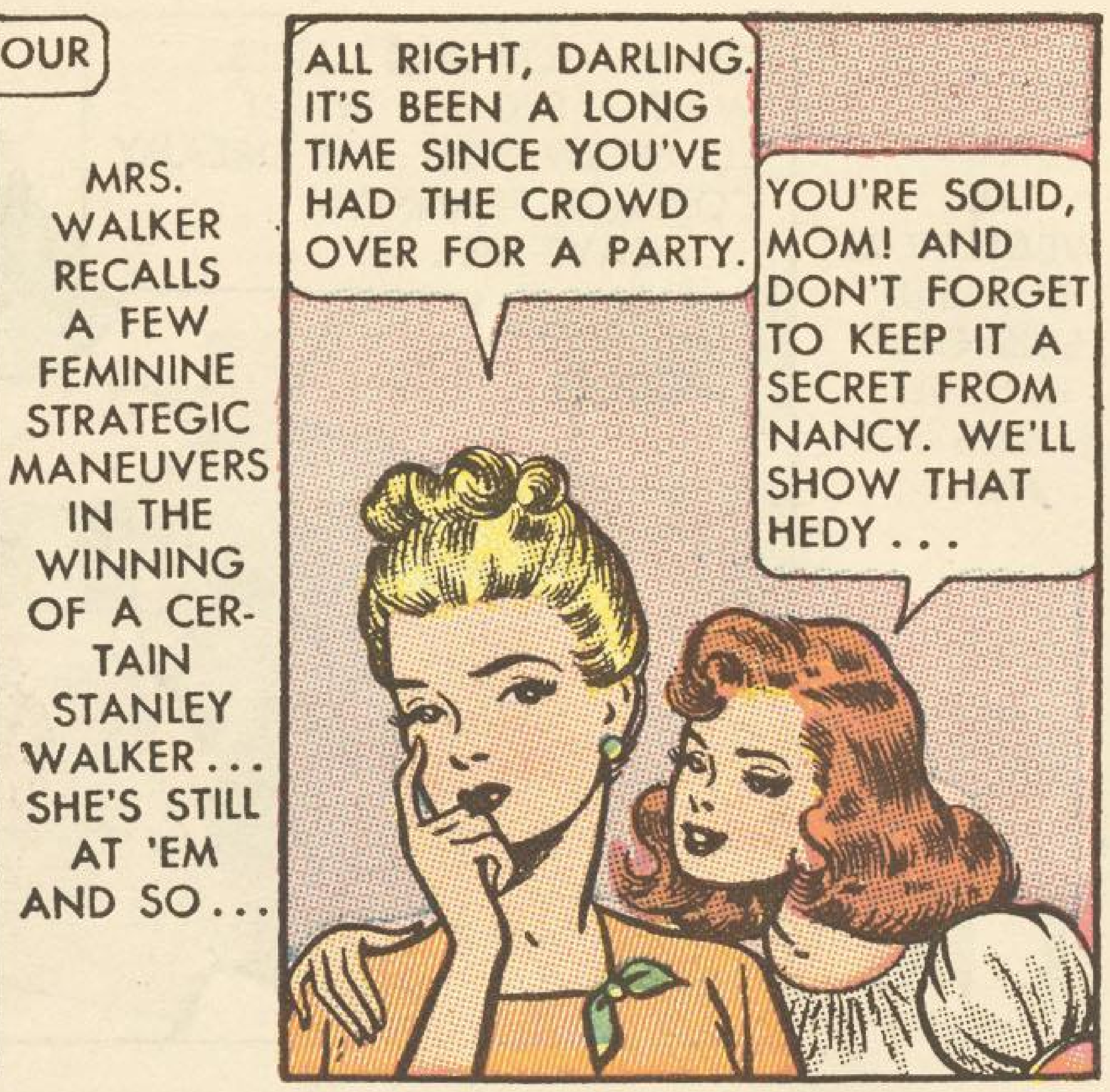
AND SO A NEW DAY IS BORN— NOT THE BEST OF DAYS, BUT....

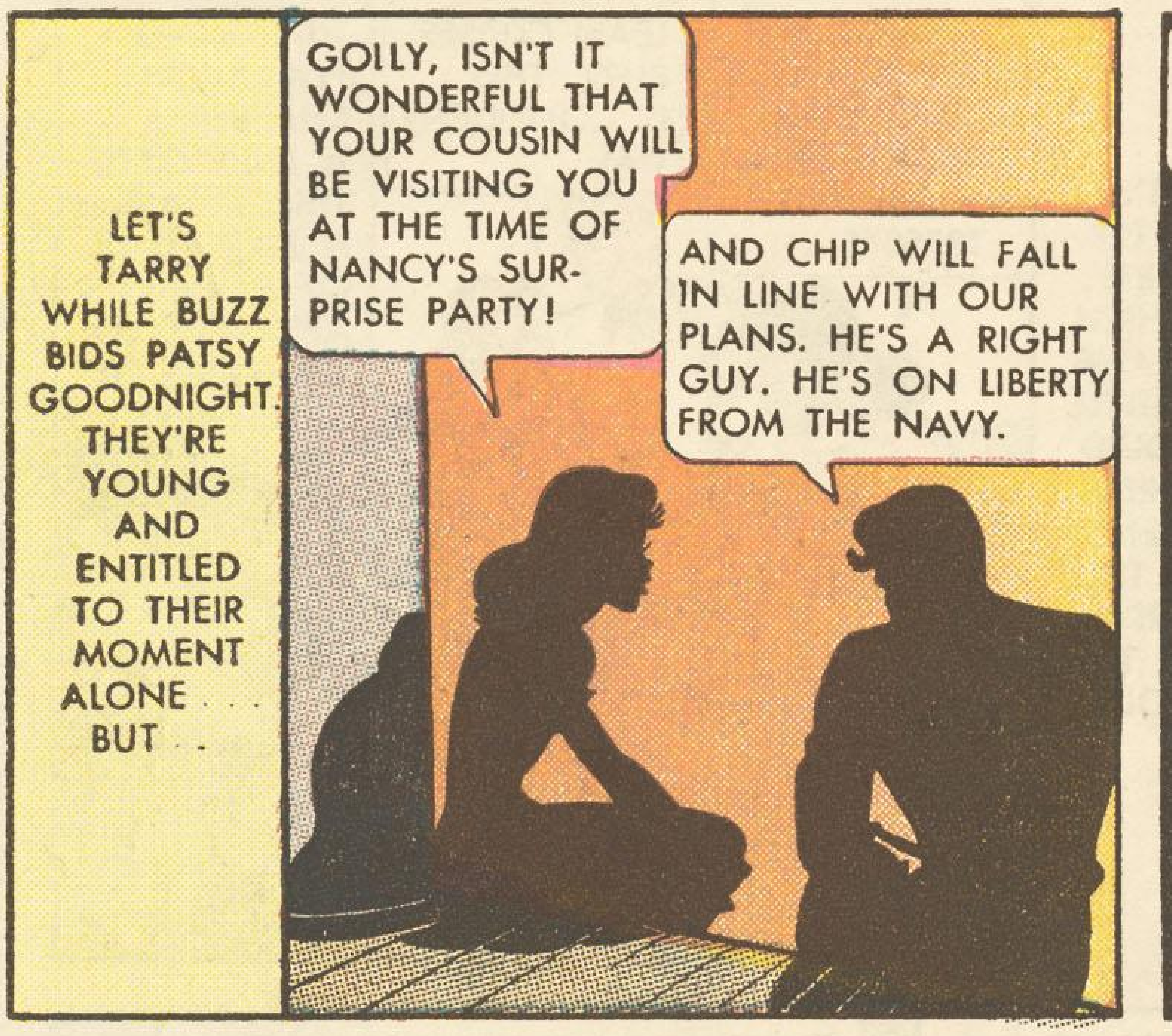

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO DO YOUR HOMEWORK AT THE TABLE?
AW, GEE, MOM! I'LL FLUNK IF I DON'T. LOOK AT POP— HE'S READING AT THE TABLE...
REMEMBER, NANCY, THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS NOT THRU *YOUR* STOMACH...
BUT I NEED STRENGTH! BESIDES, NOBODY'S EVEN NOTICED THE NEW ME!

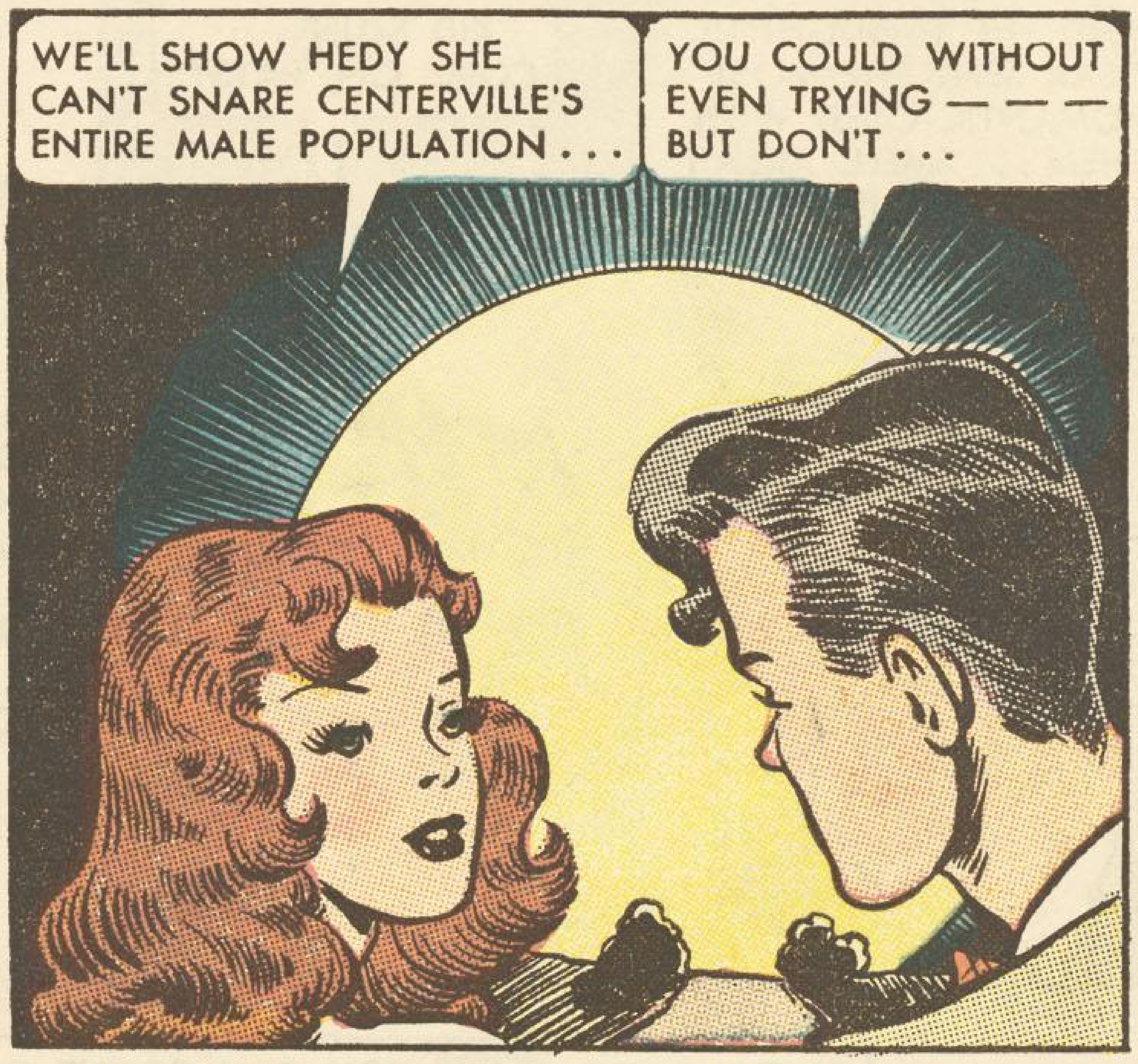

MICKEY IS RIGHT, STANLEY. YOU CAN READ YOUR PAPER ON THE BUS.
THE NEWSPAPER AIDS MY DIGESTION...

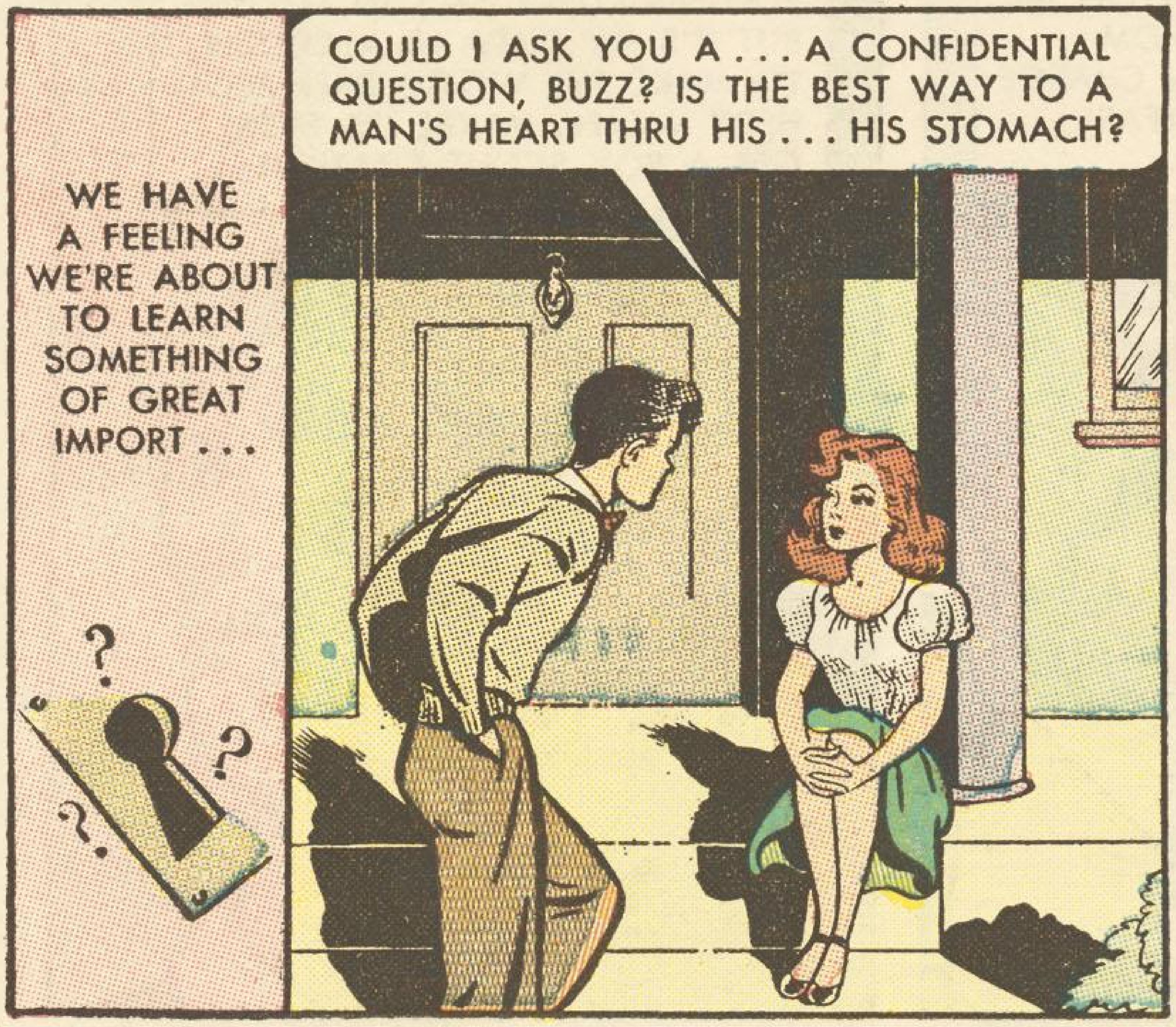

THE WEATHER IS FAIR, BUT SUDDENLY A CHILL SMITES THE AIR . . .
GOOD-MORNING, GIRLS. WAIT A SEC — I WANT TO SHOW YOU THIS DREAMY CORSAGE FRANKLYN GAVE ME . . .
I SHOULDN'T SAY IT . . . I SHOULDN'T THINK IT, BUT I WISH THEY WERE ON HER . . . . . .
HUSH, NANCY! THAT'S SACRILEGE . . .
AND THE THOUGHTFUL DEAR SENT THE MOST ROMANTIC CARD WITH THEM . . . SMELL, AREN'T THEY LUSCIOUS?
KID STUFF . . . COME ON, PATSY.
IT'S AFTER THREE, WHICH MEANS A LITTLE LIQUID REFRESHMENT IS THE ORDER OF THE HOUR.
WHAT'S THE USE? NOT ONE LIVING SOUL MENTIONED MY SHINING TRESSES . . .
LEAN CLOSER, BUZZ. THIS IS CONFIDENTIAL.
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR CHATTER. A MAN GETS THIRSTY AFTER A HARD DAY OF DODGING ANSWERS TO UNHEARD OF QUESTIONS.
THIS LOOKS LIKE A CONSPIRACY . . . IN FACT, IT IS . . .
SWELL, PATSY. GREAT IDEA!
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, SIS. AFTER ALL, MOM AND POP ARE IN CHARGE OF NANCY'S WELFARE AND HAPPINESS . . .
PLAYING CUPID ISN'T IN MY LINE, BUT IT'S MY DUTY AS A CITIZEN TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FROM HEDY WOLFE. MAYBE I'LL EVEN GET A BOY SCOUT CITATION . . .

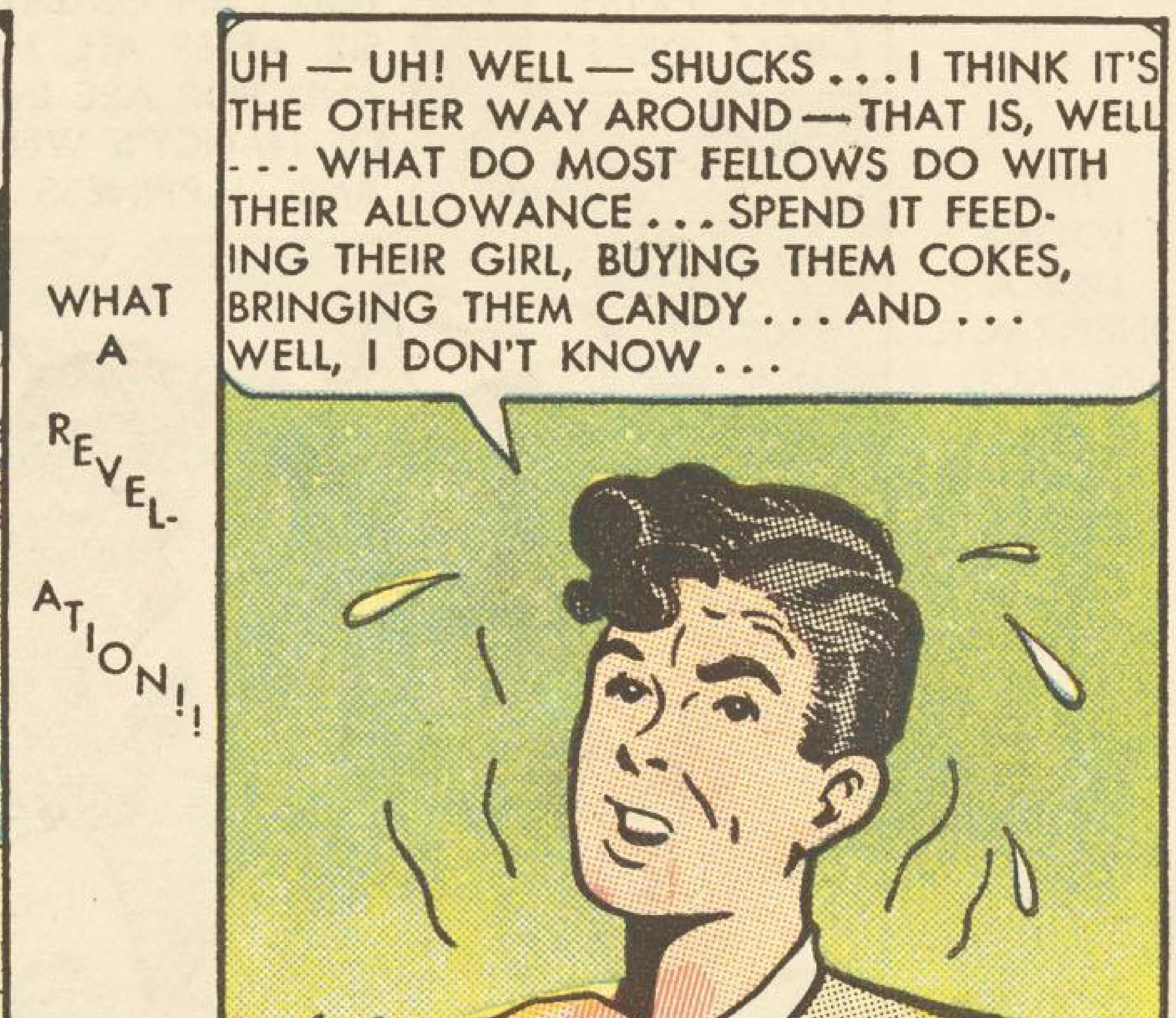

WHILE NANCY IS BABY-SITTING FOR A FEW HOURS, A FOURTH PARTY IS BROUGHT INTO THE CONSPIRACY.
YOU CAN'T REFUSE, MOTHER, EVEN IF IT MEANS THE FAMILY MUST GO SUGARLESS FOR A MONTH . . .
BUT YOU KNOW HOW YOUR FATHER LOVES SUGAR ON HIS CEREAL AND MICKEY IS A GROWING BOY . . .
I SAY I'M A GROWN MAN AND I APPROVE OF PATSY'S PLAN.


MRS. WALKER RECALLS A FEW FEMININE STRATEGIC MANEUVERS IN THE WINNING OF A CERTAIN STANLEY WALKER . . . SHE'S STILL AT 'EM AND SO . . .
ALL RIGHT, DARLING. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE YOU'VE HAD THE CROWD OVER FOR A PARTY.
YOU'RE SOLID, MOM! AND DON'T FORGET TO KEEP IT A SECRET FROM NANCY. WE'LL SHOW THAT HEDY . . .

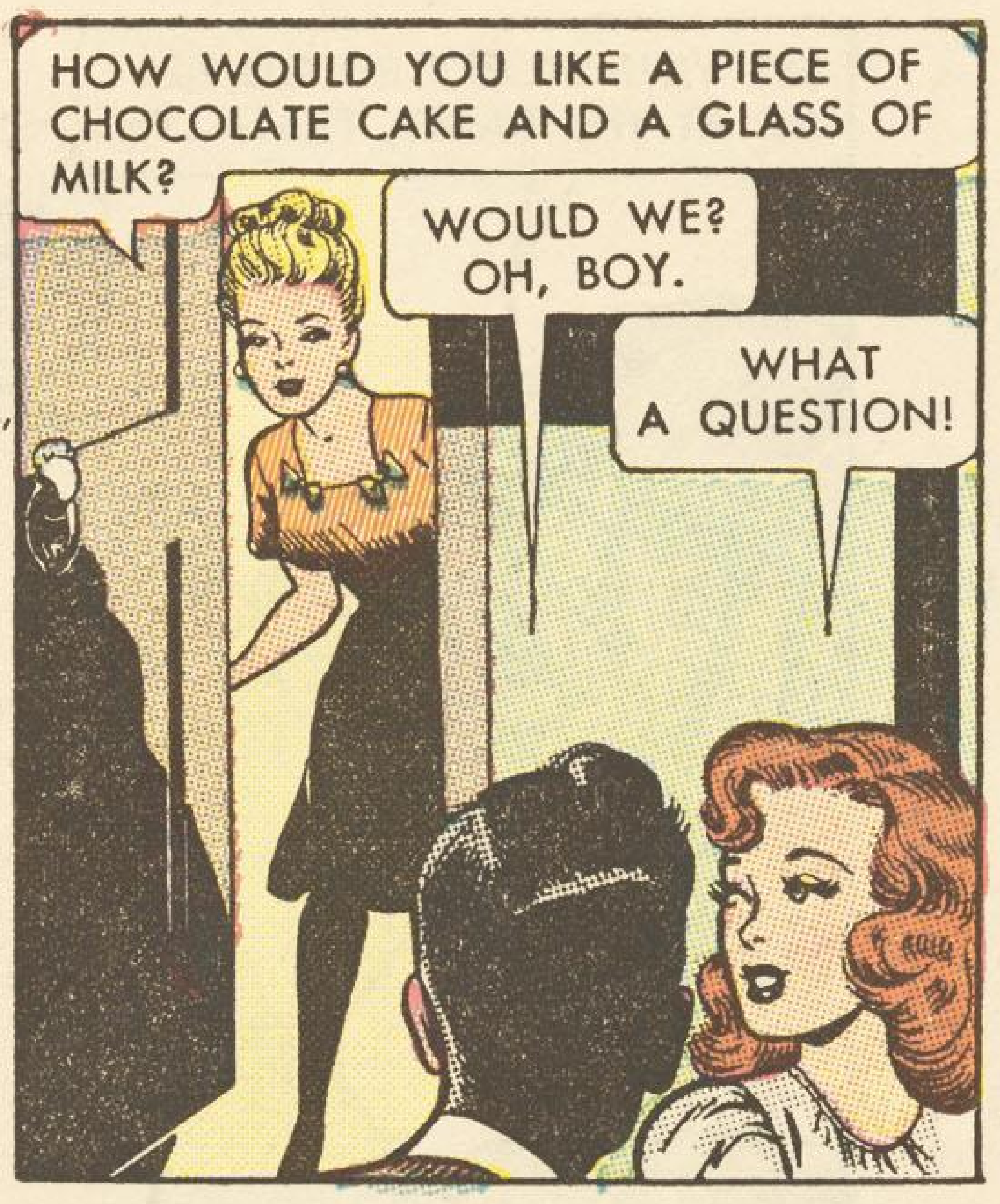

LET'S TARRY WHILE BUZZ BIDS PATSY GOODNIGHT. THEY'RE YOUNG AND ENTITLED TO THEIR MOMENT ALONE . . . BUT . .
GOLLY, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL THAT YOUR COUSIN WILL BE VISITING YOU AT THE TIME OF NANCY'S SURPRISE PARTY!
AND CHIP WILL FALL IN LINE WITH OUR PLANS. HE'S A RIGHT GUY. HE'S ON LIBERTY FROM THE NAVY.


WE'LL SHOW HEDY SHE CAN'T SNARE CENTERVILLE'S ENTIRE MALE POPULATION . . .
YOU COULD WITHOUT EVEN TRYING — — — BUT DON'T . . .

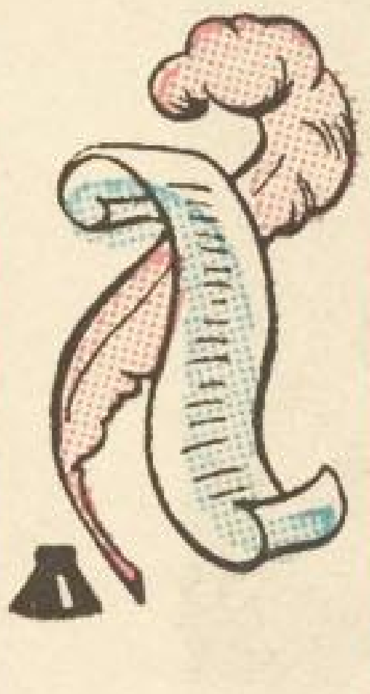

WE HAVE A FEELING WE'RE ABOUT TO LEARN SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORT . . .
COULD I ASK YOU A . . . A CONFIDENTIAL QUESTION, BUZZ? IS THE BEST WAY TO A MAN'S HEART THRU HIS . . . HIS STOMACH?
? ? ?

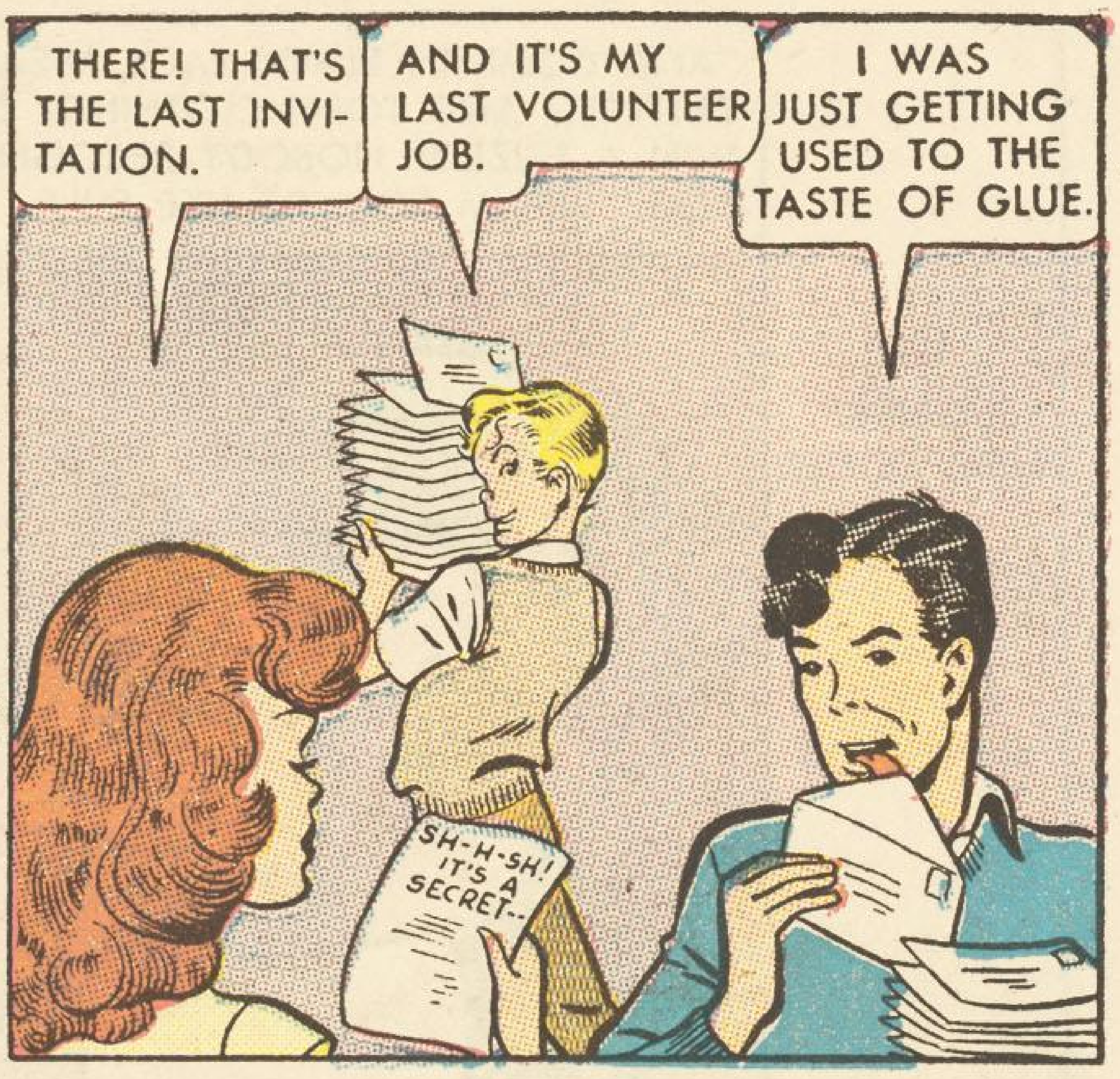

WHAT A REVELATION!!
UH — UH! WELL — SHUCKS . . . I THINK IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND — THAT IS, WELL . . . WHAT DO MOST FELLOWS DO WITH THEIR ALLOWANCE . . . SPEND IT FEEDING THEIR GIRL, BUYING THEM COKES, BRINGING THEM CANDY . . . AND . . . WELL, I DON'T KNOW . . .

SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS ENLIGHTENING RECITAL, A DOOR OPENS, A VOICE ASKS...

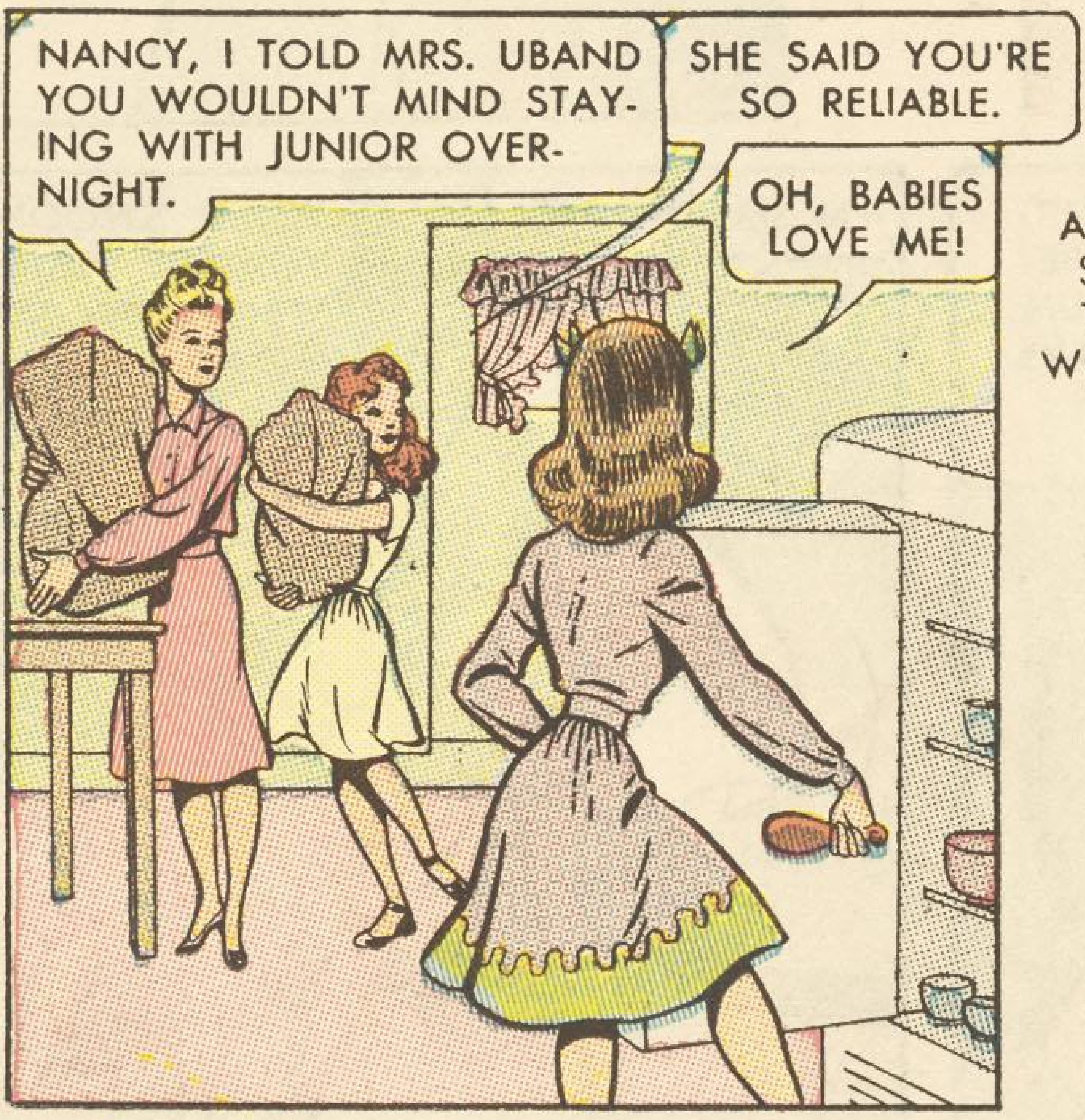

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A PIECE OF CHOCOLATE CAKE AND A GLASS OF MILK?
WOULD WE? OH, BOY.
WHAT A QUESTION!

THE NEXT DAY, WE FIND THE CONSPIRATORS AT WORK...

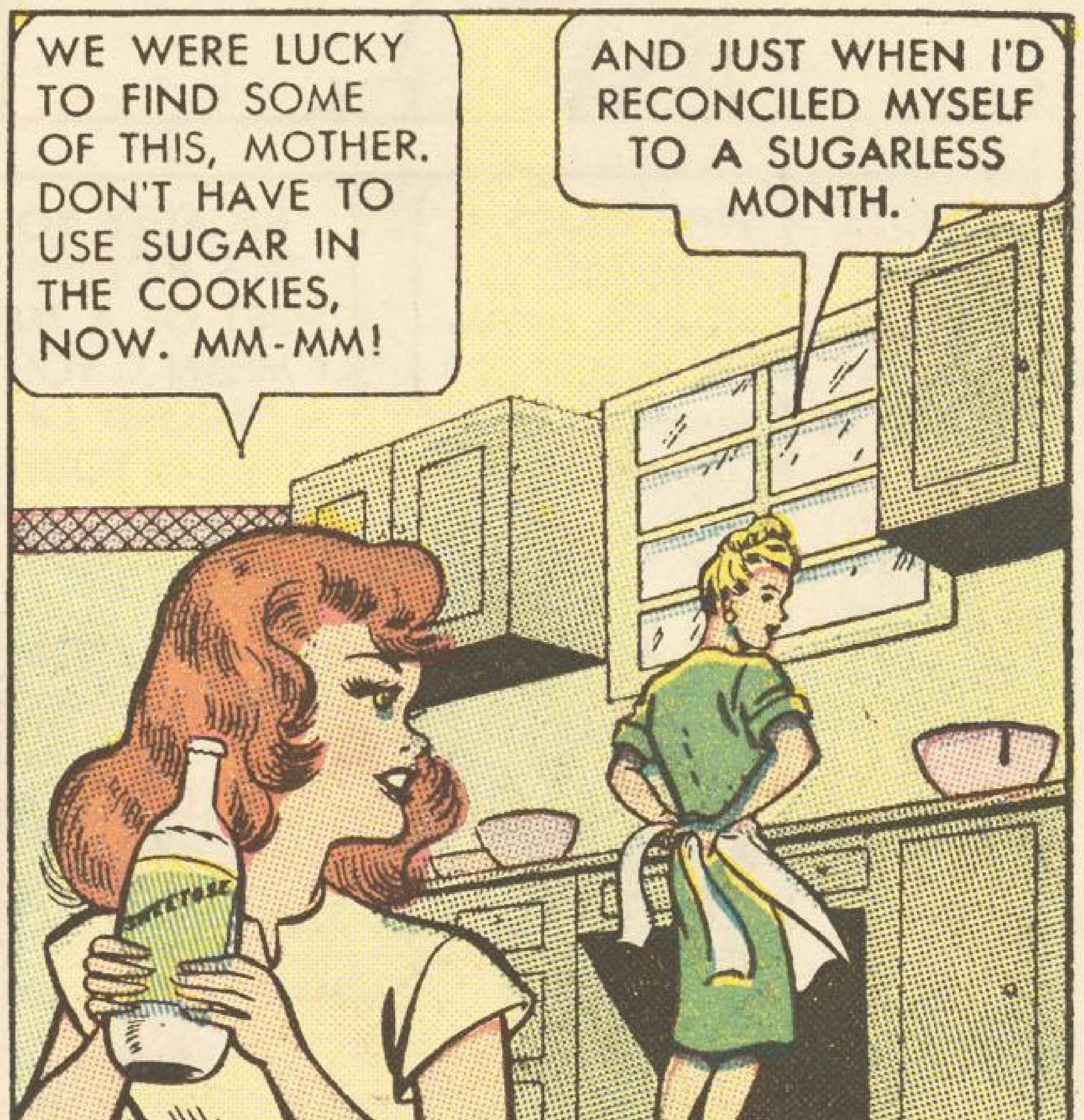



THERE! THAT'S THE LAST INVITATION.
AND IT'S MY LAST VOLUNTEER JOB.
I WAS JUST GETTING USED TO THE TASTE OF GLUE.
SH-H-SH! IT'S A SECRET--

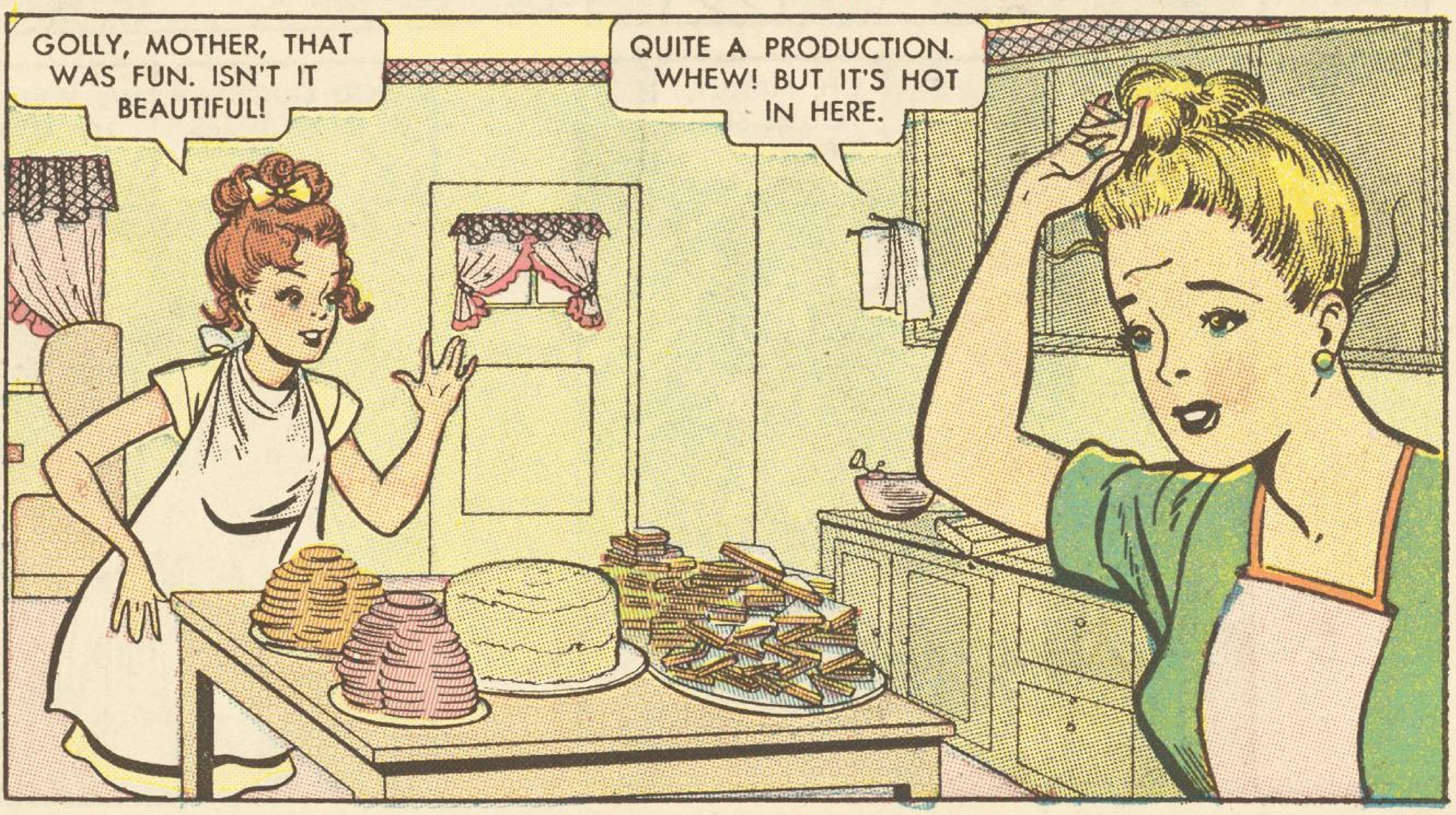
NOW FOR A BIT OF SUBTLETY...

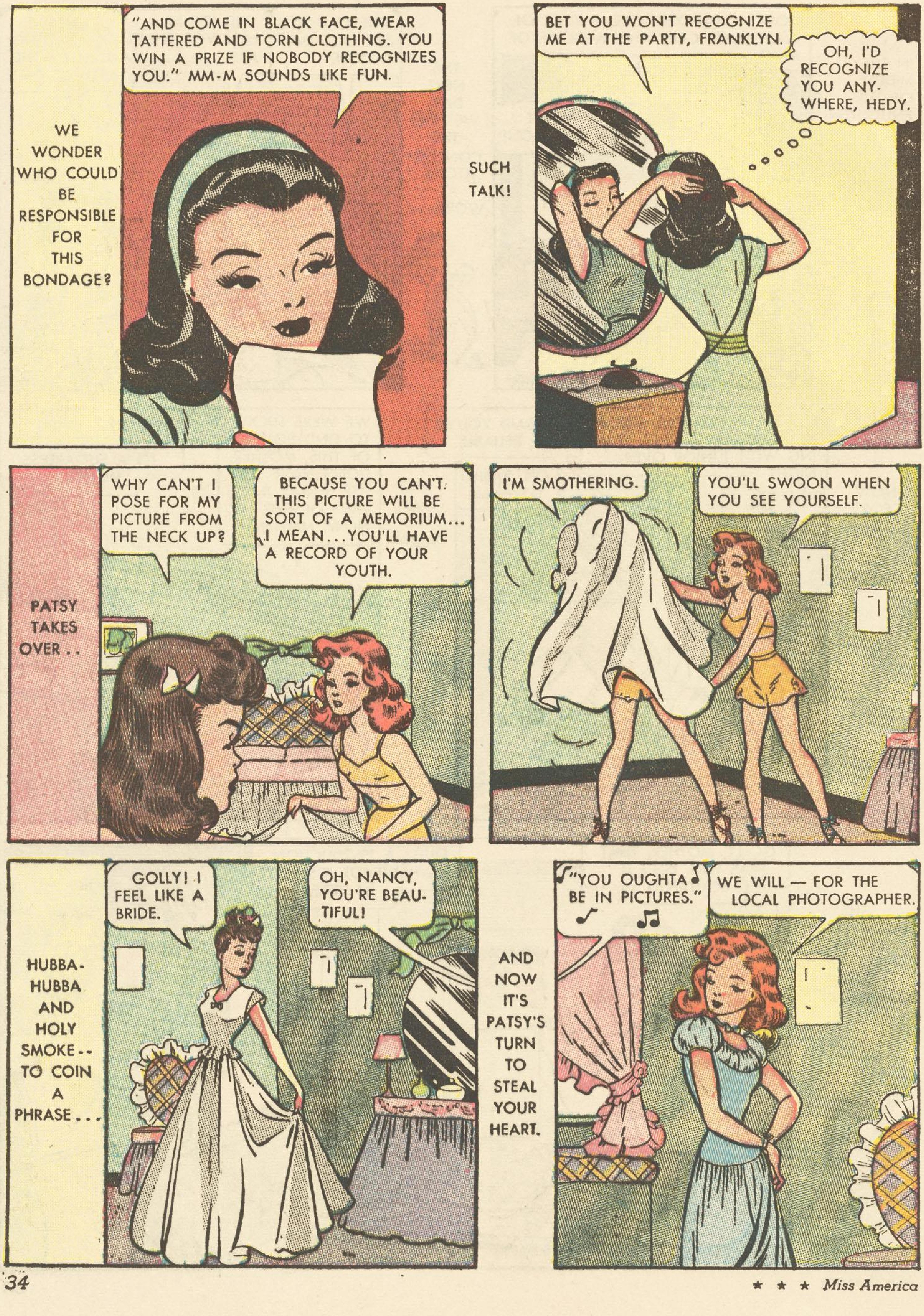

NANCY, I TOLD MRS. UBAND YOU WOULDN'T MIND STAYING WITH JUNIOR OVERNIGHT.
SHE SAID YOU'RE SO RELIABLE.
OH, BABIES LOVE ME!

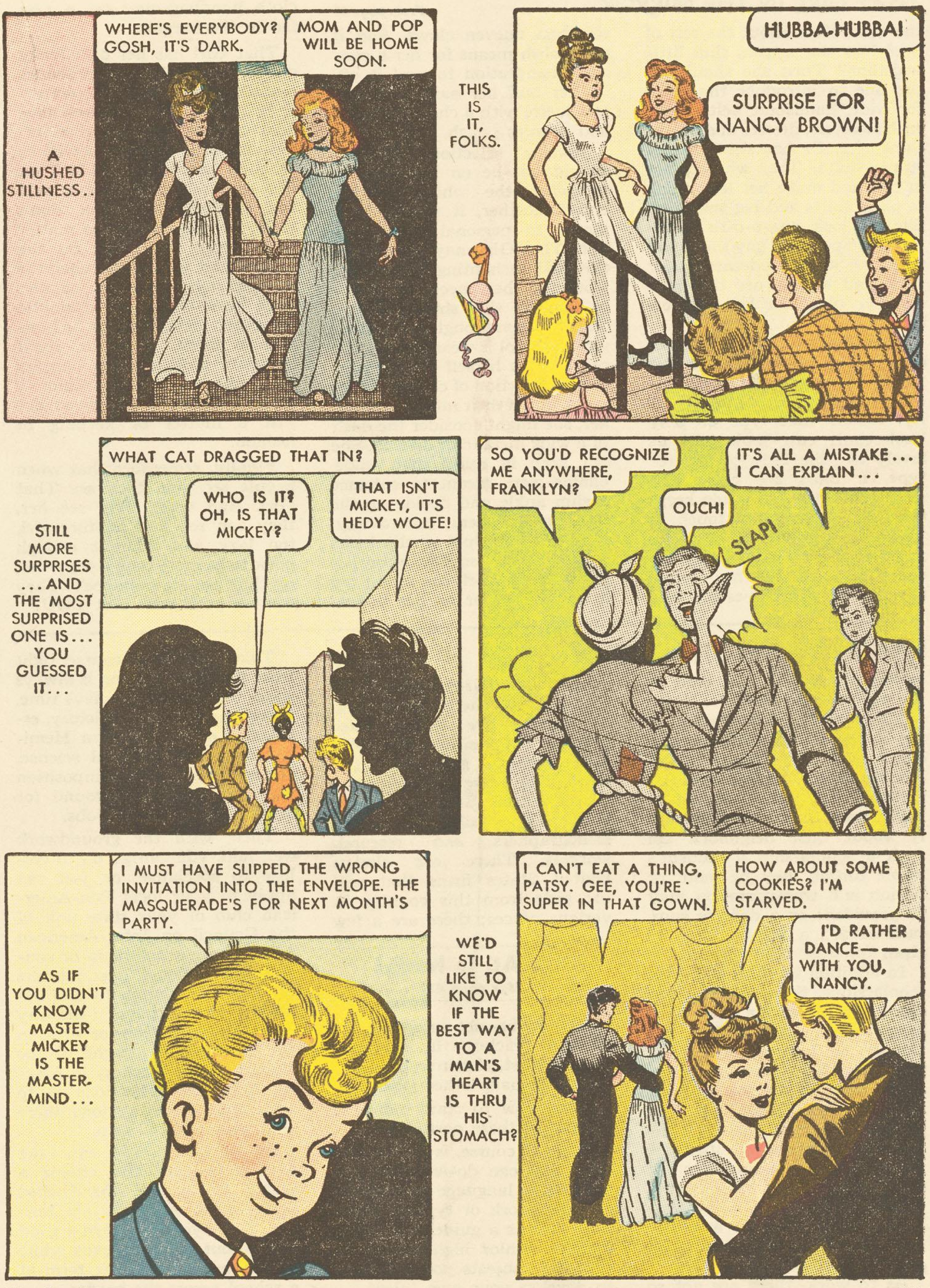
AND SO TO WORK.


WE WERE LUCKY TO FIND SOME OF THIS, MOTHER. DON'T HAVE TO USE SUGAR IN THE COOKIES, NOW. MM-MM!
AND JUST WHEN I'D RECONCILED MYSELF TO A SUGARLESS MONTH.

THE HARDWORKING GIRLS SURVEY THEIR HANDIWORK...


GOLLY, MOTHER, THAT WAS FUN. ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL!
QUITE A PRODUCTION. WHEW! BUT IT'S HOT IN HERE.


WE WONDER WHO COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS BONDAGE?
"AND COME IN BLACK FACE, WEAR TATTERED AND TORN CLOTHING. YOU WIN A PRIZE IF NOBODY RECOGNIZES YOU." MM-M SOUNDS LIKE FUN.
SUCH TALK!
BET YOU WON'T RECOGNIZE ME AT THE PARTY, FRANKLYN.
OH, I'D RECOGNIZE YOU ANY-WHERE, HEDY.
PATSY TAKES OVER..
WHY CAN'T I POSE FOR MY PICTURE FROM THE NECK UP?
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T. THIS PICTURE WILL BE SORT OF A MEMORIUM... I MEAN... YOU'LL HAVE A RECORD OF YOUR YOUTH.
I'M SMOTHERING.
YOU'LL SWOON WHEN YOU SEE YOURSELF.
HUBBA-HUBBA AND HOLY SMOKE-- TO COIN A PHRASE...
GOLLY! I FEEL LIKE A BRIDE.
OH, NANCY, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!
AND NOW IT'S PATSY'S TURN TO STEAL YOUR HEART.
"YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES."
WE WILL — FOR THE LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER.


A HUSHED STILLNESS..
WHERE'S EVERYBODY? GOSH, IT'S DARK.
MOM AND POP WILL BE HOME SOON.
THIS IS IT, FOLKS.
HUBBA-HUBBA!
SURPRISE FOR NANCY BROWN!
STILL MORE SURPRISES ... AND THE MOST SURPRISED ONE IS... YOU GUESSED IT...
WHAT CAT DRAGGED THAT IN?
WHO IS IT? OH, IS THAT MICKEY?
THAT ISN'T MICKEY, IT'S HEDY WOLFE!
SO YOU'D RECOGNIZE ME ANYWHERE, FRANKLYN?
OUCH!
SLAP!
IT'S ALL A MISTAKE... I CAN EXPLAIN...
AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW MASTER MICKEY IS THE MASTER-MIND...
I MUST HAVE SLIPPED THE WRONG INVITATION INTO THE ENVELOPE. THE MASQUERADE'S FOR NEXT MONTH'S PARTY.
WE'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW IF THE BEST WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THRU HIS STOMACH?
I CAN'T EAT A THING, PATSY. GEE, YOU'RE SUPER IN THAT GOWN.
HOW ABOUT SOME COOKIES? I'M STARVED.
I'D RATHER DANCE——— WITH YOU, NANCY.

THAT GIRL IN THE MIRROR

From page 25

the chin. How about the rest of her? Has she a trim, slim little waistline? Then she should be the one to introduce the craze for wide, handsome belts, worn with sweaters, dresses and everything else. Or has she a rather sturdy build? Then why cut her in two and make her look thick in plaid skirts and big sweaters? She can look smo-o-o-th in tailored jumpers and gay shirts and sweaters worn underneath—for neck and sleeves are the most effective place for her to show her colors.

How about hands? There are no pairs of hands alike in this world so nature obviously intended them to show individuality. Hands that type or play basketball can look just as lovely as "the lady of leisure" type, if nails are clean and neatly rounded and lotion keeps the skin a pleasure to touch. If That Girl's round of activities mean that long nails easily become broken, let her forget them! Tidy short ones are better than uneven claws. And if nail polish means for her a constant temptation to peel it off, let her buff her nails to health and lustre with a chamois buffer and powder polish.

Jewelry selection, likewise, should not be on the basis of following the whims of the crowd. Rather, it should be a means to personal dramatization. That Girl may look swan-throated enchanting in a choker—but, if her neck is short, or plump she should forego chokers, even though every other girl in school is wearing one. She can express herself whimsically in the collection of charms at her wrist, but, if their rattling annoys her, she might consider the dash of a wide metal cuff instead. She can keep in mind that ankle chains were meant to enhance a slim ankle and decide on the wearing of them accordingly. If that blazing pin or clip looks a little wrong, somehow, on her shoulder or lapel, she might try it on her hat or on her broadcloth handbag—and set a new fad in the bargain.

That Girl has her own lucky colors, independent of the shades manufacturers and retailers try to "push" in season. Colors have very marked psychological effects on their wearers as well as on their beholders, and if That Girl *feels* sallow in lime or pale and subdued in fuchsia, don't make her wear them, no matter how lovely they look on the hanger and no matter what the salesgirl says. Turquoise, copper, gold, coral—these are dramatic colors too and she might be happier in them. If she is, she'll certainly look and act happier when she wears them. Color is an investment in happiness not just a matter of keeping in fashion.

Finally, remember that when people see you, they see That Girl. And when they see her, they can see just another girl, too lazy and without enough poise to be more than a copy-cat, or, they can see *somebody*. They can see your very best YOU!

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

From page 10

opportunities first and then at the way to make ready for them.

Many of the universities of the United States exchange students with the University of Mexico under a plan which is enabling the young people of both countries to learn intimately about their neighbors. On such a scholarship a student's whole tuition may be paid; or tuition and transportation may be provided; or a definite sum, such as $75 a month, may be given for, say, nine months.

In addition to these exchange scholarships, the Pan-American clubs of most larger cities offer several such opportunities, the Council on Inter-American Affairs provides several scholarships, and the big foundations, such as the Rockefeller and Guggenheim, offer well-paid fellowships to advanced students.

Among the universities of the United States with special courses on Mexico, Tulane University leads with an arranged course for those who want to be experts in this field.

As to work—there are not so many unspecialized jobs as there used to be, as the Mexican girls, themselves, are taking over many of the positions that were once open to girls from the north. But there is always the United States Embassy, which is constantly calling for clerks, stenographers and research workers. There are always United States firms that will use girls from this country in various offices; there are a few teaching jobs—not many, as 90% of the teachers in Mexican schools must, of course, be Mexicans and many other jobs.

—MAC is here!
(See page 47)

Now, how to start today to get one of these positions?

First, of course, is to discover what you can do—whether you are best at language or civics or research work or typing. Then, with that as a guide, start now, even in junior high school, to take the subjects you will need to develop your own talent.

Take Spanish, of course, right from the start. Typing is always good, too; and if you have time, shorthand will help. History, especially of the Western Hemisphere, civics, political science, current events, and composition will give good background for most of the available jobs.

Then, with the groundwork well laid, you can go on to college to specialize, or you can apply to your local Pan-American club or your state unit of the Council on Inter-American Affairs for a scholarship or contact the national headquarters of your own church to find out what they may have in the way of available positions or write to the commercial attaché of the United States Embassy in Mexico City for suggestions as to what firms operating down there need your kind of help.

Or, of course, you can take teacher training and choose a school in one of the United States cities very near the border. There you will learn a good deal about the Mexicans while you save for a summer term at a school across the border.

SOMETIMES, if not oftener, there is a boy or gal who is in many ways a really sterling type, yet has one single habit that jangles you completely. The thing that peeves you is often so seemingly trivial that it shouldn't matter at all, BUT—it does. The boy may be a smooth-as-butter dancer, the girl sweet-as-pie and stupendously pretty, but the constant repetition of this one behaviorism can make you very fast feel the first nigglings of irritated annoyance. In fact, you feel something that can rapidly verge on unadulterated dislike. It is little things like these that can do it. . . .

The Affected Laugh. There are some girls who develop a laugh whose resemblance to their own original mechanism is purely coincidental. Maybe somebody once made the rash mistake of telling them they had a "musical" laugh. That was their undoing. For they have worked up their musical laugh to the proportions of an all-girl orchestra. Just as bad is the daisy who painstakingly dishes out the husky laugh, blindly convinced she sounds like a screen siren. Or the poor gal who was once informed that her giggle was "infectious" and now she giggles-giggles until you think you'll jump up and down screaming. A laugh is something that is supposed to well up from deep inside, and it doesn't take kindly to re-styling. What everybody wishes, particularly the male element, is that these types would kindly dispense with all synthetic sounds indicating amusement, and when something strikes them funny—they should just plain hoot.

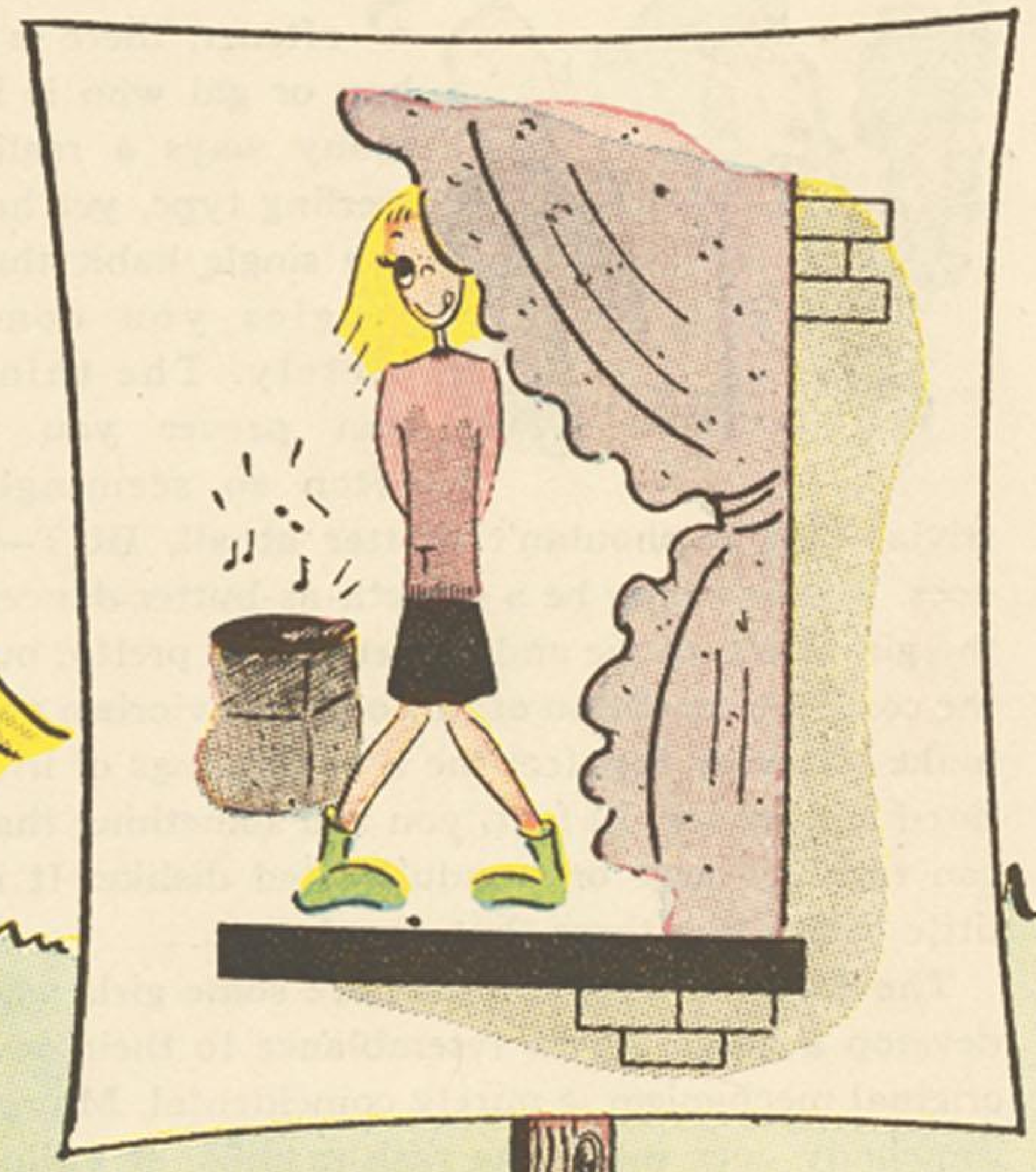
Then there's the Cuticle Picker. He nervously digs at the long suffering skin around his nails, sometimes even gnawing at it as if it were a ham-on-rye. This constant pick-pick affects his acquaintances like a nail running down a blackboard, and after twenty minutes of observing it everybody feels like rapping his knuckles or else hauling off and going home. Variations of this type are the Twitchers and Doodlers and suchlike. They never have a moment of repose and their twiddling gives everybody around them the screaming meemies. This is a tendency that is bad enough in boys, but far worse in girls, according to popular tabulations. For there is nothing nicer than the girl who sits

(Continued on page 40)

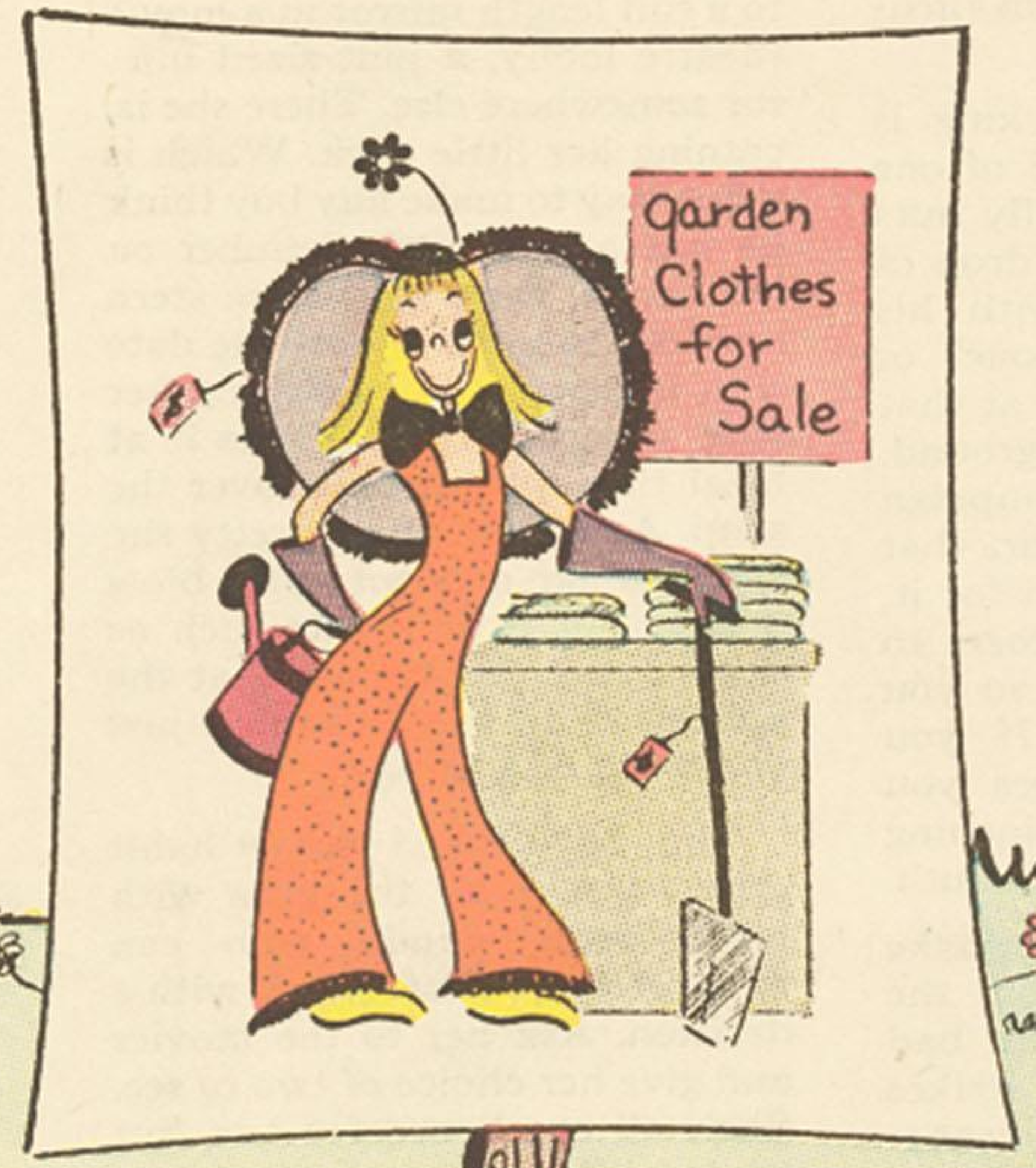
More gripes about those male-characters we all know—unfortunately . . . But now, and here—aha—we get after the gals, too! Those particular gals we remind ourselves to *avoid* . . . those particular gals, we earnestly hope you are *not* . . .

by Eleanor Hiteshew

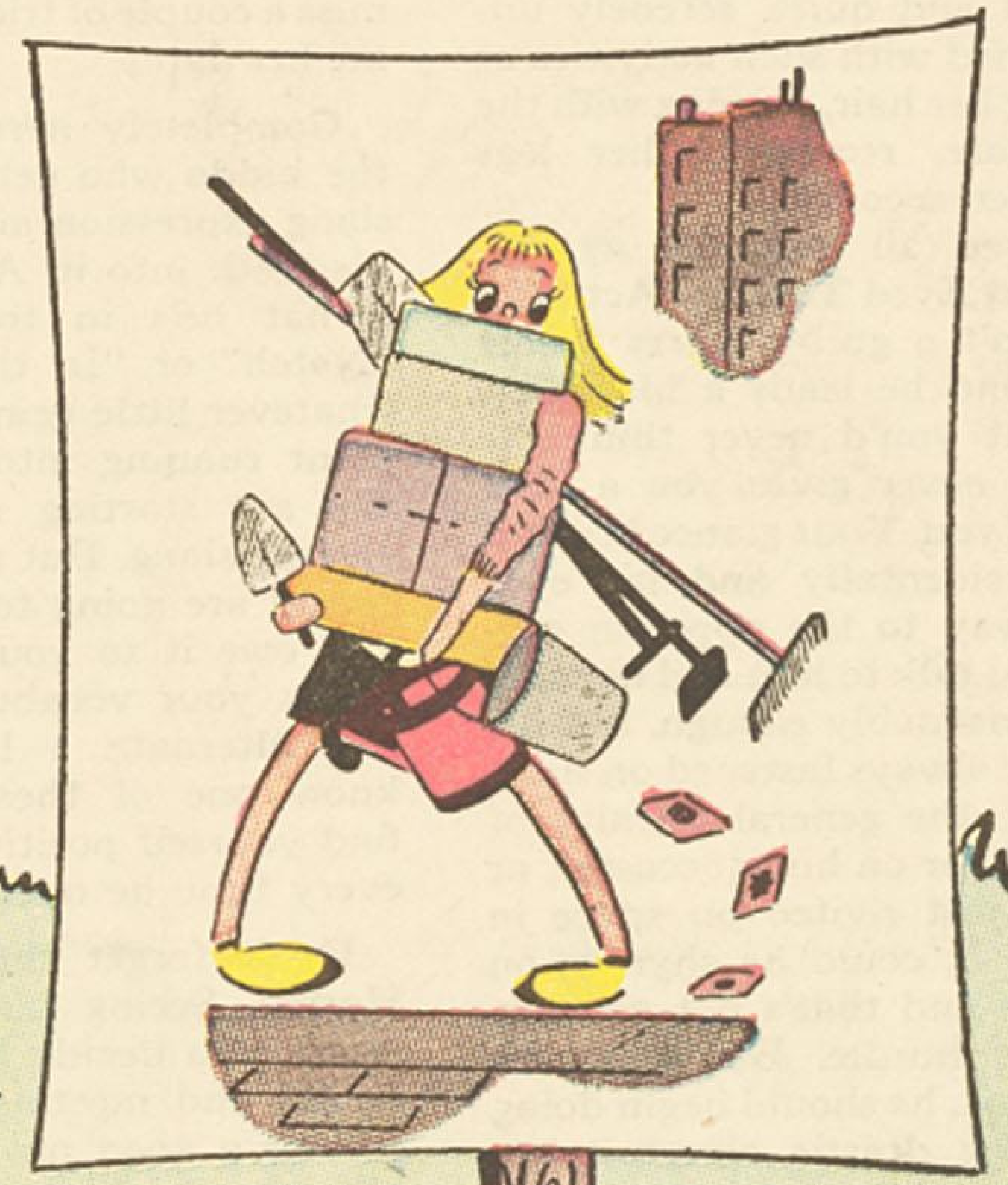
OUT OF THE MALE BOX...



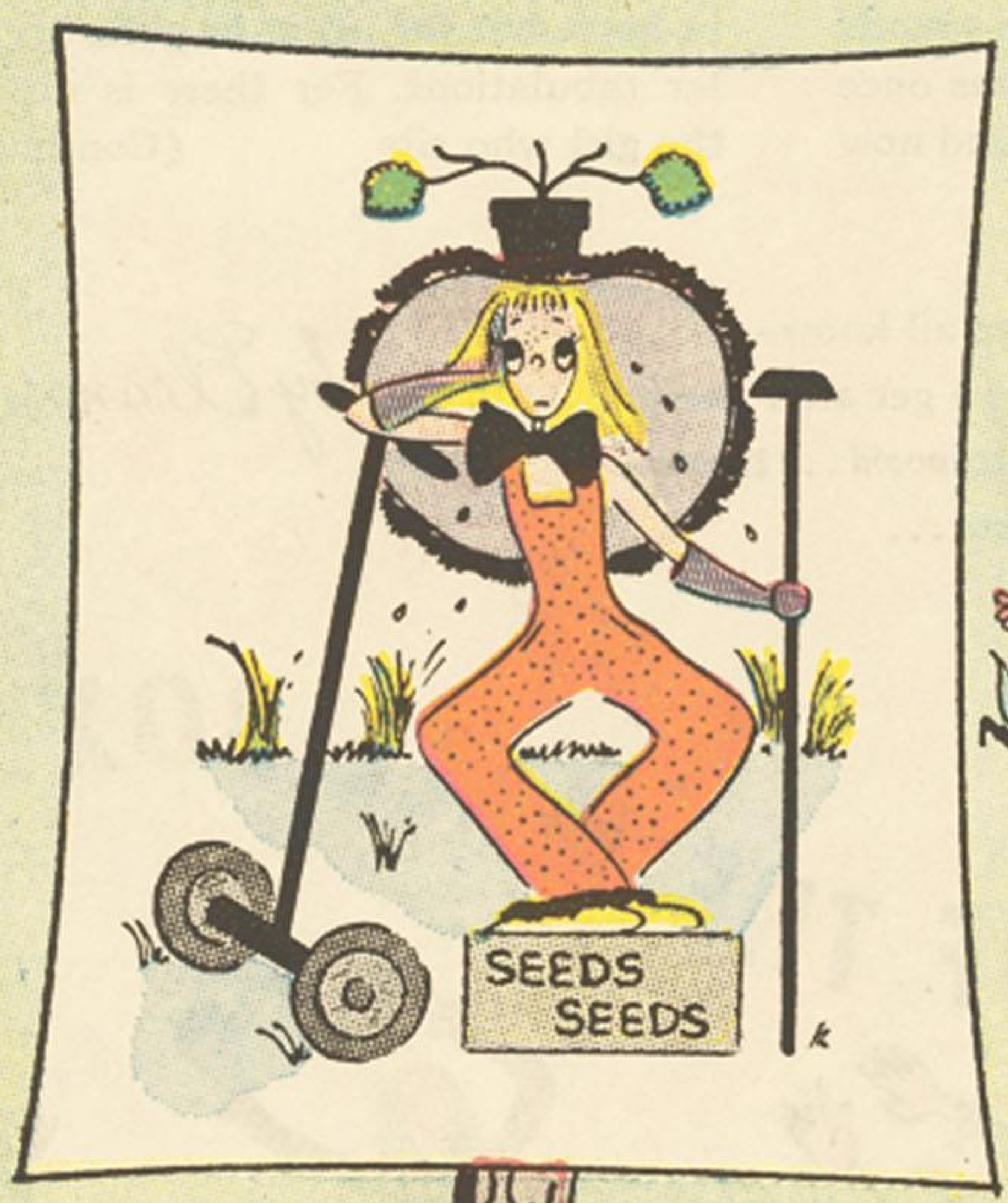
Taffy, glancing out the window,
Pipes new neighbor Buster Beam
Cultivating Bachelor Buttons . . .
Crafty Taffy plots a scheme.



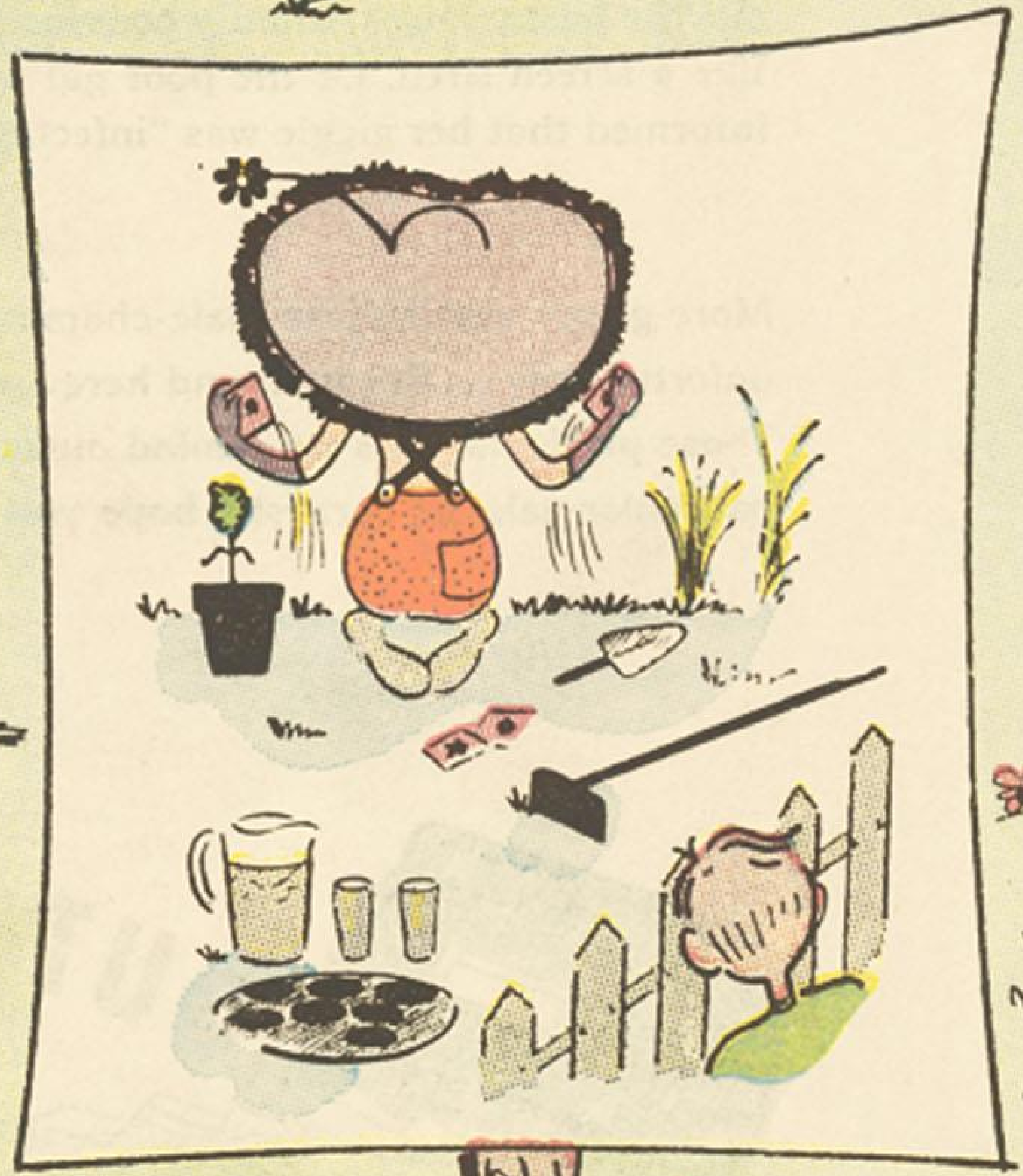
Thou must always love thy neighbor
Taffy ponders, tongue in cheek,
I shall garden too . . . with glamour . . .
Which reveals it's MAN I seek!



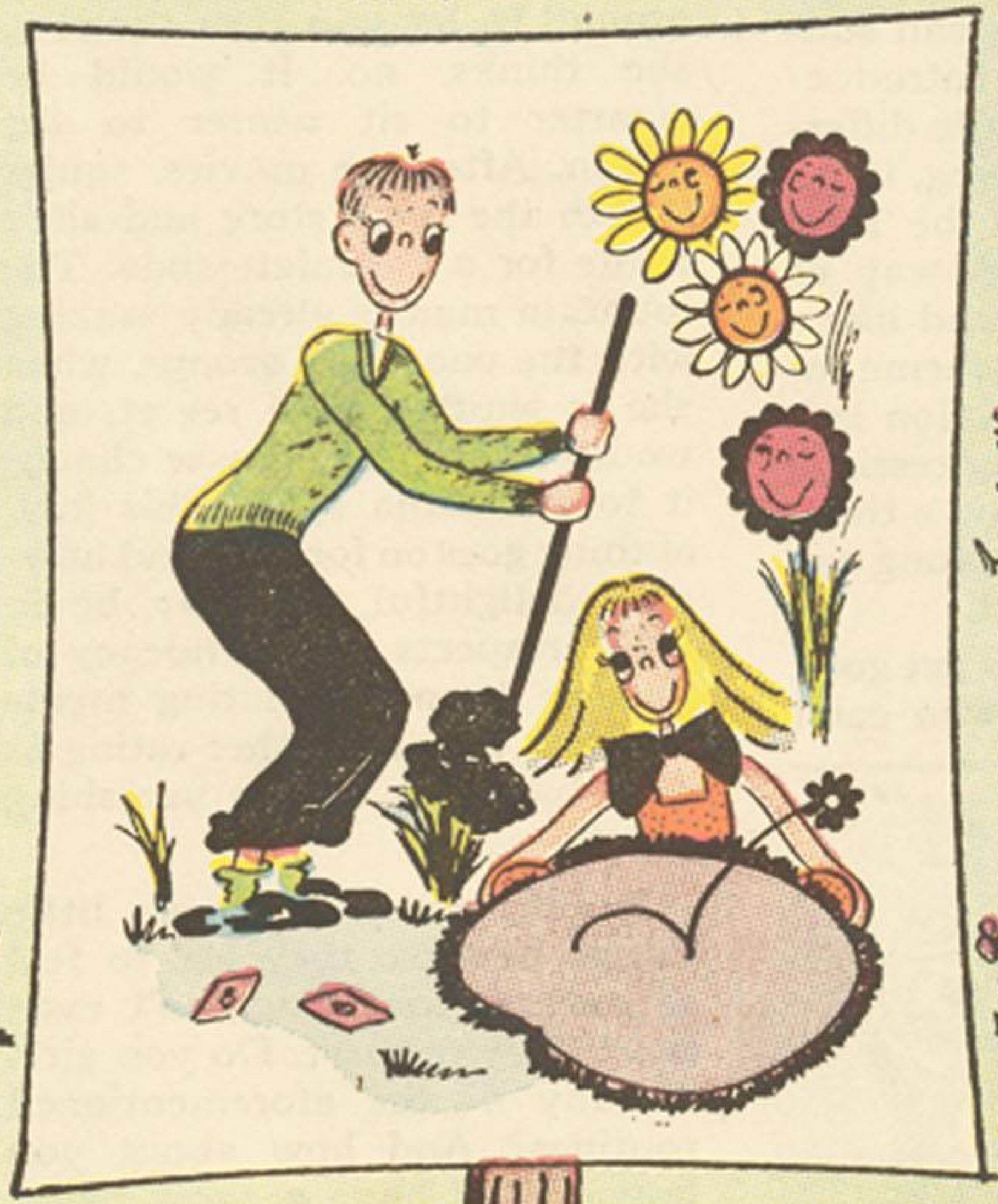
Shopworn Taffy trudges homeward
Lugging packages galore,
What a woman will not suffer
When a hit she aims to score—



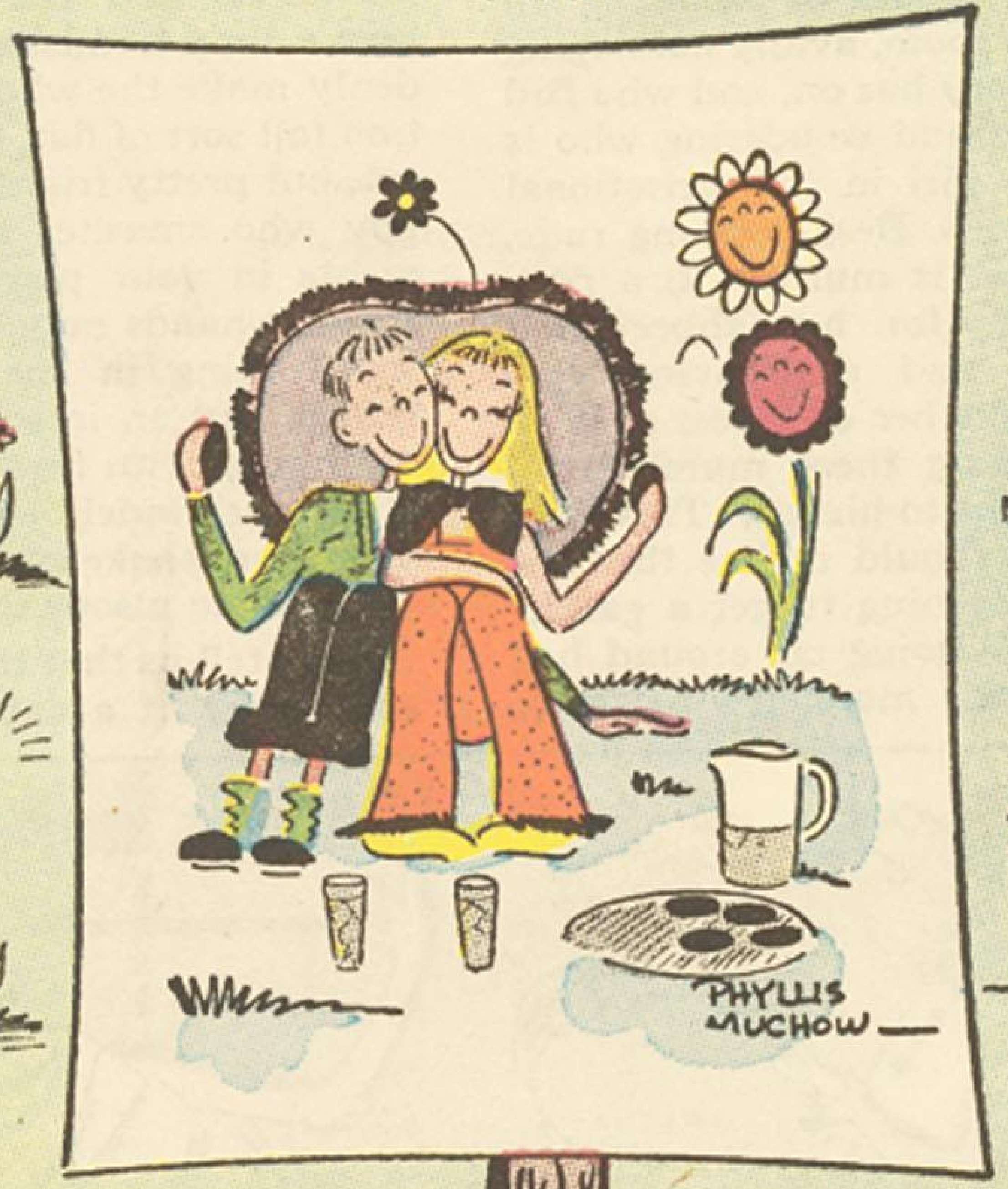
Gardening is rugged business
She discovers, not her realm—
Sowing, hoeing, mowing Taffy
Yearns for Buster at the helm.



Taffy is by no means brainy
But she knows a spade's a spade,
After all, man's only human
Why not bait with lemonade?



True to form, soon Buster weakens
Taffy's garden will be saved—
She is spinning dreams romantic
Confident the way is paved . . .



Taffy proves she knows what's cookin'—
See what lemonade can do?
Moral: If it's his heart you're after
Serve him cookies, sharp like you!

OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 37

relaxed and quiet, serenely unconcerned with such activities as patting her hair, playing with the silverware, recrossing her legs every ten seconds.

You've all run up against Tangent Eyed Tommy. Actually he hasn't a guilty secret to his name and he leads a blameless life, but you'd never think so. For he never gives you a look right *at* you. Your glance brushes him accidentally and his eyes dart away to the opposite corner. You talk to him and he talks back reasonably enough, but his eyes are always fastened on some point in the general vicinity of your ear, or on his moccasins, or maybe just rivited on space in general. It could be shyness on his part and that's not an easy thing to hurdle. But whatever the reason, he should begin doing something drastic about it because it gives everybody the jitters. Even worse is the number whose eyes and attention can never focus on one subject at a time. You talk to her (or him) and her glance is bouncing all over the room, avidly cataloging what Mary has on, and who Bill is dating and wondering who is the new girl in the sensational black dress. Besides being rude, this habit is murder on a conversation, for her abbreviated answers and ever-roving eyes soon make her date feel as if he were sitting there mumbling a monologue to himself. This little blossom should realize that she has all evening to get a gander at what's going on around her, and what's more, it's better to miss a couple of tricks than alienate her date.

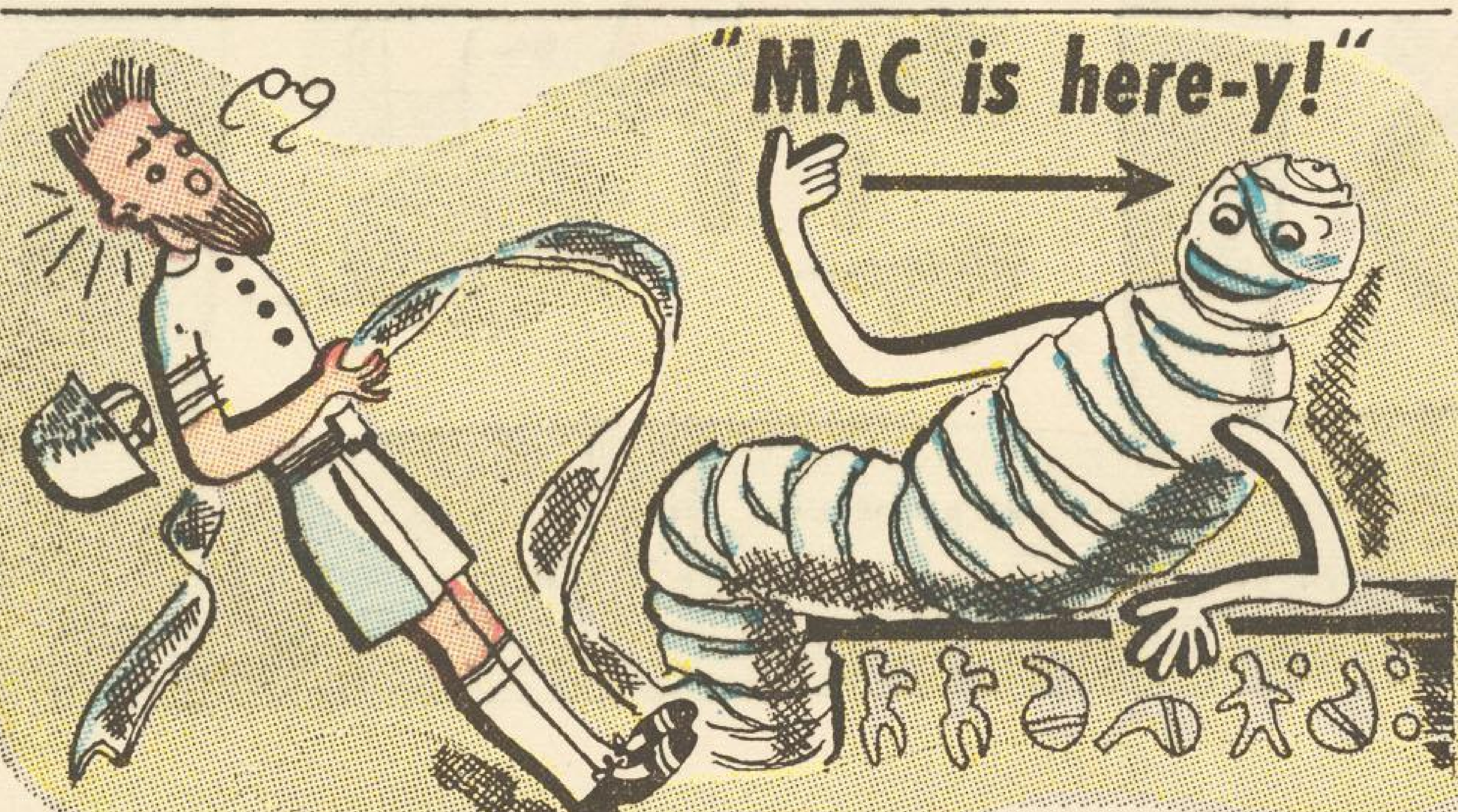
Completely nervewracking is the kiddo who gets hold of one slang expression and really puts his teeth into it. At the drop of a hat he's in there with his "Natch" or "In the groove" or whatever little gem he is at that point running into the ground. We are starting no campaign against slang. But we figure that if you are going to go in for it, you owe it to your listeners to widen your vocabulary, so you can alternate a little. If you know one of these types you find yourself positively flinching every time he opens his mouth.

Don't forget the Handshake Horror. Seeing him across the room, you decide he is not bad at all, and meeting him strikes you as a good project. Eventually somebody hauls him over and runs thru his name and your name—and you shake hands. That does it. His handclasp has as much warmth as a tired old mackeral, and it's astounding how a limp handshake can suddenly make the whole introduction fall sort of flat. Quite different, but pretty frightening, is the boy who smashes all the ligaments in your paw. A way of shaking hands may sound like a small thing in the scheme of things. But an introduction is a beginning, with first impressions often made indelible, and a thing like a handshake gone wrong can get it off to a sour start.

Boys tell us that they get good and weary of a date who can't pass a mirror without peeking at herself. She's irristibly drawn to a full length mirror in a movie theatre lobby, a pint sized mirror somewhere else. There she is, craning her little neck. Which is a fine way to make any boy think he has a vain little number on his hands. Boys also have stern remarks to make about the date who is perpetually combing her hair, especially if she does it at meal time and directly over the soup. A girl can be so pretty she would make a talent scout blow a fuse, but little habits such as these convince her date that the upkeep of all this beauty is just too much of a thing.

The boys have other habit gripes too. Like the girls with teeter-tooter minds, who can never seem to get together with a decision. Ask her to the movies and give her choice of two to see. She's all overboard for one, but while you're en route, she thinks maybe the other one would be a better proposition. Once in the theatre, she wants to sit about halfway down. But just as you've got the other patrons clambering around to let you thru the row, she thinks, no, it would be smarter to sit nearer to the screen. After the movies, squire her to the drug store and she's made for a chocolate soda. The fountain man is already making with the chocolate scoops, when she is smitten with regret, and would he possibly please change it to a banana split. This kind of thing goes on forever, and however delightful she may be in other respects, this tendency of hers to keep fluctuating mentally can well make her rating as date bait sink to the vanishing point.

Habits are treacherous little things because they get to feel so natural that you don't even know they're there. Do you girls do any of the aforementioned routines? And how about you boys? Let's have a short pause while everybody sits down and makes a quiet acid analysis of himself and herself. If you discover you have some small rigamarole you run thru over and over again, take measures to discard it immediately. You're probably losing beaux and alienating the belles like crazy.

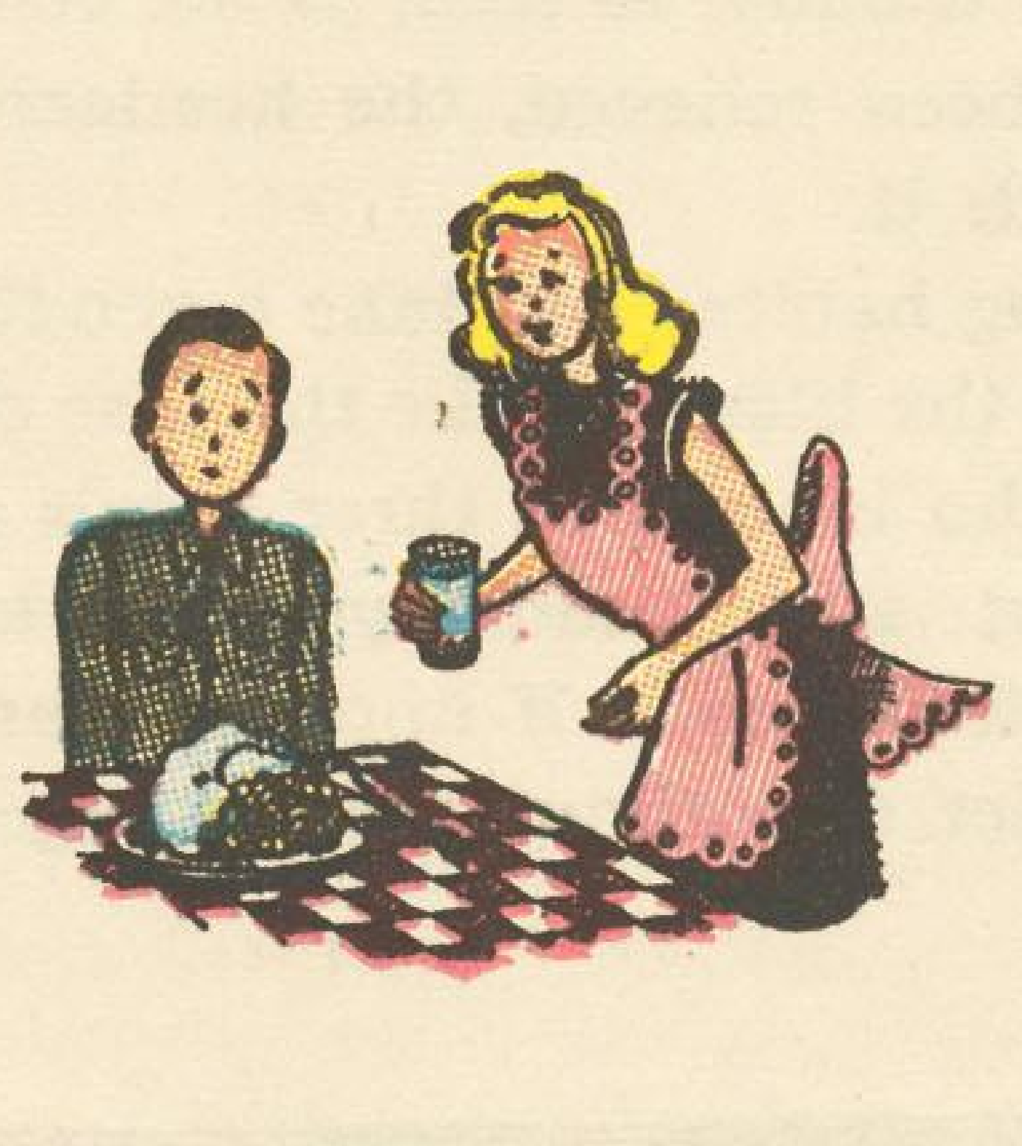

"MAC is here-y!"

See Page 47

FOR GIRLS ONLY

by Laraine Day

MGM's brilliant young star melts your problems into nothingness...



Dear Laraine: Could you please help me? I have an awful way of blushing when anyone I don't know speaks to me or when any of my teachers ask me anything. How can I stop this? Betty.

Dear Betty I had almost forgetten there were still girls who could blush prettily! Don't tell me you regard this as a fault! There are many people, and many men, who think the warm color that comes to a girl's face when she is singled out for the spotlight is very sweet. However, you are probably not quite old enough to realize that your blushing will one day be one of your most potent feminine weapons, so let's try to correct it for now. In the first place, you'll just have to get used to standing up before the class. Right now you may feel that my advice is a case of the cure being almost as bad as the blush, but if you will take public speaking or interest yourself in the debating team, you will get over your self-consciousness. That's all blushing is, you know. Next semester enroll in public speaking. The first week you may feel you just can't get through it, but if you'll persevere, by this time next year, you won't be blushing when you get up to recite. That's a promise!

Dear Laraine: My mother and I have argued several times over what time I should be in. I am 13 and would appreciate it if you would tell me the proper time to get home. Of course, I tell mother where I'm going and who I'm with. Dorothy.

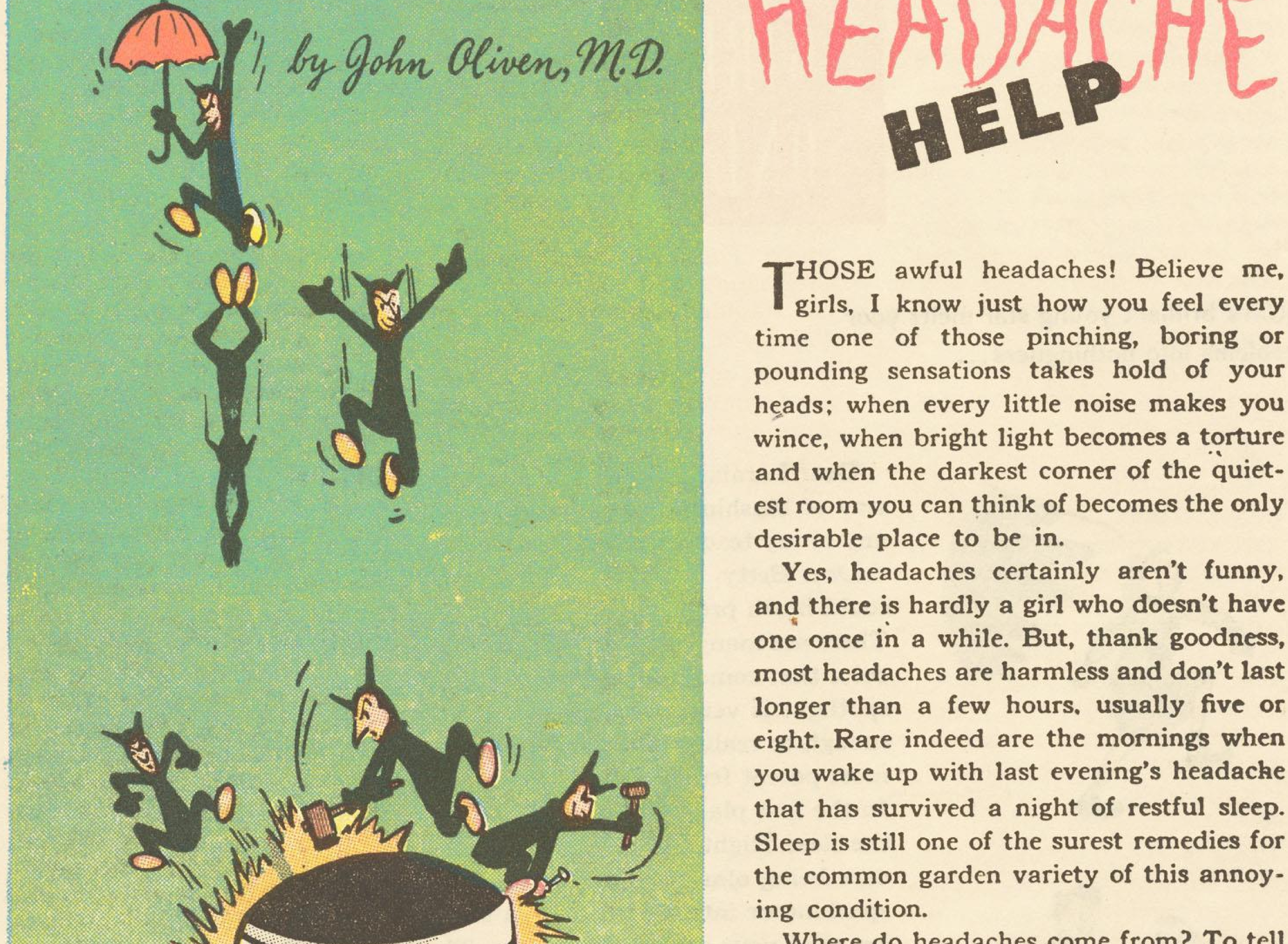
Dear Dorothy: You are not going to like this, I fear, because I don't believe a thirteen-year-old girl should be out by herself at night at all! I make exceptions to this if you go to movies or parties in groups, but it is not wise for a very young girl to be out alone at night. Wait until you are older and have better judgement of people who might stop you casually to ask directions or to start conversation. I don't mean to frighten you, Dorothy, but the news stories every day make it all too apparent that it is better to be safe than sorry.

Dear Laraine: I was glad to find in MISS (Continued on page 69)

Follow your Body and Soul counsellor's prescription for that pain in the head...

HEADACHE HELP

by John Oliven, M.D.



THOSE awful headaches! Believe me, girls, I know just how you feel every time one of those pinching, boring or pounding sensations takes hold of your heads; when every little noise makes you wince, when bright light becomes a torture and when the darkest corner of the quietest room you can think of becomes the only desirable place to be in.

Yes, headaches certainly aren't funny, and there is hardly a girl who doesn't have one once in a while. But, thank goodness, most headaches are harmless and don't last longer than a few hours, usually five or eight. Rare indeed are the mornings when you wake up with last evening's headache that has survived a night of restful sleep. Sleep is still one of the surest remedies for the common garden variety of this annoying condition.

Where do headaches come from? To tell the truth, there are as many answers to that question as there are parts of the human body. In difficult cases, when headaches occur often or are very severe, only a doctor can find the cause.

Intestinal upsets and faulty digestion rank high among the common causes. Few people can escape being constipated once in a while; but usually, as soon as the constipation has been relieved, the headache disappears with it.

Foolish eating habits must take a goodly share of the blame. Take the case of a girl who is used to three meals a day and who suddenly embarks upon a ferocious, self-imposed starvation diet. (Continued on next page)

Proper dieting is science and must always be adjusted to the individual case. Random bouts of starvation followed by stuffing sprees will give you only one thing: a headache.

Not enough sleep may be another cause. The remedy here is quite obvious—more sleep. In the same manner headaches can be caused by not getting enough fresh air or exercise. When you begin to have a dull, stuffy feeling behind your forehead and a sensation of heaviness on top of your head, it's time to go out for a nice, long walk.

In other cases your emotions may be responsible. Fear, worry or other emotional strain can cause very real headaches.

Once a headache has settled in your skull, there are a few special measures you can take to relieve this unpleasant sensation. The old popular standby, of course, is aspirin or some other of the great variety of headache powders and pills. It is true that these remedies can be effective at times, and when taken in moderation and only when there is a real need for them, they do no harm.

But beware of taking them indiscriminately, or by the handful, as I have seen some girls do. One girl who had a date coming up wanted to get rid of her headache "in a hurry" and simply stuffed the tablets into her mouth without even bothering to know how many she was taking. Not only did she miss that night's date, but a goodly number of future dates also. There just aren't any dates when you are laid up in a hospital bed.

There are some simpler measures which you might try. It often helps to lie flat on your back with your feet slightly elevated. The room should be dark and quiet, and you may even put a folded handkerchief across your eyes.

Wet compresses laid on the forehead may be useful. In most cases the compresses should be cold, but in some types of headache hot water will do the trick. It is a matter of experimenting for a few minutes until you have found out. If you are wearing anything tight around the neck, chest, waist or thighs, take it off or loosen it. And don't forget to take your shoes off.

And speaking of shoes, there is something I'd like to say about these most difficult of all items in a girl's wardrobe. Considering it from all possible angles, the problem of shoes can be narrowed down to this: they must be comfortable without looking awkward.

To force your feet into torpedo-boat sized shoes if you are built to wear nice, solid cruisers, is simply foolish. Small feet may look pretty for a certain type of girl, but girls with a robust constitution look rather funny if they insist on doll's sizes. And the faces they make after walking two blocks! Besides, no man has ever scorned a girl simply because her feet were solidly planted on the ground.

On the other hand you aren't being kind to your feet either, if you wear your shoes two or three sizes too large. The sloshing way of walking you will develop as a result of this, makes for the development of the wrong set of leg muscles, and this in turn may lead to all sorts of troubles.

There has also been much arguing about the problem of high vs. flat heels, ever since the first woman hit upon the idea of having an extra piece of leather nailed under the back part of her shoes. Low heels are often considered "more wholesome."

Most doctors today agree that the ordinary high heel, meaning about an inch and a half, does no harm; but a girl in her teens would be wise to wear half-inch heels during the greater part of the day. It's a matter of giving your feet much-needed relaxation. After all, they are the only feet you have.

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HELLO, JO

From page 23

manner, took out a pad, and five freshly sharpened pencils, Jo and I settled down on her sofa for a nice, cozy chat.

"Teen-agers," began Jo, with a delicious twinkle in her eyes, "are the nicest people." (Naturally, I could offer no argument.)

"May I quote you on that?" I inquired in a professional manner.

"You bet!" she laughed quickly—a cute giggle—"And teeners are a grand audience, too. They can judge a hit tune about eight times faster than any other audiences, because they're such rabid record fans. They can tell immediately if a song's good, or if it's not—and they *will* tell you, too," she laughed again. "But they're right behind you—all the way, if you're trying to put over something that really is good."

Next, we came to the ticklish question of teen-age dress. Jo's lovely white forehead—her skin really is peaches and creamy—wrinkled thoughtfully a moment. "We-e-ll," she drawled. She speaks slowly—hates to be rushed about anything, In fact, her entire manner is slow, easy-going, charming. "I think teen-agers look nicest in skirts and sweaters. Not the sloppy, sloppy Joes, but ones that fit. Or perhaps," she conceded slowly. "Perhaps, just *one* size larger."

Personally, her own taste runs to simple, casual clothing. She adores suits—with soft lines and easy colors.

Her first big ambition, of course, was to become a singer. "Ever since I was that high" she related, "I wanted to be a singer." Her voice, even when she speaks, is so rich and full-bodied, it sort of warms you just listening to her. "I never even thought about anything else. I started out as a coloratura soprano, and studied music all through school in Long Beach, California. Then, I got out of high school,—I guess I was luckier than most kids—my sisters Pauline and Christine had been singing in radio for a number of years, and I joined up with them as a trio. But my first real break came when Johnny Mercer heard me singing with the Pied Pipers in the Palladium in Los Angeles. He stood in front of the bandstand, and rooted for us, and he was the first to sign us up for records. From then on—well, it was Tommy Dorsey, and. . . ."

"Jo, that first time you sang with Tommy Dorsey, were you awfully scared?"

"Scared?" she grinned. "I still am! I guess I always will be. I've got a little trick for facing an audience, though. I always start off by looking way back of them—I really don't look at the people at all for a little while, and then, of course, once I start singing, I lose that fear."

Jo still can't get used to the idea of being a famous singer. In only one short year that particular lyric voice of her rated her "tops" on popularity polls throughout the country. She's strictly B.T.O. with the GI's, too. (They call her "GI Jo.")

Right now, she's pretty busy—making records, singing on her own radio show, and also working on a movie. (All this, and Hollywood, too!) But when she does have a little spare time she dashes for the nearest moving picture theatre. She's crazy about the movies, "Good, bad or indifferent—I love 'em all," she declares. The same goes for cologne—she gets a new scent as soon as it hits the market. And she's partial to chili beans (would even like them for breakfast), sleeping late in the mornings, and collecting records.

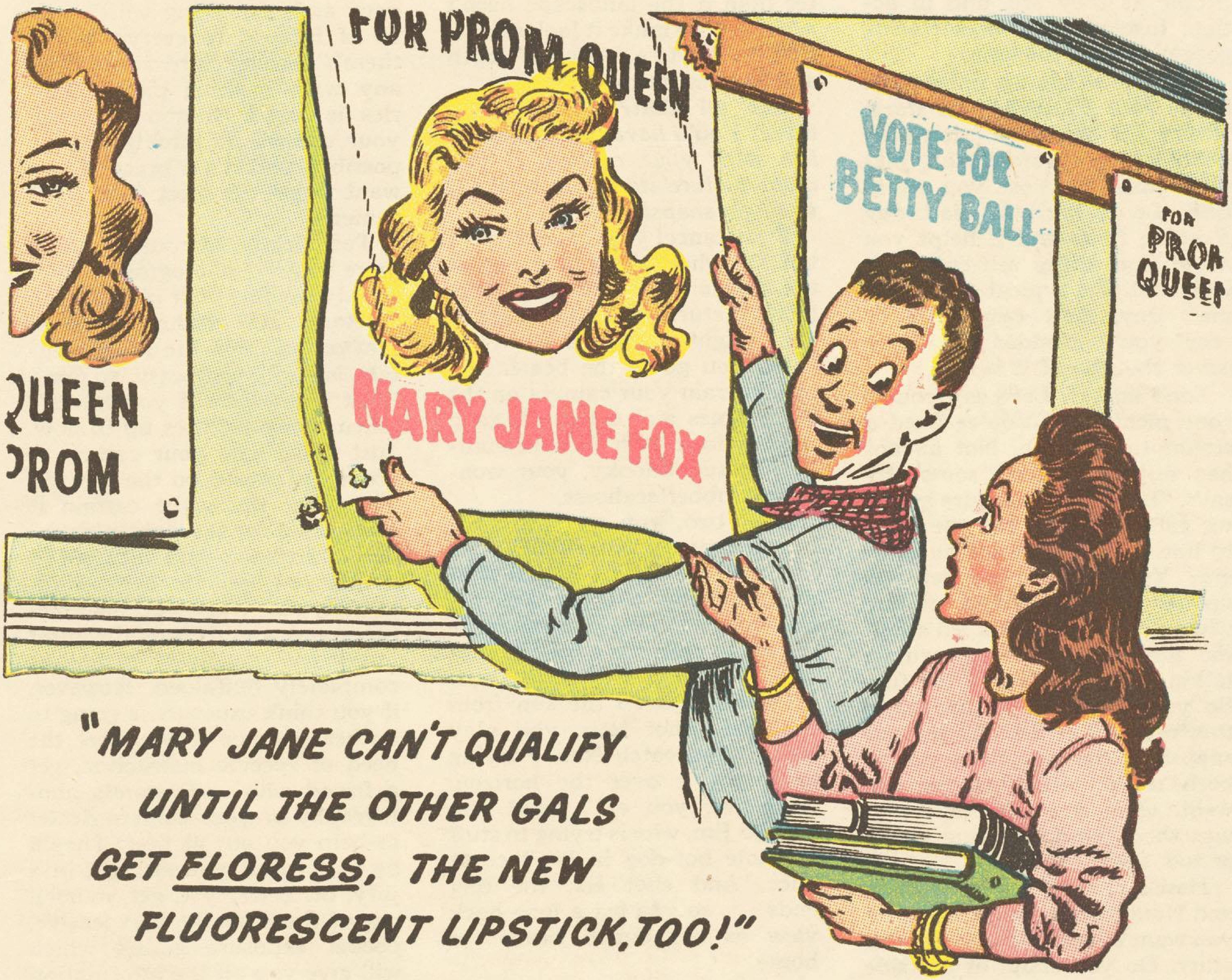
There is just one fault she thinks most teen-agers in general, have. "It's that same youthful exhuberance, I spoke about before, which makes them such an appreciative audience. In their enthusiasms, they sometimes forget other people's feelings, and are very cruel in their remarks. I admire frankness very much, but not when it will hurt someone's feelings. When I was going to school, I remember, I was rather heavy. In fact, I was *fat*—and it was my own fault! It's just that when you're fifteen or so, it's hard to stay away from gooey sundaes and chocolates (Was she telling *me?*) and I suffered a good deal because of my overweight appearance. But it never occurred to me to do anything about it. I would just spend all of my time thinking about how often I had been hurt by a remark, instead of exercising or dieting or *doing* something. Finally, after many unhappy hours, and when I was faced with a real obstacle to my career, I resolved to lose weight. And I did!"

Now, just looking at Jo you can tell how well she overcame her "weight-y" problem. "But what about all those other girls, faced with different obstacles to their singing careers?" I asked. "What could you tell all our Miss America's who'd like to be Miss Stafford's, Jo?"

"Well," she laughed, "That's quite a compliment, but seriously,—singing is hard work. It means practicing—not only voice, but posture, too. Most important, I would say that future singers should remember that singers don't start at the top. It's a long, tough grind, and experience, I've found, is the best teacher. So, sing all you can; sing at parties—don't be bashful when the gang asks you to give out with a popular tune. If you live in a small town, and there's a country club, sing there. If there's a radio station, sing over the radio. A microphone technique is quite different from a live audience, and only by singing can you actually learn the difference. Keep singing all the time. And," her eyes twinkled merrily again, "someday, someone might just hear you."

Then we shook hands at the door, and I left Jo Stafford, Number One in my Heart Parade of singers.

SEE PAGE 47



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When writing to advertisers, please mention MISS AMERICA.

PICTURE THAT NOW

From page 17

people as they are, and in action, instead of always staring goggle-eyed at the lens.

So that brings up point two: *Make your pictures tell a story.* That's the secret of *interesting* photography—professional pictures just like those you see in *Life, Look,* and the *Saturday Evening Post*—and it helps you avoid that stiffly self-conscious look that was typical of Grandma's day. And easy? It's so easy you'll wonder why you never thought of it before.

Lend an ear. Let's say you've gone picnicking. You've fixed a scrumptious lunch. Not an ant has appeared. And somebody says, "Let's take a picture before we eat!" Do you tell the gang to line up and look at the camera? You've got a perfect set-up for a story-telling picture when everybody's grouped about the luncheon basket, laughing, talking, really enjoying the fun. So you snap the picture when they're just like that. Then your snapshot tells everybody you've been on a picnic, where you went, what you did, and who was there, without being stuffy or too, too formal.

Here's another example. You and Nancy are hiking away, and you want to take pictures of each other. Do you stand at the side of the road and try to squint into the sun? Of course not. This time you picture Nancy as she sits on the bank of a stream and cools those aching feet. And she snaps you as you dolefully ponder over a signboard that reads, "Podunk Hollow—12 miles!" That's story-telling with a vengeance.

And did you ever think that just straight scenic pictures could be made to tell a story too? They certainly can, even if there isn't a human being anywhere in the scene. Here's how. The landscape is "framed" by some leaves, a couple of trees, an arch, or a doorway of some sort. In other words, it's just as if you're looking at the subject through a beautiful natural frame. "See how I look through here," the landscape seems to say. And even if it doesn't actually *say* that, the implication tells that kind of a story far better than if the landscape hasn't a "frame" to make it look attractive, or to add a feeling of depth and richness to the subject.

Got all that? Here's point three: *You'll have twice as much fun with your camera if you make picture stories, in addition to single snapshots.*

F'rinstance! One snap doesn't tell the whole story of a day at the seashore—but five or six related pictures will. In practice they might work out this way. First, you go to the beach . . . so you train your camera on the sand dunes and catch the gang coming down with the beach umbrellas and Snooky, your wonderful rubber seahorse.

Shot two, you go swimming . . . this means "CHARGE!", so you prepare for an action shot as everybody plunges into the waves. Shot three, you sunbathe . . . which calls for a candid shot of Bill with a newspaper over his head to keep the sun from his eyes. Shot four, you play ball . . . and catch Nancy trying to knock it over the horizon. Shot five, you eat . . . and you turn to Jim, who is trying to stuff a whole hot-dog in his face at once. And shot six, the day ends . . . so you get a long back view as the bunch heads for home.

EDITOR
Brad

The only name spelled wrong in the paper and it has to be mine!

Sound like fun? It is fun, because you're trying something new, and something which will be of interest to everyone—but there's nothing hard about it in any way. Making picture stories is just a matter of using your camera as intelligently as possible—and it's a practice you want to get the most from your camera.

Technically, of course, there's more to good photography than merely making your pictures tell a story. But technique, once you've mastered the fundamentals, is really very easy, so don't let it worry you if you haven't taken many pictures up to now. Just make sure your camera is properly focused on the subject. —in other words, be certain it is adjusted for the right picture-taking distance—and then see to it that you hold the camera absolutely still when you take pictures and you'll have the most important aspects of technique completely buffaloed. However, if you think exposure is going to bother you, or if you feel the need of specific instruction, get a friend who understands photography or your camera dealer to help you out at first. They'll be able to set you straight in a jiffy, or, better yet, get yourself one of those handy, inexpensive, pocket exposure guides which will give you all the information on outdoor picture making just with a twist of the dial.

But here's one more technical tip which will help you produce really fine vacation snaps. Invest part of your allowance in a medium yellow filter, and when you're picture-making on sunny days, slip it over the lens. Photographic-wise camera owners do that because a filter makes your pictures sparkle with pleasing contrasts, and because in scenic snaps it helps bring out cloud effects.

But whether you use a filter, or whether you take picture making "straight," don't fail to slip a camera into your pocket when you start on your vacation. A good reliable camera, a few rolls of fresh film, and the "know-how" of story-telling picture making, are all that any girl needs to make a vacation snapshot record which will rank among the very best.

Miss America Club is here!

Yes, and here to stay! Yes, and going places—judging from the bushels of mail flooding the editorial offices of MA (oh, the achin' back of our poor groaning postman!) And it's no wonder your letters are tumbling over themselves in their haste to be opened and read. For here's what happens to them, when they are: *You* receive a Charter and copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the MISS AMERICA Club (the one we've been telling you about) elect your officers, and become a full-fledged MAC member. And then, then — — proceed to have more FUN than an 8-year-old at the circus!!

with

MAC

DANCES—and social gatherings galore!

SHOWS—beauty, charm, fashion . . .

A TEEN-HAND ARTS PROJECT—with annual awards!

MONTHLY BULLETINS—containing news of all club doings in our country, and other countries, with a list of

PENPALS for you!

SCHOOL BOARDS—in local department stores, where you will represent other teeners in helping to choose clothes for them,—and yourself!

Not since the sensational news that "Gable's back—and Garson's got him!" has there been such excited buzzin's on campuses and classrooms, in libraries and lecture halls, in beauty-parlors and buses, in large cities, small towns, for teeners know that at last the MISS AMERICA CLUB IS HERE!

So, hurry hurry—if you'd like to become a MAC member—get a group of your friends together—not more than 25, not less than 10—and a letter from a member of your school faculty as well as two from adult members of your community. (This will give the Chapters the firm foundation you all will want them to have.) Then, send these three letters to: Aileen Fogarty, Vice Chairman, MISS AMERICA CLUB, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

IT'S A DATE!

The kids who lead the LIFE OF RILEY on the air every Saturday, tell you here how to rate as super beau-bait . . . Try their dandy "do's and don'ts" on your next date!

by Scotty Beckett and Sharon Douglas

Scotty, 16, whose life with father (Bill Bendix) antics keep radio audiences convulsed is versatile (cute, too!)—mixing a radio and movie career! . .

Sharon Douglas doesn't mind telling her age—the same as Scotty's—and is very much like Babs Riley she portrays on the air—a charming teen-ager . . .

If you're gonna be as wise as Plato,
On the beam like Emily Post—
Remember that the heartbeat hates
A girl who is inclined to boast.

We'd like to know, sure as shooting
What you gals really do,
While we wait downstairs for hours
Till the eternal primping's through!

If you have a date for bowling,
Or plan to glide on roller skates,
Please don't wear that slinky satin—
Be a sport about your date.

There's nothing worse than girls who prattle
About Tom or Henry, Jack or Chick,
Or all those other slush amours,
When you're with a guy named Dick.

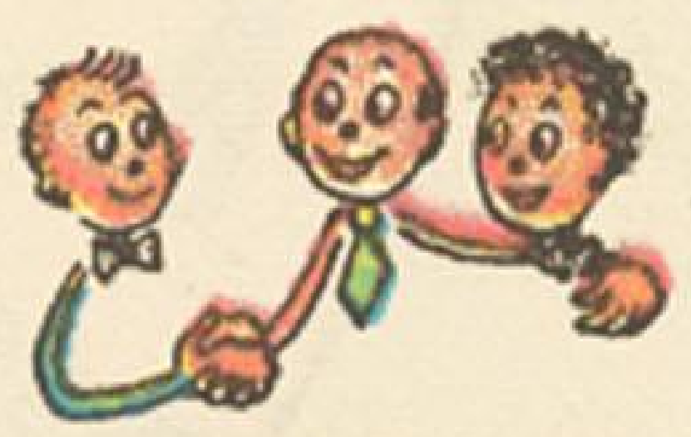
Honest, we know you're not Bacall
Or even Hedy—the great Lamarr,
So please, don't look bored with it all
As an eager-beaver, you'd really star!

And if we do casually mention,
How many batters we've struck out,
Please don't say "How bad for Labor!"
Try to know what it's all about!

If you're the girl for whom the bell tolls,
Don't let it ever bother you,
Because we guys respect you for it
No matter what we say or do.

But most of all, keep on laughing,
And talk of little things that rate,
For we think about you long, long after
We've both decided—"It's a Date!"

Leave us face it, you slick chicks—
Mad pash of the moment is due at eight,
Let's sit down and talk it over,
To see how many ways you can rate.



How about those awful moments,
When Lochinvar is at your door?
Make him feel at ease with the family,
On this point, you'll surely score.

There are times when he'll ask you,
What you'd really like to do,
Think first of our hero's wallet,
From there on in, you follow through.

Then there's the problem of the dinner
What dainty morsels you're going to bite—
Order what you really want to,
But don't read that menu from the right!

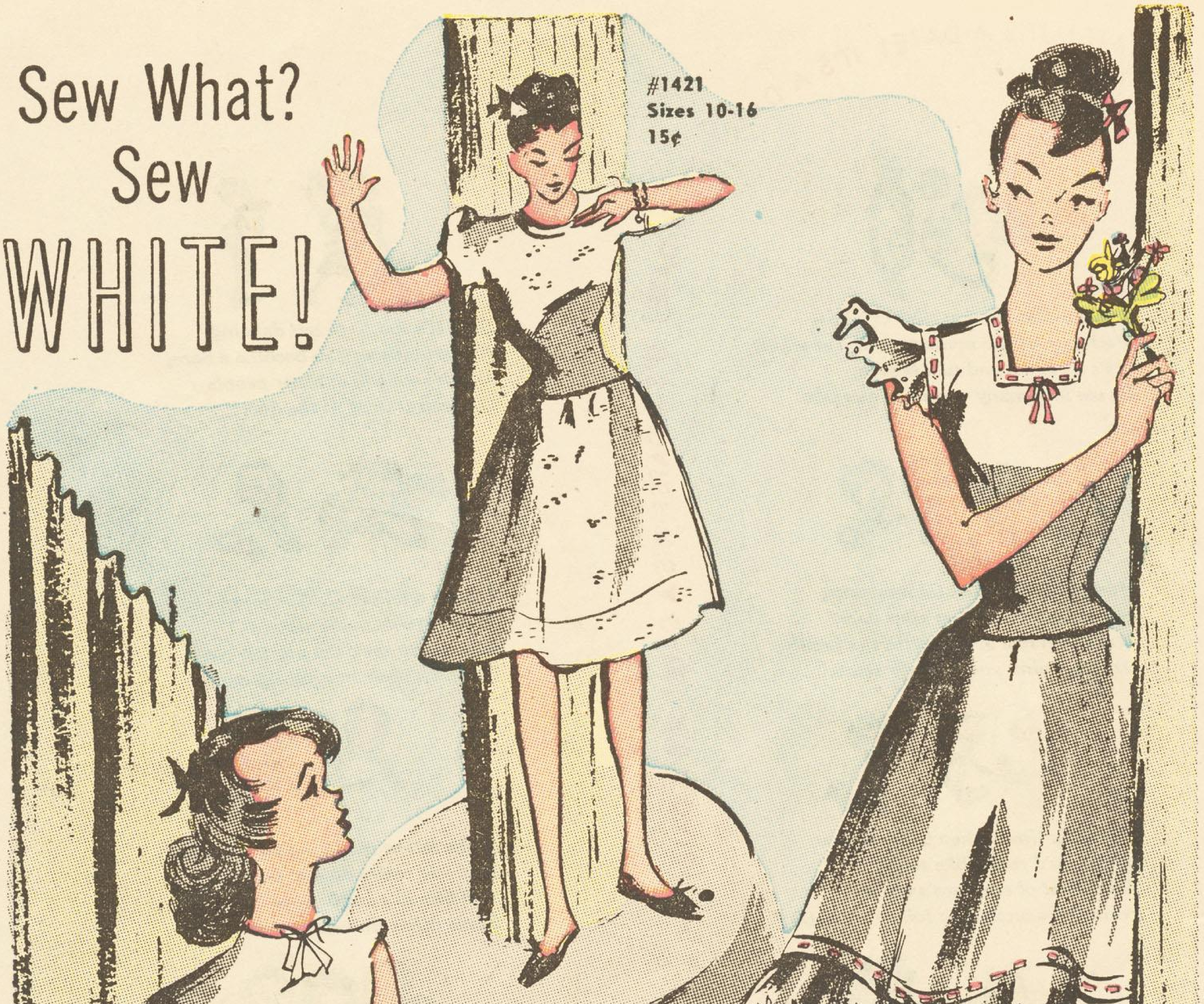
Sure it's fun to go out dancing,
But sometimes you become a bore,
When you look at other people
Or keep staring at the floor!

I guess a fellow dislikes most,
Those "table make-up girls"
Who never seek the powder room
To comb their mussed-up curls.

If the fellow wants a goodnight kiss,
And you really object, pet
Tell him in a subtle way
Some other time—not yet!

With these few hints you'll surely see
That you're really good-time bait,
The Don Ameche will jingle on
To find out if—"It's a Date!"

Sew What? Sew WHITE!



#1421
Sizes 10-16
15¢

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Sizes 10-16
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In your honor—white! For that momentous graduation —and for going places afterward. To keep you cool and lovely-looking through the good ol' summertime. Send your size and pattern number with the exact price to: MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. P-D, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. I.

Cool-y Yours
Hydi Hyde of California*
*Trade Mark Reg.
A Labtex Fabric

. . . . ***perfect for sun-fun.*** Frivolous skirt-effect shorts and "tie-it-any-way-you-want" strap bra of cool as an ice cube white Fiesta Sharkskin accented with black. Sizes 10 to 16. About **$6.50.**

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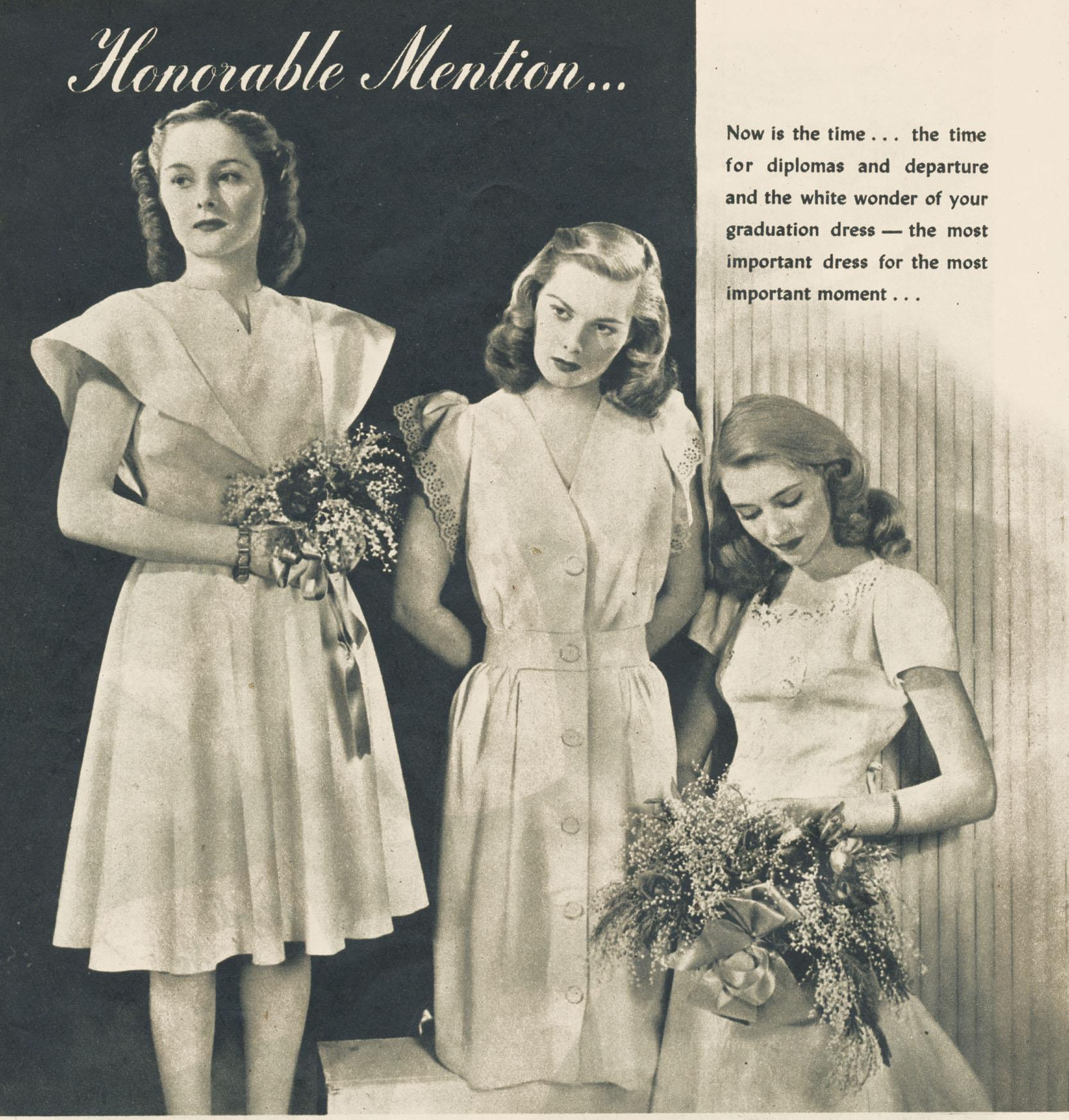
Honorable Mention...



Now is the time . . . the time for diplomas and departure and the white wonder of your graduation dress — the most important dress for the most important moment . . .

There's poise in each crisp line of Delphi's set-in midriff, cap shouldered frock. There's figure perfection in the empire-influenced bosom, the flared skirt. About $15 at Broadway Dept. Store, Hollywood, Calif.

Hydi Hyde of California buttons you trimly into this summertime V-necked coat dress with brief flutter sleeves, eyelet-edged, and a wide inserted belt. About $5.40 at Abraham and Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Lonsdale Birdseye pique is Doris Dodson's choice for a two-piecer with dainty cotton lace at the square neck and inset on the bodice—sweet and neat. About $15 at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y.

Three lovelies, ladies, for graduation and for all summer—and congratulations to you, Miss Graduate!

*All dresses in sizes 10-16.

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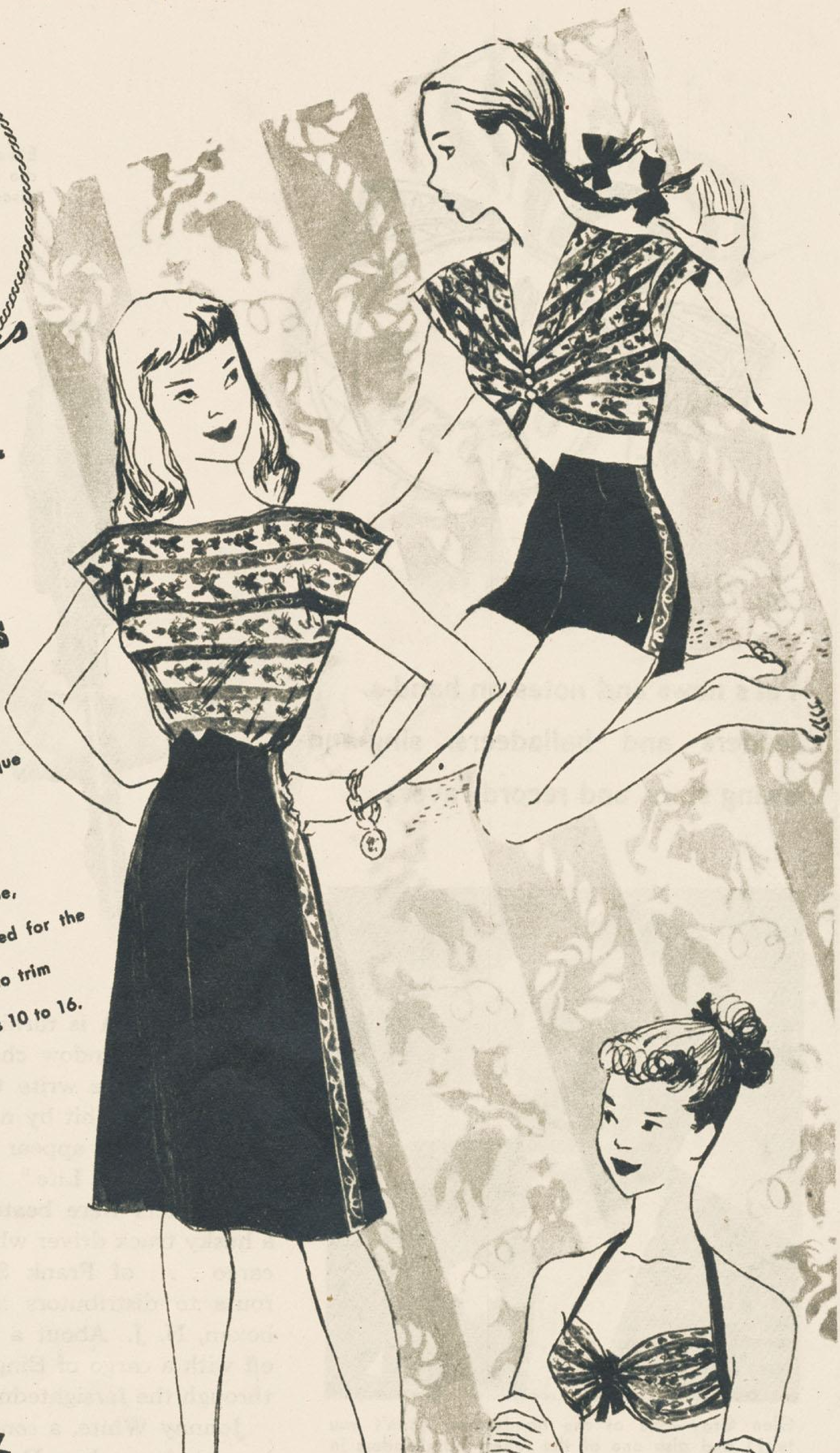
Roy Rogers

"King of the Cowboys"

Starring in Republic Pictures



WESTERN INSPIRATIONS

Buckin' broncos, whistlin' lariats, accent this play-wear group of sanforized pique in guaranteed fast colors . . . an AMERITEX Fabric.

The Roy Rogers print in Texas Blue, Mexican Red, Fiesta Green is used for the shirt, halter and midriff — and to trim the black skirt and shorts. Sizes 10 to 16.

Cap Shirt	$4.00
Midriff	4.00
Halter	3.00
Shorts	4.00
Skirt	5.00

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If not carried by your, local store, send us your order and a reliable store will serve you.

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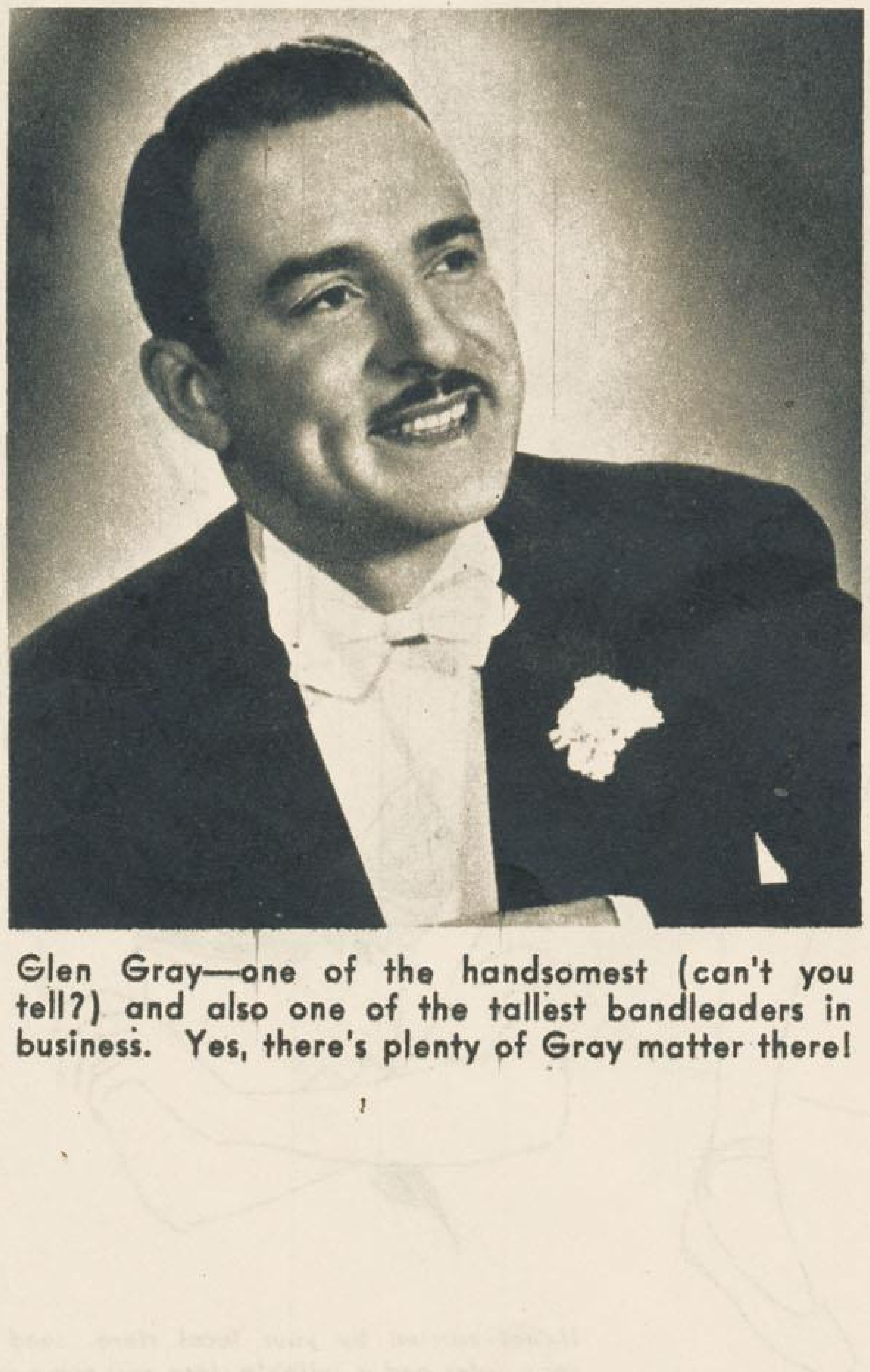
JAM SESSION
Millie

by Pat Parks

Pat's news and notes on bandleaders and balladeers, sing-and-swing stars, and record raves . . .

Eileen Barton is now doubling between radio and records. She has just cut her first discs for Mercury, a brand new company.



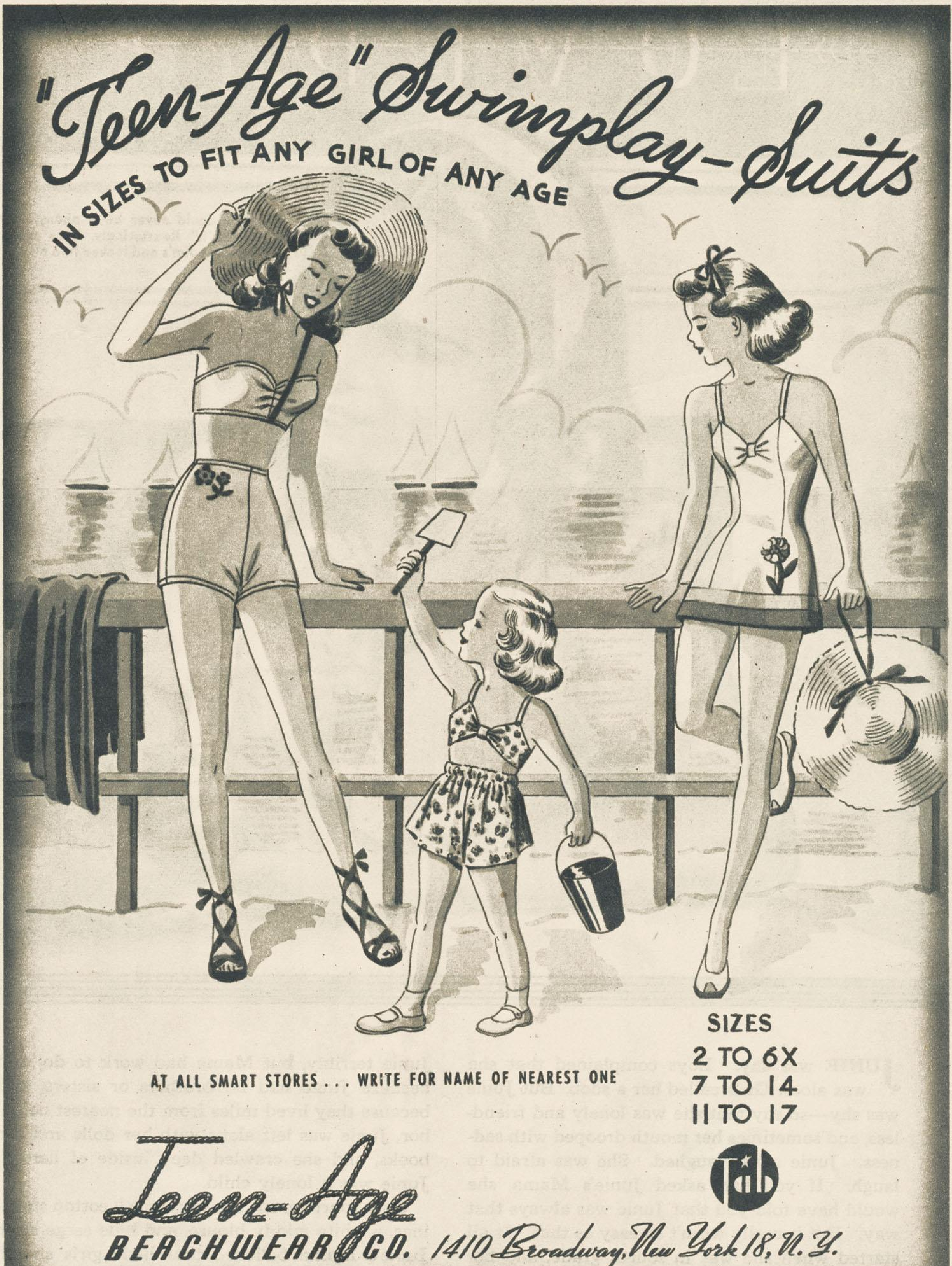
Glen Gray—one of the handsomest (can't you tell?) and also one of the tallest bandleaders in business. Yes, there's plenty of Gray matter there!

COLUMBIA is turning out Dinah Shore records faster than a window chef with flapjacks. Two discs are in stores as we write this and one or two more will probably have hit by now. . . . The King Cole Trio has been signed to appear in Bob Hope's next flicker, "Where There's Life."

Hijackers were beaten off in New Jersey recently by a husky truck driver when they tried to steal his $30,000 cargo . . . of Frank Sinatra records! Discs were en route to distributors in Frankie's home town, Hoboken, N. J. About a year ago platter hijackers made off with a cargo of Bing Crosby discs and were captured through the farsightedness of a radio station "disc jockey."

Johnny White, a sensational new West coast vibraharpist, has taken Red Norvo's place in Benny Goodman's band . . . Glen Gray's band is the best it has been in years. The Casa Lomans now number jazz trumpeter, Bobby Hackett and ace clarinetist, Fats Daniels as swing stars.

Over 2,000 fans mobbed Vaughn Monroe's taxicab in Buffalo, New York, recently, almost turning the machine over before police *(Continued on page 71)*


"Teen-Age" Swimplay-Suits
IN SIZES TO FIT ANY GIRL OF ANY AGE
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AT ALL SMART STORES . . . WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST ONE
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LOVED

Louise Altson

"You could never be a phony. You couldn't." Reassuringly, Junie put her hand on Jim's and looked into his eyes.

Junie was different, she knew this by the way other girls and boys shunned her . . . She grew up lonely and friendless—but beautiful . . . Then—

by Helene Wanderman

JUNIE was shy. Boys complained that she was aloof. Girls called her a snob. But Junie was shy—so shy that she was lonely and friendless, and sometimes her mouth drooped with sadness. Junie never laughed. She was afraid to laugh. If you had asked Junie's Mama, she would have told you that Junie was always that way. But it really wasn't as easy as that. It all started when she was in fourth grade, and her Mama baked pies all day long. Oh, she loved Junie terribly, but Mama had work to do, and because Junie had no brothers or sisters, and because they lived miles from the nearest neighbor, Junie was left alone with her dolls and her books, and she crawled deep inside of herself. Junie was a lonely child.

So in fourth grade she wore black cotton stockings, a white middy blouse, and blue serge skirt. Junie's Mama believed that little girls should have scrubbed, shiny faces, neatly braided hair, clear eyes, and that was enough. Unfortunately, the mothers of the other little girls didn't believe that way. Emmy Lou wore pretty little silk dresses and Mary Jane patent leather pumps. Louise wore great taffeta bows in her blonde curls, and Carol wore white silk socks. Junie was different, and it made her frightened and ashamed, and one day when she and Louise had a fight about whose turn it was to be "it," Louise had angrily told Junie (*Continued on page 61*)

THOSE DARING YOUNG GIRLS . . .

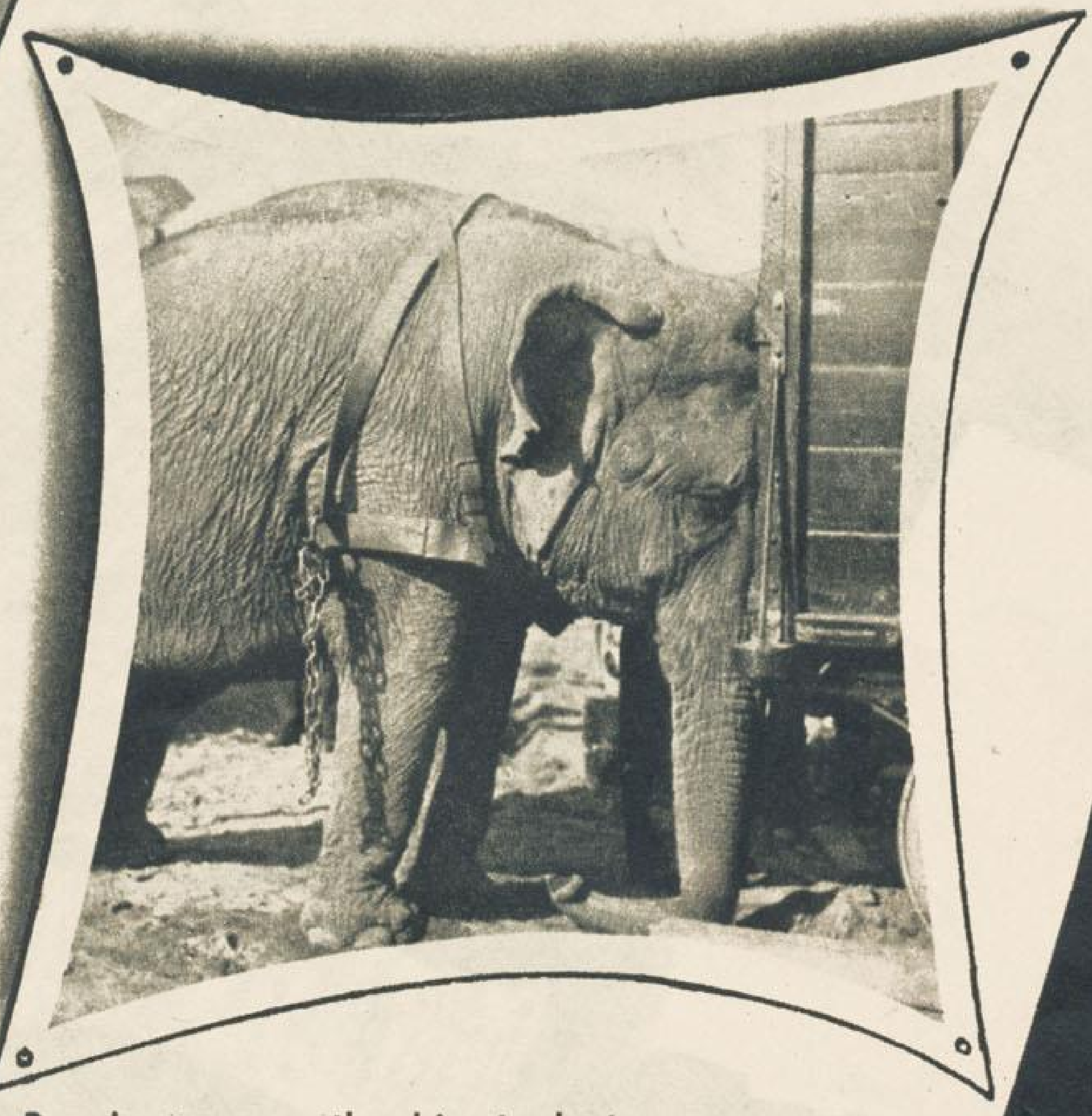
Sally and Patty Cartier, matchless trapeze artists, worked hard all through their teens to become stars in the Big Show. And they won success as a team—despite Patty's almost fatal injury in a fall.

Connie Mikesell, eighteen, was spotted by a circus talent scout when she was a crack drum majorette for her high school band. Now she marches out in front of forty elephants in a spectacle parade.

Yoicks! It's young Jeanne Davis taking the hurdles in the big steeplechase feature. Circus girls emphasize the need for reserves of glowing health in order to keep up with their strenuous specialties.

Corky Christiani is a bareback queen at seventeen; can do a backwards somersault on a moving horse. But she must pass math and all other high school subjects in order to stay with the circus.

by Bob Ensworth



Popular among the big top's teen-age troupers is fifteen-year-old Mabel, the elegant elephant. But, though Mabel has a spangly wardrobe and a weekly manicure, she seems to worry about wrinkles.

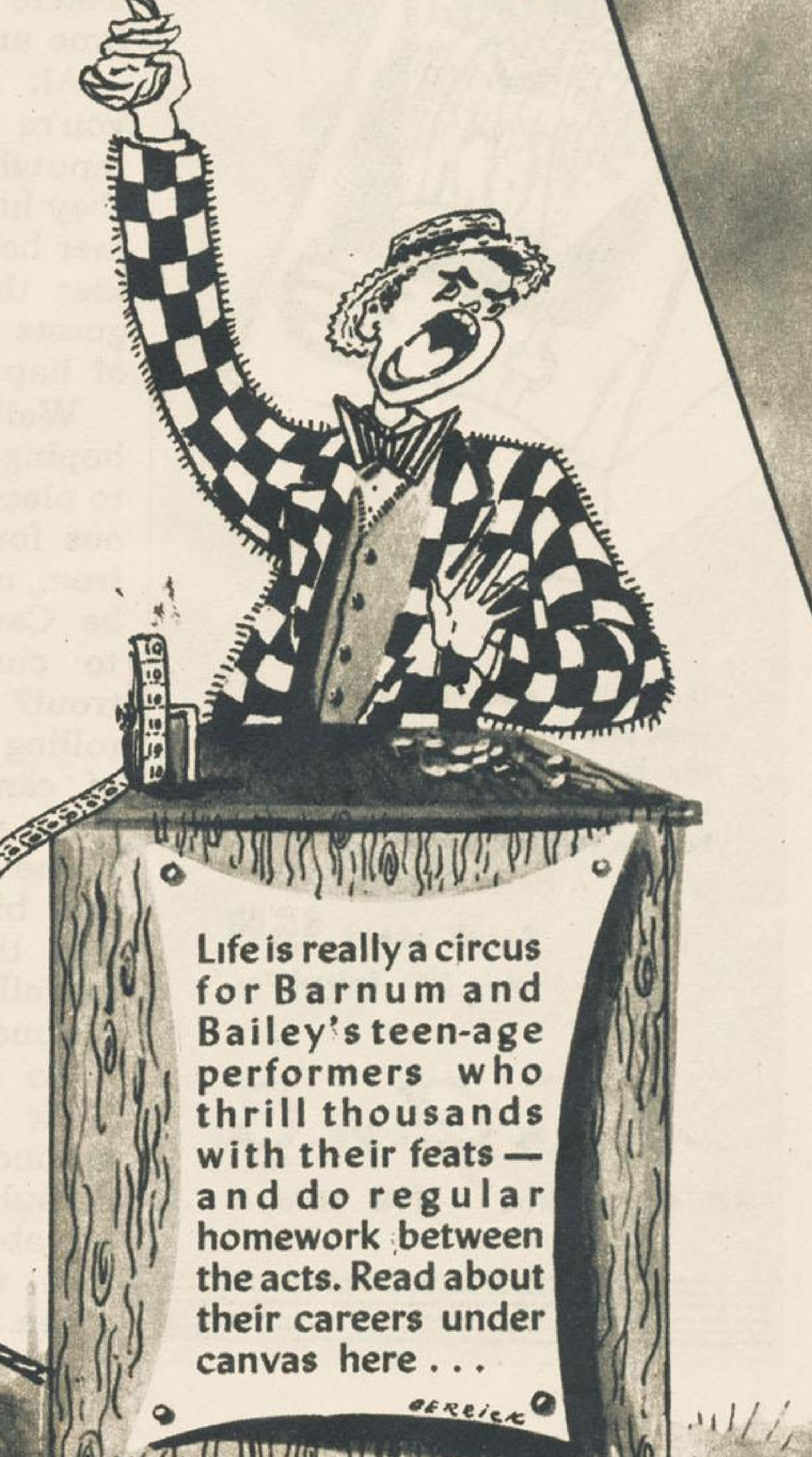
WHEN the Ringling-red and Barnum-blue circus trains roll into your home town soon, you may get "that old feeling." Each summer Miss America starts dreaming, and pictures herself in The Big Show. It's a healthy wish shared by millions of girls—your urge to become a beautiful bareback rider or to star on the flying trapeze.

Life as young showgirls in Tentland . . . it's wonderful, exciting, glamorous. Or is it? What's the truth about their jobs, their training and their way of life? Let's ask teen-age girls who are already top-notch performers in the circus. For the answers, we'll go backstage with The Greatest Show on Earth.

"I'm Corky Christiani," says a Junior Miss as she walks toward the dressing tent for a costume change. "Corky" has just come from center ring, after thrilling thousands. "Did you see me do my backward somersault on horseback? The ringmaster called me 'The Queen of The Circus.' But is that an admirer waiting for me by that red wagon, a fan with a corsage or a bouquet? No, that's my tutor—waiting with school books and homework!"

Yes, "Corky" Christiani is only seventeen. Like all other schoolgirls in Sawdustland, she studies math lessons between acts. On the road every teen-ager is tutored through a full high school course, and graduation exercises are held

(Continued on page 67)



Life is really a circus for Barnum and Bailey's teen-age performers who thrill thousands with their feats—and do regular homework between the acts. Read about their careers under canvas here . . .

PLAY DAYS CAN BE PAY DAYS

From page 19

GRADUATION GIFT SET

PERFECT FOR ELEMENTARY AND HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

The thrill of receiving by the Graduate, plus the pleasure in knowing it can be used all Summer, combine to make this unusual gift in a gift box the very last word.

A Nolan Creation

Retail about $5.00

Bag subject to 20% Federal Tax

Nolan Glove Co., INC.

425 4th AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

looks tempting. But if you take summer employment, don't think that will be your only reward. You'll receive something even more valuable. Experience. You'll learn self-reliance and adaptability — qualities which will make your future living richer than any amount of cold currency in the bank. That fact carries constant proof.

Now—what kind of employment—and where? Naturally you want to enjoy yourself on your summer job—why not? Possibly, this first time that'll be your main purpose in taking one, you want to have fun, go places, see things, meet people. In short, you just want to earn a vacation which you couldn't otherwise have. A sound idea. You're not particular about the sort of job it is, as long as it's respectable, gets you out-of-doors part of the time where you can absorb some fine scenery, make friends and so on. You're not looking for career experience. You're seeking, mainly, a good time and spending money.

All right—fine. Then what you're looking for is a job in a reputable resort or camp, where they hire lots of temporary summer help, and so are used to the idea that employees as well as guests have a right to "pursuit of happiness"—within reason.

Well, if that's what you're hoping to find, you're lucky. As to place, you've all of these glorious forty-eight states to choose from, including Alaska and maybe Canada and Mexico. Want to climb mountains, fish for trout? Long to dive into the rolling ocean breakers? Dream of canoeing on a quiet lake? Take your pick of dream-spots. Come summer, America is just one big happy vacationland—and this will probably be especially true this first free non-rationed post-war summer.

So read the advertisements. Talk to friends who've been around. Most important of all, consult your parents and teachers about your plans. Their advice will be good and gladly given. (It goes without saying, of course, that you talk over a summer job with your parents before doing anything definite.)

Here's a suggestion. Probably you know that the large railroads run inns and lodges in most of our national parks, such as Yellowstone, Glacier, etc. They staff these resorts with fine types of high school and college students, and it's proverbial that, in Yellowstone at least the employees have as good a time as the guests. Even if they do work harder when they're at it, they get vacation *and* pay! The help's home talent entertainments and dances at Old Faithful Lodge in Yellowstone, for example, are famous, and the honest envy of mere guests.

Be sure, if you're interested, to make inquiries early about openings. The national parks are bound to boom again this year. Write directly to the parks, or ask information from your local railroad representatives.

But there are lots of smaller, privately owned and managed resorts nearer home than the large parks. Perhaps your parents would prefer to have you within driving distance this first time away. Better for you, too. Your family may even want to visit and pass upon the place where you'll spend three important months of your life, for your environment is equally important to them and to you. Remember, this initial experience of being on your own should not be one smacking of childish rebellion against helpful home supervision and restraints, but one of real character-progress. You're learning to earn the right to a constructive individual niche in society.

What kind of a job? What can you do? Have you had after-school or Saturday jobs which have given you a modest experience at something? That's all to the good—but if not there are lots of jobs which you can learn without too much trouble providing you're normally humble, willing and intelligent. Don't spurn waitress, dishwashing and chambermaid jobs. They're perfectly respectable, not too demanding, and certainly won't hurt you mentally, physically or socially. Of course, resorts and camps have clerical positions, too, but the hours are apt to be more confining. If you're good at some sport, you might apply for a spot as junior instructor.

Maybe the idea of being a nurse girl in a private family appeals to you—preferably one spending the vacation out of town, at the seashore, mountains or lake. Maybe you want a summer job right in town where you can live at home and keep up with the old gang. Perhaps you just want a "quickie" job this first time, two weeks or so. Then your best bet is farm work, helping to pick berries, fruit, vegetables. Take some friends along, if you like, to assure congenial companionship—you'll have fun, honestly.

Ready? Get out some conservative stationery and compose that letter of application, either with pen or on the typewriter. Neatness and legibility are important. State your qualifications clearly and with dignity. Don't write as if you were either condescending to confer your services or as if you were begging abjectly. It helps to keep in mind that the whole affair of employment is a cooperative one, involving both employer and employee—neither can get along without the other.

If you're inexperienced, say so, but also express cheerful confidence in your own ability to handle whichever jobs you're applying for, and your genuine eagerness to learn and be of service. Tell why you've selected that particular place. Your parents and teachers can help you with this all-important letter. Be sure and take advantage of this valuable aid.

Send out a number of letters to various places—perhaps as many as a dozen. Some won't be interested, some will. When you get to the point of hours and salary, be sure—*be sure*—everything's very clear, so there won't be any misunderstandings or disappointments after you arrive.

You've taken the first high step—landed that summer job. You've told everyone in town about it, you're so enthusiastic and sort of proud of yourself. You've kissed Mom and Pop goodbye, waved friends gay farewell—albeit with a sinking sensation in the midriff—and you're off on the big adventure.

Mmh'm, it's an adventure all right, but it's hard work, too, during working hours. Nobody gets paid for doing nothing—well, rarely. Sad true fact. You're all alone in a strange environment among strangers. Even if you were forethoughted enough to persuade Annie Lou, your best girl friend, to share your summer fortunes, you still may feel the gnawing pangs of homesickness at the beginning. You miss the family, not *having* to work when you'd rather not, doing as you please, the old familiar faces, suddenly thrice dear. Those regular working hours, come rain or shine, always hanging over you, sort of irk you.

Summer jobs—in the national parks, at private resorts, babytending, berry-picking—oh, there are so many of them—and one of them is the right one for you if you want to earn your vacation this summer. You can work for the full three months, or for only one, depending on the job. But if you've ambition and initiative to start with, this summer job will pay character and happiness dividends which will last you all your life long.

LOVED

From page 57

that she looked like "Little Orphan Annie." Junie had run blindly into the schoolroom, stinging tears spilling down her round, red cheeks. That night her pillow was wet with her unhappiness. Then there were lunch periods. Louise brought peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with little sprigs of parsley on them. Emmy Lou had sliced chicken on white bread with the crusts trimmed. Carol had tongue and sometimes swiss cheese all cut in little triangles. But Junie's Mama would give her a piece of chicken, and a slice of thick, buttered rye bread. Or sometimes, a great, ungainly sandwich of corned beef and black bread. Junie's Mama believed that little girls should be healthy, and the more hard

STINKY CONTEST

15 CASH PRIZES

1st Prize.........$25.00
2nd Prize.........$10.00
and 12 Prizes of $5 each

CASH IN ON YOUR STINKY PIN!

STINKY, the lovable pin, has won his fame because of his tremendous charm. His silky fur, his ermine tail and his roving eye have endeared him to thousands of girls. More and more of his fans are writing us that STINKY has become their *lucky charm* . . . and here's where the contest comes in.

My name is STINKY

I am a skunk . . . but a good one. I like flowers and perfume and going places, how about you?

People will look at me on your lapel but you won't have to hide, 'cause I am house broken.

Let's be pals!

Write us a short letter, telling how STINKY became your *lucky charm*. WHY DO YOU CONSIDER STINKY YOUR MASCOT? What did he do for you? When did he bring you good luck? Here's your chance to let STINKY make money for you. Just fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page and mail it to us with your letter.

How the Charm Works

STINKY'S fans just touch him for luck. (He's as good as the old-fashioned "knock on wood.") So many girls now treasure their STINKY Pin as a mascot . . . and once you've worn him you will too.

The STINKY contest is open to all readers of MISS AMERICA. Letters, with coupon, must be mailed before July 1, 1946. The decision of the judges will be final. Mail your letter with this entry blank:

OSCAR SCHREYER CO., Dept. 8
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crust, the more meat, the healthier they would be. But Junie's Mama never heard the other girls giggle when Junie tried to get a corner of her sandwich into her mouth. She never saw them exchange smug looks when Junie unwrapped her quarter of a chicken. Sometimes, Junie tried to explain these things to her Mama, but she never tried very hard, for she adored her strong, hard-working parent, and the fear of hurting her made explanation difficult, almost impossible. So Junie grew up feeling different, and being shy.

And now she was sixteen, and her long chestnut braids had been cut, her hair was full and lively, visible proof of Mama's brushing. Junie's cheeks were pink, her eyes bright, her back straight and proud, and her teeth strong. But around her mouth played the shadows of sadness, for although Junie was a lovely young girl, in her mind she was still "Orphan Annie," still the child with the awkward lunches, and the wrinkled black stockings. And because of her insecurity she avoided girls and shunned boys. Junie lost herself in schoolbooks, in books about beautiful young maidens and Prince Charmings, and knights on white horses. And Junie dreamed about all the wonderful adventures she would have some day. And while she dreamed her cake-icing dreams, Carol was the belle of the Senior Hop, and Emmy Lou was elected president of her sorority.

Then, one day, one bright April afternoon, the white horse, the shining armor, the whitest, most dazzling dream of Junie's fairyland came true. Junie was walking home from school, her books slung under the arm, her stride long and buoyant, her hair smooth in the Spring breeze. She had just received the highest mark in the biology exam, and she was as happy as a pretty young girl can be at being the brightest in her biology class. Suddenly her long strides were matched, and a deep voice was in her ear.

"The biology hot rock! And pretty too!"

Junie looked up, way up, for the voice had come from a tall young man. A young man with a laughing mouth and a gay twinkle in his brown eyes. Junie looked up searchingly, and then she blushed.

"Thank you," she managed.

The tall young man went on. "You know, I've been watching you this semester, and frankly you're the only girl in the whole senior class who has any distinction." And he looked at Junie admiringly, "You make me whistle and mind my p's and q's at the same time. I think it high time I introduce myself."

Introduce himself, Junie thought, as if the hero of the senior class needed an introduction! Jim Blake, the six foot-two reason for eyelid fluttering, elaborately long girl-to-girl phone calls, self-conscious giggles and hoarse cheers in the football stadium. No, Jim Blake needed no introduction to Junie.

Jim talked on enthusiastically. "My name's Jim Blake, and I know yours is Junie Carter. You know what?"

"What?" breathed Junie.

"I'd like us to be friends. Will you shake on it?" He extended his big, friendly hand.

Junie's heart was beating so loudly that she felt sure Jim would hear it. For a second her innate fears made her hesitate, and she looked cautiously into his disarmingly friendly brown eyes. Quickly, her hand shot out, her heart ceased pounding, and a warm glow suffused her face.

"Shake," she said.

"What say we celebrate? I'll treat you to one of Pop's special milk shakes. This is an occasion, you know, Junie. What say we whip over there?"

"Pop's!" A place as remote from Junie's life as a black strapless evening gown. "Pop's!" Where the teen set gathered for cokes and sundaes. "Pop's"—where laughter, juke-box music and serious young talk filled the air. Junie was going to "Pop's".

"I'd love to go, Jim," she said, her voice filled with wonder.

Firmly he took her arm as they crossed the street, and as he moved around her to be on the outside, that same warm, glowing feeling came over Junie, making her feel shielded and somehow safe. They walked into "Pop's," Jim still piloting Junie protectively. Emmy Lou was there, and so were Louise and Carol, and all of them exchanged surprised looks and raised eyebrows. They even managed a new, respectful smile.

Jim led her to a back booth, and in the cozy semi-darkness with the music playing softly, they talked in low voices. "Pop" came over to the table with a welcoming greeting to Junie, and a big hello for Jim. He even insisted in his jovial way that they try some of his homemade chocolate layer cake with their whipped-cream topped sodas. As Junie rapturously downed her cake and soda, Jim asked:

"Guess why I like you?"

Junie smiled happily, blushed a little, and shook her head.

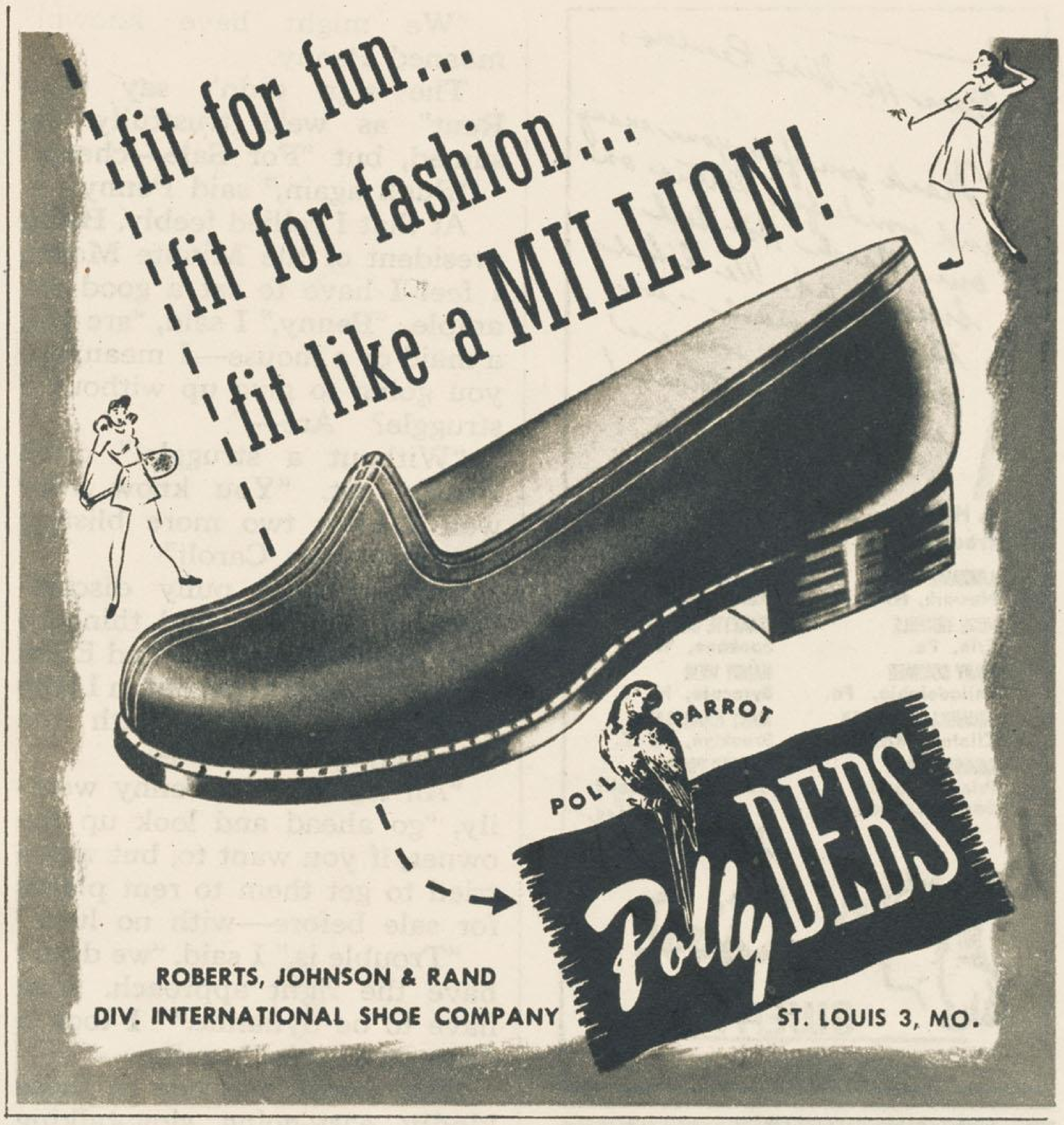
"Well, there's something about you that reminds me of growing grass, and white church steeples reaching for the sky. There's something about your eyes that make me think of young sparrows. And when you walk I think of cool woods, and the smell of a spring rain and . . ." Jim stopped abruptly. and grinned. "Why don't I shut up! I sound like an awful phony!"

Junie protested. "No, you don't! You couldn't. You could never be a phony." Reassuringly, Junie put her hand on his.

"Well, Junie," he continued, "it's just that you're my kind of people. When I was a kid working in the grocery store after school, I used to think about you. When I was older, delivering orders for Mac the druggist, and helping him fill prescriptions, I dreamed about you then. Oh, I had other dreams, too, I guess. Like being a great surgeon. Still do, for that matter. Jim looked hard into Junie's grey eyes. "And now that I've met you, you're all I'll ever think about."

"But Jim, you're the big man at school. You could have all the pretty girls you want."

"Bosh!" It was Jim's turn to blush and he did. "I know what I could have, but I know what I want, Junie."



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Then, for the first time that she could remember Junie really talked freely. She told Jim of all the frightened feelings within her and he comforted her, and was patient and understanding. And when it seemed that her heart would burst with happiness, the afternoon was gone, and they were sitting in the blissful peace of twilight, and Junie prayed that it would never end.

But it would never really end, she knew. Breathlessly, they ran down the slope of the hill, and then all the way to Junie's house.

"It's been wonderful, Jim," Junie said. "It's been the most wonderful day of my life."

Tears of thankfulness came into Junie's eyes. For Junie knew that she would never be shy or alone again. She loved and was loved. It was as simple as that. All the hurts of yesterday, all the foolishly deep childhood wounds, would be healed. Junie turned to the red setting sun, and she laughed. A joyous, free, and happy laugh.

Junie loved, and was loved.

OH, HONEY!

From page 15

Ellen, who'd been working on the coast for some time. After honeymooning out there, they were coming on home. But, on account of the housing shortage, nobody had been able to find a single place for them to rent.

Finally my father said despairingly, "This is just the sort of worthy project for you Minute Girlies. Rally round, kids."

Such faith in us was touching. We couldn't ignore the challenge. Besides, as I pointed out to the Minute Maids, we could have fun getting the place ready.

Well, for one solid week we'd searched one hundred miles around Little City. The six of us split into three teams to cover the ground better, but still no luck—until now. Now—well, it certainly did look as if fate had finally relented!

As one girl, Penny and I shook the sand from our saddle shoes and galloped toward our dream house—only to receive a rude shock when we came within reading distance of the sign nailed to the tree.

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"We might have known!" moaned Penny.

The sign didn't say "For Rent" as we'd trustfully assumed, but "For Sale—cheap."

"Sunk again," said Penny.

At that I rallied feebly. Being president of the Minute Maids, I feel I have to set a good example. "Penny," I said, "are you a maid or a mouse—I mean, are you going to give up without a struggle? Are—"

"Without a struggle!" cried Penny, cut. "You know very well I have two more blisters than you have, Carol!"

"Forget your puny discomforts," I pleaded, "and think of your fellow man. Rob and Ellen having to sleep right out in Little City's park, maybe, with the rain coming down and—"

"All right," said Penny wearily, "go ahead and look up the owner, if you want to, but we've tried to get them to rent places for sale before—with no luck."

"Trouble is," I said, "we didn't have the right approach. You have to be dynamic." I took a deep purposeful breath.

The owner was one of those kindly, easy-going, slow-talking old farmers. I knew it was going to be simple. I switched on all the appeal of my budding womanhood.

"We'd like to rent that little Cape Cod place," I said. "Would forty dollars be enough?"

He wiggled his eyebrows at me. "It would be enough if I was renting it, but it's for sale now. You see—"

"What did I tell you?" whispered Penny.

"Mr. Franklin!" I said. "Where is your milk of human kindness, your—patriotism? My brother's a returning hero, a—"

"Young lady, you don't understand. . . ."

"Look," I said desperately, "all I understand is that we want that house—until you sell. We've just got to have it!" I pulled out my wallet. "Here's forty dollars." I snatched the key. "Thanks, Mr. Franklin!"

We left him staring bewilderedly at the bouquet of bills. Once he called out after us in a strangled sort of way, but we ignored it. Just before we got out of sight, Penny looked back.

"Well, my goodness!" she said doubtfully. "That old farmer certainly is acting peculiar. He's shaking his head and—"

"Won't the rest of the Minute Maids be thrilled!" I sighed happily. "And we have a whole weekend before Rob and Ellen arrive."

We moved in the next evening. Peanuts and Blue, Flower and Libby went into raptures over the place. Believe it or not, the house was just as sweet inside as out—early colonial maple furniture, hooked rugs and all. I couldn't help but feel sort of proud of myself.

Only Penny was skeptical. "Of course, it looks all right," she said, "but I still think something's funny. The way that farmer acted. Maybe the plumbing—"

"The plumbing's fine," I told her coldly. "Stop being such a—a defeatist!"

Peanuts and Blue started a fire in the old brick fireplace while the rest of us unpacked the lunch we'd brought.

Suddenly Peanuts let out a blood-curdling yell. I dropped my devilled egg.

"What's the matter?"

Peanuts clasped her hand. "I—I guess a hot coal flew out and burned me."

We examined her hand. There was a red spot on it, beginning to swell. We sympathized and Libby, our first-aider, bound it up. After lunch, we tried to cheer Peanuts by making fudge. But it wouldn't harden, so we had to leave it to cook over in the morning.

By the time we got the beds made upstairs, I was so tired I fell asleep right away, in spite of Penny's muttering in my ear.

I don't know how long I'd been asleep when a cold hand gripped me. I sat up, prickling all over.

Then I saw it was Flower. She was so scared her teeth clicked. "I know wh-why this h-house is f-for s-sale," she said. "It's h-haunted!"

"There!" said Penny, sitting up beside me. "I knew it."

I tried to laugh lightly. "I don't believe in ghosts."

Just then Peanuts came tearing in, followed by Libby and Blue. "The ghost is in the walls!" Peanuts shuddered. "You can hear it clearing its throat."

"Oh, my goodness!" I said. "Don't be a goon!" I flung on my bathrobe.

In the dark hall, the floors creaked. A rising wind moaned outside. Because I'm president the other Minute Maids always let me lead the way. They followed now at what I felt was a cowardly distance.

"Wh-which r-room?" I asked.

Peanuts and Flower pointed to theirs. I marched in bravely. The rest huddled in the doorway, watching. Then I heard it, too, an odd hoarse sound from the south wall. I swallowed—then knocked sharply.

"I d-don't know wh-who you are, but you'd better stop," I said.

Well, the most horrible unearthly roaring noise came from that wall! I jumped back—and the next thing I knew we were all tangled together at the bottom of the narrow staircase.

Out of the welter of arms and legs, I heard Penny's superior voice. "Well?" she said. "Well, Carol?"

"Take your elbow out of my mouth," I said coldly.

Naturally no one wanted to stay upstairs after that. We made up new beds on the kitchen floor. It seemed the most comforting room in the house, what with the familiar smell of fudge hovering around and all.

Early in the morning, we were awakened by flies. Great big ones, swirling all over, especially around the fudge pan. Then we saw there were no screens on the windows.

"Probably in the attic," said Libby.

Nobody volunteered to go up and look. "We'll just have to draw lots," I said. "That's the democratic way."

There's such a thing as a president being too democratic. Blue and I were elected. We crept up those groaning, dusty stairs holding hands.

We emerged into eerie attic dusk. Queer shapes hung from the rafters. Cobwebs veiled old trunks and furniture. There seemed to be a lot of flies up there, too.

"There!" cried Blue. "Over there in the corner."

I clutched her. "Wh-what! Wh-where? Wh-where Blue?"

"The screens—what did you think?"

I released her with dignity. We started forward, anxious to get the screens and leave. Then Blue shrieked. Then I shrieked—then—I mean, it was both of us, separately and together.

"Ouch!" yelled Blue. "These flies bite!"

Fully awake now, my mind clicked. "Oh, my goodness! These aren't flies at all—they're bees!" Those queer shapes hanging from the rafters were pounds and pounds of—honey!

We fled downward with the ghastly news. But the rest already knew, having started to swat the *flies* in the kitchen.

"I remember reading about a case like this in the paper," Penny said. "Once bees move into a house, the only way you can get them out is tear down the walls and that's terribly expensive. No wonder the owner wants to sell—cheap!"

We went out to sit disconsolately on the back steps. We realized then that Peanut's hot coal last night must have been a bee. The ghost in the walls had been bees, too, droning. We'd have to vacate.

"Sunk," said Flower. "Forty dollars gone—no house. Besides, we've so little time left to hunt another place."

"We were certainly stung that time," said Libby.

Nobody laughed. I knew it was all my fault. I felt awful.

"If only we could have some of that delicious-looking honey, at least," sighed Blue.

"I read somewhere," said Penny, who reads everything, "that when honey is taken from a hive, the owner wears gloves and blows smoke at the bees."

The more we thought about it, the more determined we were to have some of that honey. We found an old pair of garden gloves in a closet and were pondering the problem of smoke when an old tramp came through the gate. He was smoking a big nasty-smelling cigar!

We invited him in like a long-lost friend. "I've got a job for you," I said.

He mumbled that all he wanted was something to eat.

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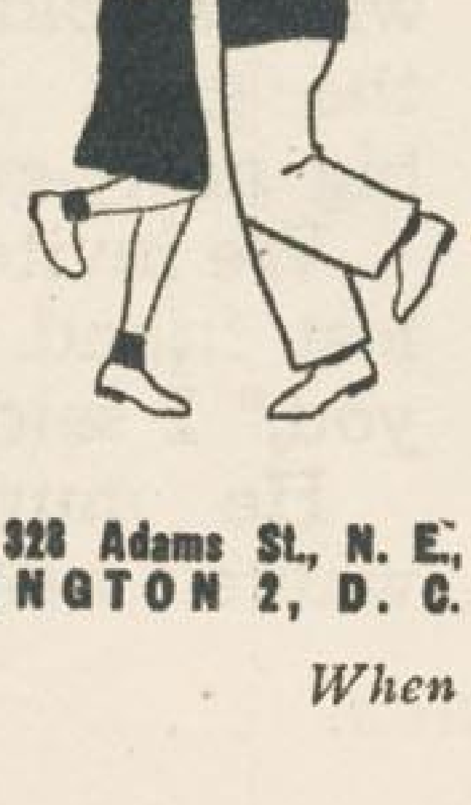

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"But all you have to do is just bring the screens down from the attic. I'll give you fifty cents."

He agreed grudgingly.

"Who's going up with him?" Penny asked.

I saw by their faces that, although the idea appealed to them, they didn't want to be any part of it.

"I am," I said. I realized that it was the only way to redeem myself in their eyes. Being president of anything is a terrible responsibility. I sometimes wonder if it's worth it.

I escorted the tramp up the stairs. "Just keep smoking," I said. Opening the door, I pointed out the screens—then dashed over to snatch a big armful of combs from a rafter.

The tramp and I came down the stairs in a photo finish. I had the honey, but he left the screens. The last we saw him he was whizzing down the road.

Bees were still crawling over the combs. I dashed for the yard, put them on the rustic bench. I was half-laughing, half-crying—but I had that honey.

The Minute Maids were crowding around me when a new voice drawled, "Hello." One of my eyes was swelling shut but I peered from the other. It was Mr. Franklin! I nearly sobbed out loud, I was so mad. Now he was even going to take away our honey!

Grinning widely, he reached in his pocket. "I admire your pluck. Here's your forty dollars back. Even to teach you a lesson, I wouldn't have let you stay overnight if I'd known the bees was *that* bad."

I swallowed. He patted my shoulder. "If you hadn't been so cock-sure, young lady, I would have told you of another place I've got to rent—"

"Without bees?" we chorused.

He nodded. "I think your folks'll like it. I'll reduce the rent, considering." He looked apologetic.

"Thanks," I gulped. "Next time I guess I won't be so blamed dynamic."

"We'll have plenty of time to get the other place ready," Blue said, "if we get right at it and work like—"

"Please," I said.

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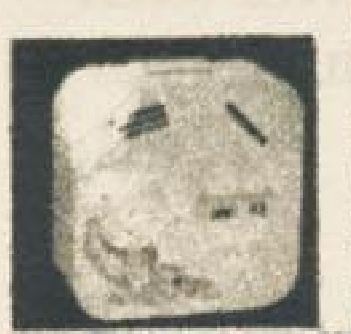

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(see page 47)

DARING YOUNG GIRLS

From page 59

later at winter quarters in Florida.

"Educated Elephant Girl"—that's what young circus starlets call Connie Mikesell. She completed her schooling before she even joined Ringling Brothers. Until only a few months ago Connie had never even seen an elephant. She was just another pupil at Blairsville High School, Pennsylvania. But this summer you'll see the eighteen-year-old marching around the Hippodrome track in a spectacle parade, leading no less than 40 elephants!

Connie's career started when she learned to twirl a baton and became a drum majorette with the high school band. Spotted at football games by a talent scout, she wouldn't join the circus until she had earned her diploma last year at Blairsville High.

Any intelligent American girl can work her way into a circus job, like Connie did. But don't expect all fun, fame and fortune. That's the advice given by teen-age Penny Millette—The Atomic Blonde on The Flying Trapeze!

"I float through the air with the greatest of ease . . . only because I practice, practice and practice," says Penny. "Mornings spent building muscles, between shows spent on rehearsal rigging to build balance and timing. Hours of gruelling, aching work—every day—and school books besides! But for all my eighteen years I've loved it . . . ever since I was born in a circus dressing tent down in Texas. Dad heard my first crying from his trapeze bar high in the main tent.

"Incidentally, tell the teens not to be trapeze girls if they want 'the skin you love to touch'. See the palms of my hands. Callouses! Dishpan hands are alluring compared to these blisters and callouses from an iron stunt bar."

We asked Penny Millette if she didn't enjoy her beautiful costumes, and those dainty handkerchiefs that she waves at the audience from her trapeze perch in the tent-top.

"Yes, it's a thrill to wear spangled tights worth more than one thousand dollars. But when you see all aerialists sporting pretty handkerchiefs, we're not waving for applause. When I reach into my costume and flip out a silk square, that scrap of cloth will save my life! It's used to wipe perspiration from my hands and prevent slipping when I grab for the bar mid-air.

"Flying is fine, but it's hot work," according to Penny. "The sun beats down on the roof of the tent, right on our trapeze rigging. Try tumbling—and perspiring—through a ten-minute act in a canvas oven. We once took a thermometer up to the tent peak and hung it on our platform perch. We performed, then read the temperature—115 degrees!"

Penny has proved that showgirls need a full quota of beauty sleep, because tip-top health and strong, trim bodies are a must for athletic life in Tentland.

One night stands are tough, but there are plenty of laughs, too. Like the time that a live pig escaped from a comedian, ran loose in the girls' dressing tent and chased screaming starlets up tent poles.

Reggie Bogart, another Junior Miss who rides elephants, lists some more fun found in trouping. . . .

"With a circus you'll see the country—for free. Each morning, before the matinee show, there's time for sight-seeing. When we're at Madison Square Garden we have a full month of mornings to explore New York. Then, Chicago, Dallas and Hollywood. Studying American history is a cinch . . . we've *been* to all 48 states!"

Just eighteen when she joined Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey, pretty Reggie Bogart from Union City, New Jersey, has more candid comments on the circus as a career:

"First, you must learn to live in a wardrobe trunk. Packing and unpacking, one night in California, the next in Oregon. And it's summer wherever we go, so we carry only slacks, sun suits and sweaters. We live and eat outdoors like we're on a year-round picnic. We get a

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MAC is here!
(See page 47)

chance to swim in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Eight months on the road, then we spend winters in Florida—and that's a break for any working girl!

"Speaking of work, don't join a circus expecting 700 dollars per week. Seventy dollars weekly would be a closer guess. But we also receive a wonderful free education. One midget was born in France, and we learn to speak French from him. A lady lion trainer comes from Latin America, so we pick up the Spanish language in classes with her between shows. There are performers from 26 different nations travelling with Ringling Brothers . . . if anyone *wants* to learn 26 languages!"

Circus girls enjoy the finest foods, without ever worrying about a diet. Three meals a day in the tent cookhouse—often with steak and lamb chops both served on the same plate with one vegetable. That double order with two types of meat in the same meal builds strength. Yet, no starlet gains too much weight, because they all use enormous amounts of energy riding horses, outwitting wild animals or spinning through aerial acrobatics.

One item that the lovely ladies do miss is an old-fashioned boudoir bathroom. Show chorines learned to bathe in a single pail of water long before G. I.'s started using battle helmets as bath-tubs. Sleeping space is in troop train style, upper and lower berths in carefully chaperoned cars. The girls switched signs on the Pullmans from "Unmarried Women" to "Old Maids' Mansion."

Reggie, an "old maid" at eighteen, wants to set all teenagers straight on the matter of boy friends and dates. Says little Miss Bogart:

"Most people picture a circus showgirl surrounded by beaux at stage door, men dying to date the glamorous gals. That just isn't so. For seven months we play one night stands. Only minutes after the evening performance, special circus busses leave for the railroad yards. We must skip late dates and rush to reach the trains as they pull out at midnight chugging for the next town. In that way, trouping can be a lonesome life. But with two shows and rehearsals crammed into each twenty-four hours, we're too tired for night life anyway. The only girl who gets a chance to go dancing is Norma Davenport."

Reggie's right . . . Norma *is* a circus sub-deb who jitterbugs—with elephants! She jives with Jumbo and swings on his trunk, unafraid among ten tons of trumpeting bulls. Norma actually urges a giant elephant to step on her every day, twice a day. Between short-hand and science lessons in her own red circus wagon, she performs as the youngest girl ever to handle a whole herd of pachyderms.

"I'm also the little lady with the most manicure trouble in the world," says tiny Miss Davenport. "Every week I attack toenails and polish my pets. Beauticians never put out a kit to manicure an elephant. For toenail tools I use a hammer, a chisel and a three-foot carpenter's file!"

Norma was born in Sawdustland, as both her parents are circus animal trainers. In 1946 Norma Davenport will present the featured act with Bailey Brothers Circus. She's the top elephant girl in Circusdom, at the ripe old age of fourteen!

You've now met circus starlets ranging in age from fourteen to nineteen. You've had a portrait of life under The Big Top, listing the attractions and the hardships. And our glimpse backstage leaves us with one big question. Do professional circus owners welcome young girls to the cast? Can teen-agers "take it" . . . do they make good circus troupers?

In answer, we introduce youthful Patty and Sally Cartier. Their true story completes our picture of teens in Tentland.

Patty and Sally Cartier were hardly fourteen years old when they decided that they wanted to be aerial acrobats. They lived in Brooklyn, U.S.A., and were pupils at the New York Manual Training School. They began by studying tap and ballet dancing . . . never realizing the heartache ahead.

Next, the Cartiers visited the Y.W.C.A. and other Brooklyn gymnasiums. Patty and Sally developed their arm and leg muscles and practiced on trapeze bars only four feet off the ground.

When Sally was seventeen and Patty was only fifteen they tried their aerial act on a sky-high rigging. Their parents took the Cartier girls to fairs and indoor circuses throughout New England. The girls promptly stole the shows, soared to the top, and in 1944 were signed by Ringling Brothers.

This was it! Sally and Patty Cartier starred with The Greatest Show on Earth. For five wonderful weeks Broadway was at their feet. Then it happened.

On May fourteenth, Patty Cartier was spinning through a daring stunt mid-air, high above the concrete floor of Madison Square Garden. She missed her timing by a split second . . . and slipped!

Women screamed. Patty plunged downward, twisting frantically to land on her feet and break her fall. But—as fourteen thousand spectators groaned—her tiny form crashed into the cement.

Circus performers gently lifted her battered body onto a stretcher and carried Patty through the stage door across 50th Street to Polyclinic Hospital. Doctors gave her only hours to live. The trapeze starlet had serious internal injuries.

But Patty really wanted to tour America. After sixteen long weeks in that hospital, Patty Cartier surprised all Circusdom by standing at her bedside, unaided.

The story of Patty Cartier—aged nineteen—doesn't end there. She may limp a little from her artificial heel, but this summer Patty will be back with Ringling Brothers. She'll be up there in a flying act with her sister, better than ever. She's a teen-age trouper.

"No, I'm not afraid to fly again," says Patty. "I made one bad slip, and learned my lesson. That one slip taught me never to let my mind relax when I'm on the trapeze. But there's one sentence that still gives me the jitters. It's a sentence that millions of girls hate to hear, but it scares me to death!"

The sentence?

"Pardon me, your slip is showing!"

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 41

America that you had joined the staff and, best of all, to know you would help teen-agers with their problems. You see, an old friend of mine came home for a forty-five day leave. When I first started to date him, I saw him very often. He's twenty, and I'm eighteen, and, honestly, Miss Day, I was so terribly happy when I was with him. One Friday my girl friend and I cooked supper for our boy friends at my house. It was a perfect evening. But the next night my boy friend skipped our date. The next day he told me he was engaged to a girl in Indiana; it had happened before he went in the service. He wants to break his engagement to her. However, he is like your boy friend in "Those Endearing Young Charms." I have found he doesn't always tell the truth. I am beginning to care for him, however, in spite of this. If he is really engaged, should I still see him? His birthday is next month. Would it be wrong to give him a small photo of myself? Please answer right away, Miss Day, as I am so mixed up and confused. Mary.

Dear Mary: If your boy friend was extremely interested right up until that "perfect" Friday night, and then seemed to cool off, telling you about his fiancé, and so on, I think you must have done something to make him feel you were too serious about him. If he has this girl friend in Indiana, he should have straightened things out with her before he started dating you. He may be a boy who wants to have his cake and eat it, too. That is, he wants to marry this other girl in time, but have a gay romance with you, also. It will be fun for him, but—since you are taking him so seriously—it will not be fun for you. In fact, you run a very good chance of getting hurt. Do not give him your picture or do another single thing that will indicate you have begun to fall in love with him. He was doubt-

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MAC is here!
(See page 47)

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less scared off when he realized he was going to have two fiancés on his hands instead of just one. In all fairness to him, he may not have realized how seriously you were taking him until that Friday night. His right-about-face would indicate that he didn't want to play a game which might end in hurting you. Let him make up his mind what he wants to do. When, and if, he is free of other entanglements, you can start your dates again.

* * *

And, speaking of dates, here's some bait. All too often THE boy friend doesn't call you as often as you'd like simply because he doesn't have the money to take you out two or three times a week, or even once a week. Naturally, being young and proud, he isn't going to admit this, so you just stay home and chew your fingernails and worry whether he likes you or not! So, if you're smart, you'll plan a party or an evening with another couple at your home and furnish everything, including refreshments. All he'll have to bring will be himself. You'll be surprised how much more you'll see him!

A nice thing to serve would be hamburgers with all the trimmings. Get regular buns, pickles, onions, lettuce, and so on. Let him help you fry the patties and toast the buns. Polish them off with cokes or root beer or milk, and no hamburger stand in town could rival the happy results. You know what they say: the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Could be!

Fondly,
LARAINE

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

so. Imagine a date with Lon! Sigh, sigh.)

Lon, who has such a terrific fan following with all of us, will be back on the screen as soon as 20th Century-Fox decides on his new picture.

* * *

Van Johnson at this moment is still fancy-free and eligible. I truly think that the Sonja Henie romance we've been hearing about is friendship, and just that. At least that's what Van told me. The other night at a big Hollywood party Van arrived and all alone. But he wasn't exactly lonesome. A certain pretty little starlet right out and gave him her telephone number. And if this develops, datefully speaking, I'll let you know.

* * *

Guy Madison spent his postage stamps on letters to Gail Russell when he was in New York. He's still mightily interested in her. You see, Guy saw Gail in the movies before he even wildly imagined he'd be a screen star. And now he's a big star in RKO's "Till The End of Time" and prominent in Hollywood's Younger Set. With a little cooperation from mutual friends he managed to meet Gail. She didn't find him difficult. Would you?

Bill Williams rang my doorbell the other night. What a pleasant surprise! Bill was on his way to a big national screen awards presentation. His hair was slicked down, but some of the more stubborn blond curls at the forehead persisted in standing straight up. He was wearing a new dark suit, and a tie Barbara Hale had given him. The inside story on his romance with Barbara . . . they're getting married any minute. Perhaps by now they are. She's the only girl for him. They're buying a house and are furnishing it with furniture that Bill's making and remodeling in his carpenter and tool shop in a friend's garage. Now that they have co-starred in "It's a Likely Story" RKO is announcing a new Western, a super de-luxe one, in which they will co-star again.

* * *

I don't think Jane Withers will marry very soon. But then, who knows. Not even Good Old Reliable Daniel Cupid, Esquire. John Dall, whom you loved, along with Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green," long-distanced Jane from every whistle stop and otherwise, on his road tour. Meanwhile Ross Hunter's keeping Jane from being lonesome and Republic's starring her in a movie. Jane rented her famous big house and swimming pool during her New York stage engagement. So when she returned home to make a movie, the Withers took a nice little home in North Hollywood. But Jane is counting the days until they can return to her wonderful home—and then watch for a revival of those famous Sunday afternoon swim parties. And the barbecues. Luscious, perfectly luscious hamburgers, potato salads, dill pickles, Jane's chocolate cakes and the dreamy, drippy, gooey ice cream concoctions you make yourself at Jane's own soda fountain.

I saw Ann Blyth, that lovely teen-ager, who is going to do a big dramatic role because of her remarkable performance in "Mildred Pierce," lunching with Johnny Miles. And a letter from Eric Sinclair in the service says he wishes to be remembered to you all.

* * *

Speaking of letters, real welcome was the honorary membership in Van Johnson's No. 1 Fan Club from President Margie Clay from Toledo, Ohio, and Lucky Pesot sent us another honorary membership from the Wild Bill Elliot Fan Club, with headquarters in Philadelphia.

* * *

And there goes that telephone. Who is it? Well, what do you know, one of my girl friends just spotted Deanna Durbin, mama of that new baby girl, Jessica Louise, buying sun suits in a department store.

* * *

The way Frankie Sinatra sang "Black Magic" the other night at a party, he should sing it for you on the screen!

And that's Hollywood!

JAM SESSION

From page 54

could reach the bandleader's side . . . RCA Victor is miffed at Artie Shaw. They're putting out his unreleased records, as stipulated in his contract, but none are going to music critics or radio stations on the Victor 'free' list.

There will be no more Guild records. They've been bought out by Musicraft . . . Eileen Barton is recording for a baby company, Mercury. They're her first records . . . The Glenn Miller orchestra under Tex Beneke's baton, will record for RCA Victor. New contracts have been signed.

Shep Fields will limit his bandleading to the New York area. He has been contracted by Kaiser-Frazer to open a Jersey agency for their new automobiles. It will take up a good part of his time.

The all-star Count Basie rhythm section is back in the fold again. Drummer Jo Jones and bassist Walter Paige have rejoined the famous pianist's band. This rhythm section is considered the finest in the country . . . Stan Kenton and Glen Gray, both playing in New Jersey recently, gave Jersey a corner on 'big' bandleaders. Both are six foot, four inches tall, tallest in the business!

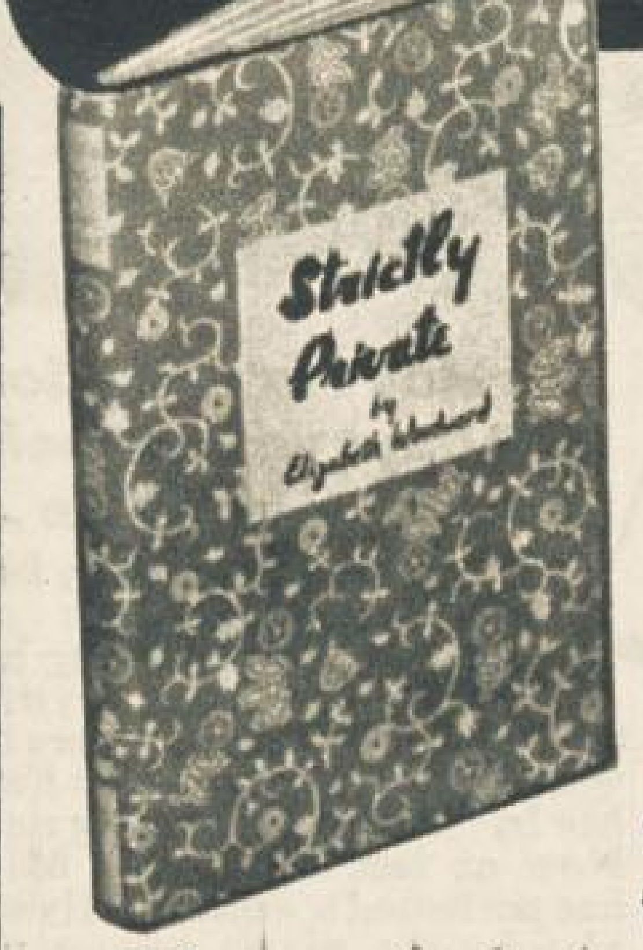
Drummer Ray McKinley's new band will number only fourteen men, excluding singers. That's the size popular back in the thirties. Ray thinks that size band makes for better dance music than many of the outsized bands today.

Spike Jones' suite at New York's Pennsylvania hotel was equipped with doorbell chimes which played the opening strains of "The Bells of St. Mary's." "It's one of Crosby's publicity stunts," insisted Spike. "On Saturdays he comes over to the hotel for a personal appearance. He sings every time a doorbell rings."

ARA records will be the next record firm of major proportions. They boast Hoagy Carmichael, Phil Harris and Bob Crosby as exclusive artists already.

Horace Heidt wants to start bandleading again . . . Dick Stabile is back on the comeback trail with his new band with no small thanks to Frank Sinatra who saw that Dick got a job again after being in the Coast Guard for so long . . . Alvino Rey's new band discing for Capitol.

Questions . . . Are Dick and Bob Haymes another case of the Hatfields and the Coys?



Got a date Saturday nite?

Is everything *lined up*, or will you have to go to the movies with the family *again?* What made Jack ask *Nora* instead of *you* to the Squire's dance?

How come you weren't invited to Marge's party last week?

It's none of our business, of course. We shouldn't poke our long probosci into your private businesses. But if your date book looks like it has the measles . . . just spotty with *red-letter* dates . . . we can't resist putting you next to a good thing. There's no point in *staying* forever in *quarantine!* Not when Elizabeth Woodward has the right prescription for you!

You probably read her magazine articles when she was editing the Sub-Deb in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. You're reading her column for teen-agers in newspapers from coast to coast. You listen to her radio program, TEEN AGE TIME, over WJZ, New York. Over 5,000,000 teen-agers have written to her for straight-out answers to their questions. And here's her *low-down* on *high-voltage* popularity within the covers of a book! STRICTLY PRIVATE is what it takes to turn a *duckling* into some boy's *darling!*

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By ELIZABETH WOODWARD

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You know Bob now as Bob Stanton . . . Will the Norton Sisters leave Vaughn Monroe to try a solo whirl . . . Will Jack Leonard be as great a swoon craze as we predict?

Phil Moore and his Four have at least a half dozen Hollywood offers and will probably go there following their 52nd Street date . . . Hal McIntyre's record hit (with Frankie Lester's swell vocal) "There's No One But You" is a radio jingle that made good. It was originally a plug for the Prince George Hotel in New York.

Idol Chatter: Meet Glen Gray! I did and I want you to know that it was really a pleasure. Glen is probably the only bandleader who got that way by being elected president of the band!

It all happened in 1929 when the Casa Loma orchestra decided to be a co-operative band. Officers were elected and Glen, playing first sax, was elected president of the Casa Lomans. He stayed in the sax section of the band, though, for eight more years before the bandsmen could convince him that he should front the band. He even hired a violinist to lead the band which carried his name!

After Glen started to lead the band in 1937 he refused to play saxophone. He has only recently started playing again. Now and then you'll hear him take a moody tenor sax solo. He has switched from alto to tenor.

Married, Glen is the proud papa of young Douglas. Glen is a shy, personable guy with a hankering for the great outdoors. He owns a small stable of horses which he keeps in Denver, Colorado. Given his way he'd live there for the rest of his life. In music, Glen is a perfectionist. His band is perfectly schooled and the music they play is, above all, danceable.

Record Raves: Try to find a copy of Artie Shaw's twelve inch coupling of "Evensong" and "Suite No. 8". This is the old Shaw band with strings and this is one of Artie's favorite discs with that band. You'll really go all out on the instrumental coupling.

I can't rave enough about Bobby Sherwood's pairing of "Cotton Tail", the old Duke Ellington-Johnny Hodges masterpiece, and "Snap Your Fingers", a pleasant new rhythm ballad. "Cotton Tail" is as quick as a bunny and "Snap Your Fingers" is as pleasant as the personable vocal sung by Bobby. You couldn't ask for a better disc.

Dinah Shore's new Columbia platters show her off in good stead. "Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy" and "Here I Go Again" are the first two sides. "Shoo Fly Pie" is the catchier, of course, although the ballad is nice. Sonny Burke assists.

Stan Kenton's "Shoo Fly Pie" is terrific with June Christy chanting, but the highly lauded "I've Been Down In Texas" is very mediocre. It should go over great in Texas, but not well outside of the Lone Star State . . . Hoagy Carmichael is a knockout on his own tune, "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief", and the oldie, "Am I Blue", for ARA.

Ray McKinley's first platter from Majestic couples "Patience and Fortitude" and "You've Got Me Crying Again".

Peggy Lee is as sensational as usual on a new Capitol pairing of "I Don't Know Enough About You" and "I Can See It Your Way, Baby". Hubby Dave Barbour conducts the backing band and wields the guitar. The first tune is another original by Dave and Peggy. Phil Brito has recorded Nick Kenny's "Blue" and "I'm In Love with Two Sweethearts" for Musicraft. Even better is his pairing of "Do You Love Me" and "I Wish I Could Tell You".

Phil Moore swings like the garden gate on "Old Man River" and "I've Got Sixpence". Personality bubbles on this Musicraft pair . . . If you like silly stuff you'll go for the Musicraft clowning of Harry "The Hipster" Gibson on "I Stay Brown All Year Roun'" and "Who Put the Benzedrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?"

Tommy Dorsey's balladistic "We'll Gather Lilacs" and "If I Had a Wishing Ring" make up a Victor record victory. Stuart Foster gets another chance to prove his vocal prowess . . . And Ella Fitzgerald is a click on "Frim Fram Sauce". It's Decca.

Miss America Speaks...

and offers you here the latest in teen talk, thoughts, chit-chatter and general daily-doings . . .

We offer $1.00 for every letter published . . .

Fay Farrell
E. Mauch Chunk, Pa.

"IN appreciation of your wonderful magazine" Joanne Ruffino, of New York, writes, "I've thought up a poem about MISS AMERICA." And here it is:

'I always read your magazine,
I'm writing you to tell,
I really like it very much,
And think it's super-swell!

It's best for ev'ry teen-age gal,
The contents, a delight
MISS AMERICA's a real pal,
She'll keep my future bright.'

Gretchen Wilbeck
New York, New York

And here are some more nice words from Susanne Taub of Plymouth, Mass., about *your* magazine:

"I read MISS AMERICA every single month, and find the answers to just about any problem I have, in it. Somehow you seem to know just about everything that is going on in these adolescent heads of ours, and in your friendly way you answer our questions just as if you had known all of us for ages. I want to thank you for putting out the grandest magazine a girl ever read!"

Clara Miller
Detroit, Mich.

Now that summer's practically upon us, we've got a slew of suggestions for looking your best through the warm weather ahead. Helen Claire Wheat, New York, N. Y. sends the first:

"Since beach (sun) hats will be hard to buy this summer, try taking out your last summer sunhat and make it more colorful by saddle stitching around the edge of the brim with bright yarns or sewing a narrow colorful fringe around the edge of the brim."

For beachcombers here is a lovely idea from Mary Jane Lisk, Oswego, N. Y. for a pair of beach shoes made from two washcloths: "Cut two soles from cardboard to the shape of your foot. Now for the upper part of your shoes place one foot on each washcloth so your toes point toward one of the corners. Draw the two sides up

WHY BE UNPOPULAR

while others are having fun?

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VITE is so astonishing in its results, so quick in clearing up externally caused skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, or acne, that you'll be amazed. Many users often find a clearer, softer, lovelier, smoother skin **overnight!**

The evidence is so convincing that the makers of VITE offer you **your money back** if you are not 100% satisfied.

VITE is not an ointment or salve. VITE is a 100% pure vegetable oil skin cream. It is used on the famous VITE SKIN BEAUTY PLAN, prepared by a recognized practicing physician. That's AMAZING! How can anyone put up with skin blemishes another day after hearing that? Send today for a trial size VITE and the doctor's VITE SKIN BEAUTY PLAN. If you are not happily surprised with the improvement in your skin, return package for a full refund. Mail coupon now!

$2.00 Large economy size — VITE — $1.00 trial size

MAIL COUPON

AMERICAN SKIN LABORATORY, MA-1
871 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Please send me a jar of VITE face cream and the doctor's VITE-SKIN BEAUTY PLAN. My money will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

☐ I enclose $2.00—send large economy size—postage prepaid:

☐ I enclose $1.00—send trial size, postage prepaid.

Name..

Address..

City.................... State....................

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Dee-Gee
DESIGN PAT. PEND.
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Treat for Two

. . . and the boy-friends, too! Dee-Gee, the new knit cotton shirt sensation, goes with all your sports clothes . . . comes in the Luxable stripe and solid combinations that make you and the current heart-throb a peach of a pair! Small, medium, large. About $1.85 at all good stores.

For name of store nearest you, write

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24 W. 30th Street • New York 1, N.Y.

Miss America Speaks...

around your instep, sew a gay colored ribbon to each corner and tie. The material which is left poking beyond your toes and heels should be turned under so that it is invisible when you sew the cardboard soles to the bottom of the washcloth shoes."

For those girls who are wondering what to wear over their bathing suits to the beach, Norma Horowitz, Brooklyn, N. Y. suggests one of your dad's old shirts. "Rip off the stiff collar, trim, and presto!—you have a swell beach smock! If the shirt happens to be a light color — better still—you can autograph it."

"Cut the crown from an old straw hat, sew a wide ribbon around the edge of the hat, leaving the ends of the ribbon hanging, tie a dainty little bow with the ends, and you have an adorable little summer and fall hat," Bernie Ward Hinton, Atlanta, Ga. tells us.

Lorraine Kuschel
Chicago, Illinois

And listen to this tale of woe, from Josephine Hall, Newark, N. J., entitled,

THIN AND BARE IT

"All year I gorged banana splits
And took my malts double,
But now on goo I'm crying quits
'Cause I have Midriff Trouble!
My excess weight I can't dispute
The scales present a riddle—
How can I wear a bathing suit
That's parted in the middle??"

An idea for headbands to wear with your summer dresses comes from Marjorie Scott, Carlton, Ore.

"Take ½ yard of eyelet embroidered beading—this will be enough for three—each one six inches long. Then run a ribbon to match your dress through the beading leaving enough at each end to make bows. Slip a bobby pin in each—to hold it in place."

Hello, Girls:

Today is March 7th. Yep, your magazine is put to bed some two months before it hits the stands. There's more than a hint of spring in the air and you know what that does to a person's fancy. Speaking for myself, I feel like bursting into gay print, gabbing about light-hearted, happy subjects. I'd like to see people—especially young people—laughing and dancing and having the fun youth is entitled to.

Unfortunately, life isn't just a gay bubble; it's a pretty gloomy proposition sometimes—that is, *when we let it become gloomy*. And what, really and truly, is the reason for this weary and worrisome outlook? I can sum it up in three words: lack of self-confidence!

So many of you write and ask how you can be more popular, more attractive, better conversationalists. Many of you are shy, lonely, unhappy at home. That's awful. And so terribly wrong. So terribly unjust. Many of you blame your parents for lack of friends and companionship. You say your mothers do not understand you; they forbid you to go out with boys, forbid you to invite them to the house. Yet, you close your eyes and minds and do not examine the real reasons for certain parental decisions. Surely it must occur to you that your parents love you dearly, more than anything or anybody else in this world. "Mother knows best" may sound corny and old-fashioned to you, but, let's face it, it's the truth. You can be certain that your parents will be delighted to have you entertain boys and girls at home when—and only when—they feel in their heart and soul that these boys and girls are worthy of your friendship.

You know there is such a thing as working too hard in your quest for popularity. It's wearing not only on your nerves, but on the nerves of those you are trying to impress. Relax. Be yourself. Don't brag. Don't show off. As for those of you who are shy and just about die when dragged into a conversation, forget you're you. I know it *sounds* easy—and it is—after you make the attempt. That's the hardest part, really—making the initial effort. Once you've scaled that high wall you've built up between yourself and others, you'll discover that people are fun, and well, people are *people*, after all. From there on in, it's a cinch. Just remember to be neat, well-groomed and lend an ear also to this musical tip: Never b-sharp, never b-flat, always b-natural!

Affectionately,

Jean Goodman

Leading five-and-ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . Stadium Girl Compact . . . and Stadium Girl Combination Gift Boxes.

Stadium Girl

Simply super bargain in beauty . . .

Stadium Girl **$1.00 Cosmetic Combination**

Lovely monogrammed plastic compact over four inches in diameter . . . and smart lipstick in an alluring shade that stays on and on and on . . .

Graceful Stadium Girl plastic compact, with mirror — one that's personalized with your first name or initials on the cover in gold.

Large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick in a smoother-than-ever texture that imparts new, lingering radiance to your lips. Fast-acting, plastic push-up container. Your choice of six of the season's smartest shades.

You get *both* — attractively packaged in a colorful gift box — for only $1.00 (tax and postage included) !

Enjoy the pride of owning this grand Stadium Girl combination. And — for any occasion — give it as a gift that costs little, but makes a b-i-g impression.

Order your Stadium Girl $1.00 Cosmetic Combinations now. Use the coupon.

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY!

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411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

NO C.O.D.'s PLEASE

I am enclosing $1.00 (in Canada $1.10), which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of colors at the right. The three initial letters (or first name) that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed below:

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

First initial Second initial Third initial or First Name (PRINT)

Attach separate list of first names or initials — and color selections — for additional orders.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________(____) State__________

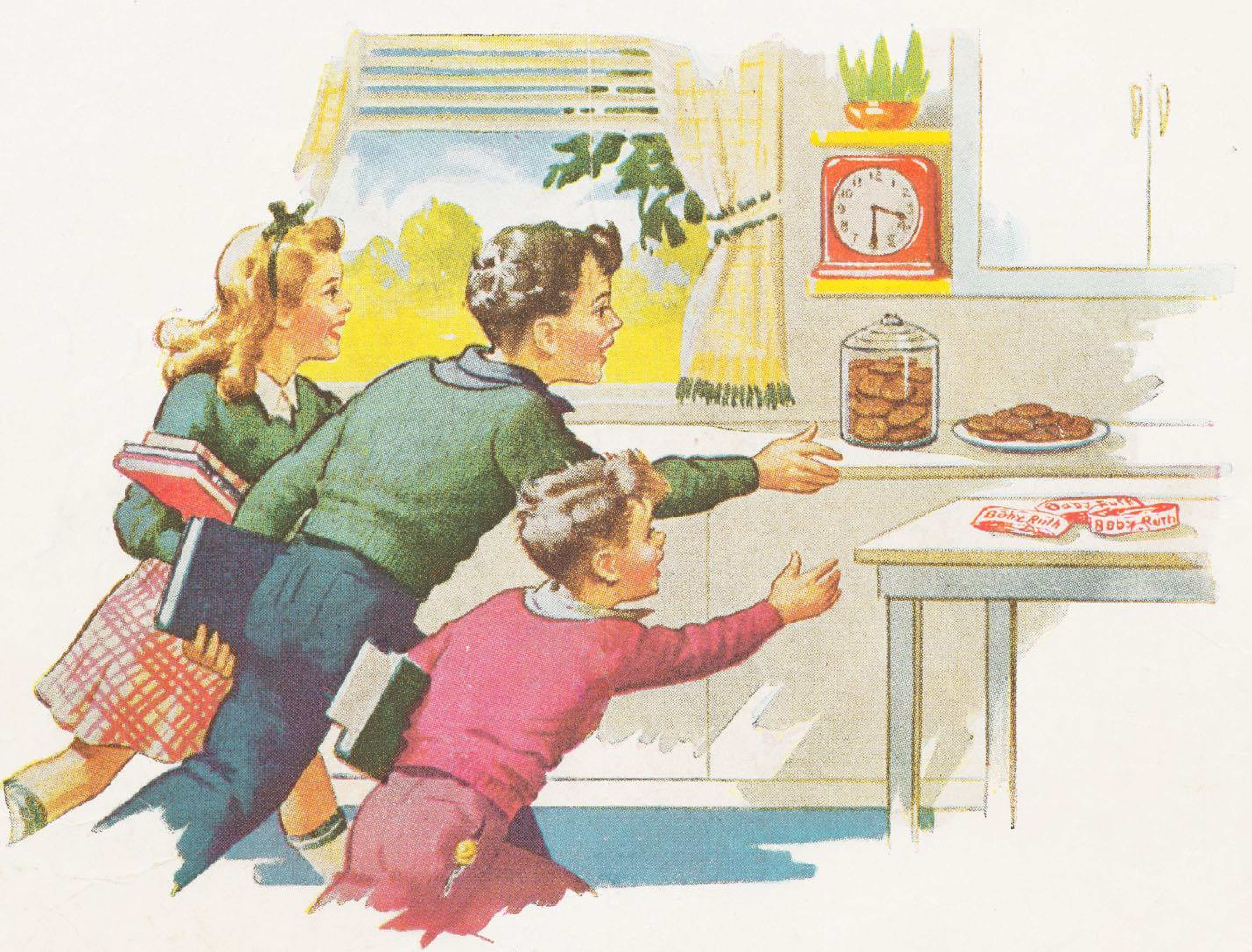
My choice of color for my compact is:

☐ Red
☐ Pink
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

★

My choice of lipstick shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (medium light)
☐ Sunset Pink (medium)
☐ Orchid
☐ Tropic (medium dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dark)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Baby Ruth

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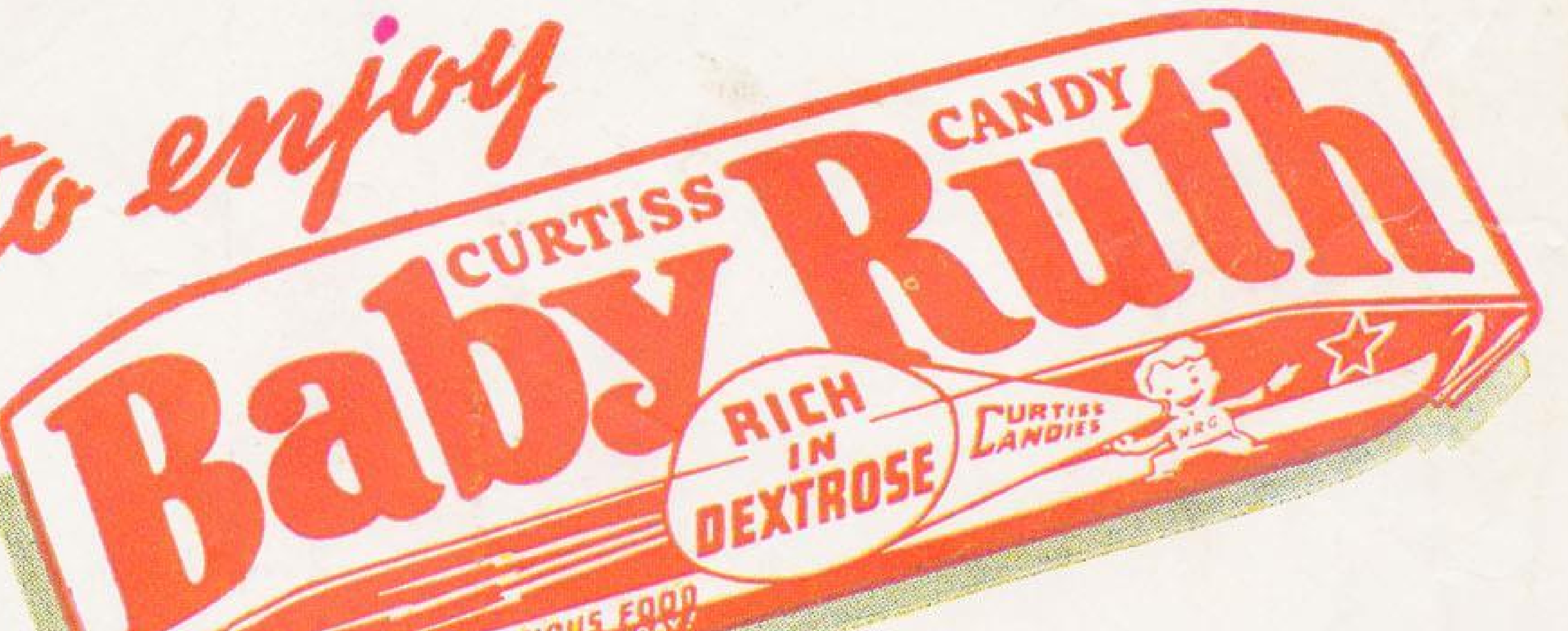
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